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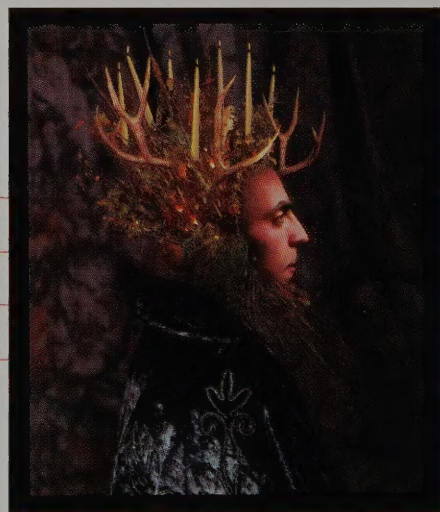
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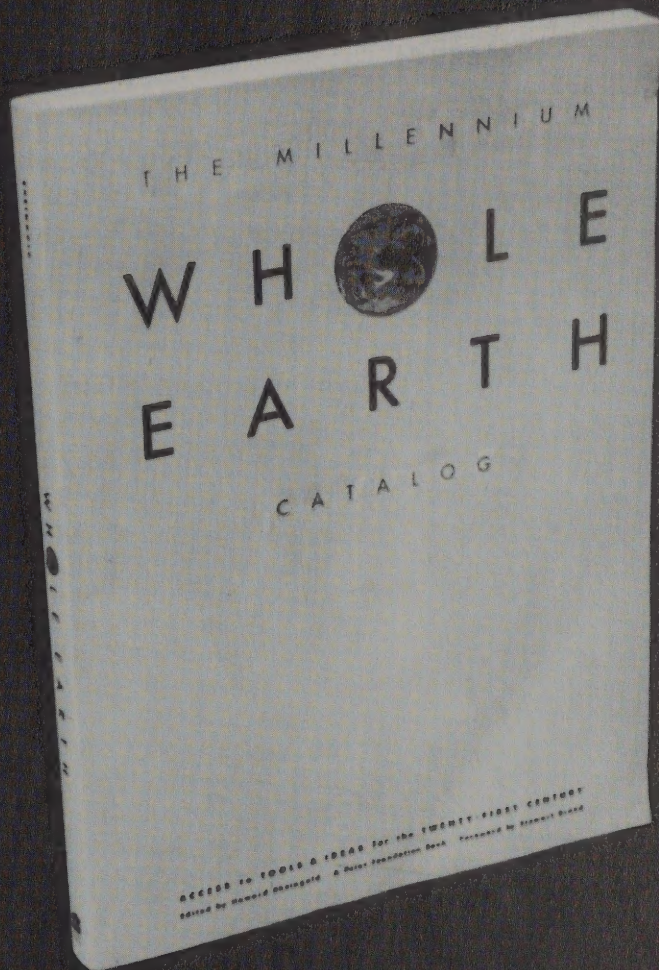
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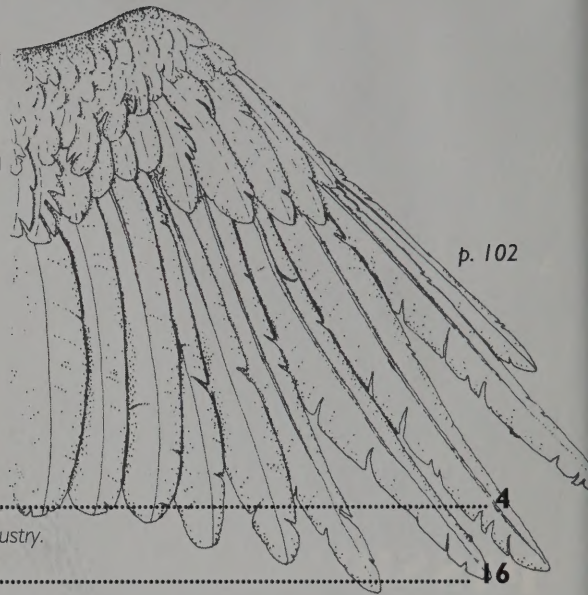
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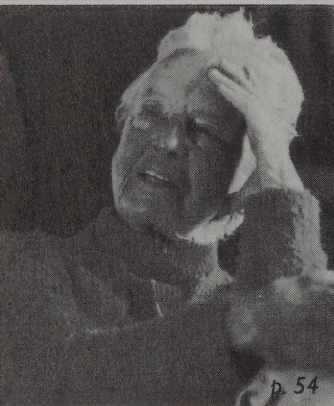


p. 102

NUMBER 84

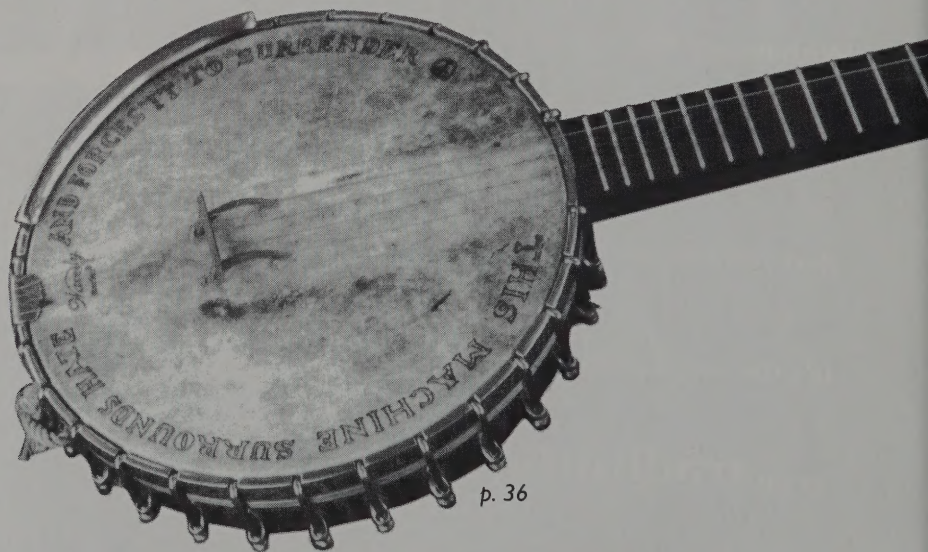
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R
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p. 54

Mutual Life • Peter Warshall	4
<i>A biologist deconstructs the insurance industry.</i>	
Greenhouse 101 • Ariel Sabar	16
<i>Greenpeace drafts insurers to fight global warming.</i>	
Landing • Richard Strozzi Heckler	22
<i>Boundaries and the love of edges.</i>	
Plan For Improvisation	36
<i>Interview with Pete Seeger by Gaetano Kazuo Maida.</i>	
The View From Ninety	54
<i>Interview with Helen Nearing by Tami Simon.</i>	
Japan at Random • David Chadwick	70
<i>A whirlwind tour with the Zen Failure.</i>	



p. 36

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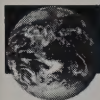
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TABLE OF CONTENTS



WHOLE SYSTEMS

Complex interactions

- 4 Mutual Life by Peter Warshall
16 Greenhouse 101 by Ariel Sabar



LEARNING

Challenging assumptions

- 22 Landing by Richard Strozzi Heckler
30 Is the Universe Alive? by John Gribbin



LIVELIHOOD

Meaningful work

- 36 Plan for Improvisation:
Interview with Pete Seeger
by Gaetano Kazuo Maida



COMMUNITY

The neighborhood

- 54 The View From Ninety:
Interview with Helen Nearing
by Tami Simon



NOMADICS

Japan at random!

- 70 It's the Plutonium Economy, Stupid:
A conversation with Mayumi Oda
by David Chadwick and Alex Steffen
84 Jenglish and Englese by David Chadwick



USING TECHNOLOGY

Separating fad from contribution

- 86 Smart Highways by J. Baldwin
89 Earthsick by JD Smith



MEDIA

Evolving literacy

- 94 Futility in Cyberspace by Howard Rheingold



ORGANISM

Living planet

- 102 Field Notes by Craig Leland Childs
116 Leaving Things Behind by Craig Leland Childs

OTHER MATTER

- Backscatter 118
Gossip 120
Reader Services
• Masthead 121
Thank You! 122
Unclassifieds 124
Back Issues 126
Review Index 127
MWECC Order Info 128

See page 127 for an index
to this issue's 167 reviews.



Ilka Hartmann



MUTUAL LIFE



BY PETER WARSHALL

A biologist deconstructs the insurance industry, in search of assurance for all interdependent mutual life.

Peter is an applied biologist, ecologist, anthropologist, and world traveler. His contributions to Whole Earth span twenty years. The most recent Warshall/Whole Earth collaboration involved his editorship of the Biodiversity and Sustainability sections of the new Millennium Whole Earth Catalog.
—Ruth Kissane

This article reprises an address presented to the Swedish insurance company Trans-Hygga, and, somewhat modified, at the 1994 Eco-Tech Conference. It draws heavily on Climate Change and the Insurance Industry, by Jeremy Leggett (1993; \$5 postpaid from Greenpeace, 568 Howard, San Francisco, CA 94105) for quotes and references.

REMEMBER THE GARDEN OF EDEN, a peaceable kingdom. The lion lived with the lamb. There were two forbidden trees: the Tree of Knowledge and the Tree of Life. As long as no human ate their fruit, our species appeared free of anxiety, uncertainties about life, and suffering or painful death. Adam and Eve could have bitten an apple from the Tree of Life. It would have made them immortal, and obviated the need for life insurance and the insurance business. But they goofed and ate the apple from the other tree. They gained self-awareness and partial knowledge. But no eternal life.

Exiled from the Garden, the heavenly lights now dim and, da-dee-dum-dum, ominous noises thunder, the world filled with uncertainty, pain, anxiety about the unexpected, and daily suffering. Nature was no longer so kind and gentle and harmonious. After the Fall, nature underwrote the liability insurance business with magnificent coastal storms, spectacular tsunamis, earthquakes, uncontrolled fires, Chernobyls, unprecedented floods. Destruction, Disaster, and Doom entangled all of life's creatures and endangered their food and shelter. To these biospheric fates, add Disability, Disease, and Death, the three dark sides of bodily nature. Bodily and personal injury, old-age care, and (especially in the industrialized nations) property damage, spread like a plague. The insurance business smelled profit.

When Adam and Eve got booted, it appears that, along with the benign weather, went all the other creatures. The creation of uncertainty and grief was not human specific. Noah knew this when confronted by the Flood. When Hurricane Andrew leveled mobile-home parks in Florida, it also leveled the homes of the endangered red-cockaded woodpecker in the loblolly pine forests of the south. The federal government and private reinsurers came to the rescue of insurers who could not afford to relieve enough of the human discomforts. They covered "excess-of-loss" claims by becoming co-insurers. Simultaneously, the Fish and Wildlife Service returned to the devastated forests and built cavities in not-so-old-growth pines to compensate the woodpeckers for their loss of shelter, helping to insure their continued survival.

Underneath modern life still flows an understanding; the easing of uncertainty and suffering — the true goal of insurance — extends beyond our everyday sense of individual to the “person” of the planet. This is not philosophical. The fallout of Chernobyl, the emission of greenhouse gases, the biospheric journeys of DDT, skin cancer and CFCs all tell the same story: personal and bodily injury have been globalized. The twentieth century closes with the swansong of biological privacy (which never actually existed). An insurance company cannot calculate its risk or losses by analyzing life tables of individual citizens. Its high-risk group can no longer be geographically quarantined. Bodily injury cannot be appraised by considering one’s own body in isolation. In the twenty-first century, humans will be even more thoroughly embedded within a planetary biochemical commons. Exposure today could mean disease in twenty years. More on that later.

First, I need to “deconstruct” insurance, and expose and reconstruct or redesign its human intent. I don’t even own life insurance and my classes in Insurance 101 come from Africa. So bear with me. Some clues can be discovered in our language. Take the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company. John Hancock, the first signer of the Declaration of Independence from England, simultaneously signed a first Declaration of Interdependence for the colonies. The company name includes “mutual life.” The origin of the word “insurance” is the word “assurance” (the word still used in England). So a deconstruction and re-assemblage gets us: The Interdependent Mutual Life Assurance Company.

If you go to Boston, look at the window ledges of John Hancock’s main offices, where you can see, in the right season, the nest of a peregrine falcon. The building is one of the first buildings used for nesting by the still-recovering falcon popu-

lation. The peregrine suffered, as many humans, from bodily injury — the spread of DDT through the foodweb and its toxic consequences on reproduction. After the banning of DDT, the release of captive-bred peregrines resulted in a few pairs taking up nesting in major cities. It’s hypnotic fun to watch the insurance company workers press their noses to the plate glass to watch the peregrine nests, moms surveying the streets for pigeons fattened on chewing gum and yuppie lunch discards, then diving through the traffic, between all the taxicabs, to grab a pigeon and take it back to the insurance company. When I lived near Boston, the nest had been built under the gigantic letters MUTUAL LIFE. Such delightful coincidences (and there are more) reveal not a huge gulf between the present and a desirable future state, but an as-yet-unacknowledged industry self-awareness of a way of being in which many companies are already immersed.

Insurance: A financial commons

Deconstructed insurance has three steps. First, the worry of the unexpected can motivate a human to give something in exchange for minimizing future harm or hurt. This is the essence of insurance companies. That something is called a premium payment.

Second, the insurer takes the premium payment and invests it in order to gain greater value both to help hedge the insurer’s risks, and to provide a profit for the investor. Third, if and when something disastrous happens, you call in your bet and you file your claim, which hopefully helps you or family or friends get through the pain and suffering.

Note: this network of emotions and transactions assumes a commons whose purpose is to mitigate the ups and downs of unpleasant experiences. Humans have cast a communal net to try to minimize the tragedy of our common fate, the fickle life outside Eden. In our

deconstructed sense, there has always been, in human history, a mutual life assurance network. All of human history means millions of years, surely before money.

Here are a few stories from Africa — because a Malian elder inspired this essay and because Africa is my great teacher about human resilience. The people of the Sahel are resilient. You can begin to really cherish the human species after a while. I mean, you think, God, you just got to have respect for everybody. Sahelians remind us that humans can be a humorous, noble species — something easily overlooked in industrialized nations. The extent you trust your ability to deal with fate — with the Fates — may modify the extent to which you feel you need to be insured.

Sahel: Seeds are an ultimate premium

I have worked a lot in the Sahel, the area just south of the Sahara that recently experienced sixteen years of drought. (To know panic, look at California after five years of drought and imagine it going through sixteen.) I was working in Senegal and Mali on coping strategies in the face of drought disasters, surely a cause of pain and uncertainty. A good indicator of that pain was the price of goats. At a certain point everyone had to dump their goats, and the price of goats in the market crashed. People had to unload to get any kind of food, grain food, that they could.

The final coping strategy was “save the planting seeds.” These were the premiums that insured the possibility of life. The premium payment is made to a little leather pouch or a special urn that is strictly off limits to hungry mouths. The insurance policy states: before you eat your premiums, sell everything: the burros, the goats, the camel, the cattle. Sometimes even your children, if you feel they will do better as slaves than starving. Send the sons away to the city. Migrate to spots you guess may still have grass or water. Then, when hunger is so extreme





John Domont

and possibilities have shrunk to zero, cash in the premiums. Eat your seeds for next year's planting. Think long about that. When people start to eat their planting seeds — I watched this all over Ethiopia — then you know that doom is about to occur. Mass movements of people and death by starvation occur right after the consumption of the seed reserve. I can only think of my Nuer guide spreading the seeds on the ground, to show me with joy that he still had his last seeds of purple millet in his tiny pouch.

When the Sahelian drought broke, a woman working for the Canadian equivalent of the Peace Corps asked village women how she could help. They looked at her Land Rover and said, Bring us seeds from the rain-rich south. Without new seeds, their households would remain permanently impoverished. Zero restoration of mutual life assurance would be possible. For two years, she commuted for seeds. Not only food seeds but seeds for medicinal plants, ritual plants, and cosmetic plants (so you could look good once again) that had been lost during the drought. Her travels were simple acts of restoring a more reliable, comprehensive life and crop insurance policy. The commutes were

also the best form of international aid I have ever seen, a truly restorative economy to use Paul Hawken's phrase.

Kenya: Family size and old-age insurance claims

Before there was money, the premium rate — the something given by the insured to hedge against future pain — was a child. The cost was providing an upbringing. The claim on the child by the parent was old-age care. The family group was an organization for self-insurance. The premium rate was the birth rate. As today, it reflected the expectation of loss and risk. A woman might have eight kids, expecting five to die in some disease or disaster, another to be irresponsible, leaving two or three as a good insurance policy for old-age care. When you see a mother with her eyes full of cataracts and her legs too weak to stand upon, who once worked her millet and carried her wood and water, now toothless, being fed liquid gruel by her daughter, then you are looking at an insurance claim, the result of an intimate and humane policy.

Around 1960, a well-meaning wolf in sheep's clothing arrived — the European and American medical

It is a communal net that humans have cast to try to minimize the tragedy of our common fate, the fickle life outside Eden. In our deconstructed sense, there has always been, in human history, a mutual life assurance network.

doctors and missionary doctors. They had no understanding of the family insurance cooperative, but good intentions and an evangelist obsession with postnatal care. They set about keeping all children alive to the age of five. After five, few died. Now, the mother's insurance policy was dysfunctional. Instead of three kids, she wound up with seven or eight. The landholdings were too small to subdivide into eight parcels. Many kids left home for the city where their minimal English could not land a decent job. To alienated and angered teenage boys, nothing looks so good as an AK-47 and the claims of Marxists or tribalists — a hope of power so that you can proudly send money or medicines back to mom. In short, the original insurance policy, broken by do-gooders, led to increased pain and uncertainty, a politics of unpredictable violence, and revolving-door oligarchies.

The solutions, of course, are to manage family size so that the old insurance policy can be revitalized or to abandon kids as the premiums in favor of a monetized old-age care system. Even American health insurance is far from completing the transition from familial responsibility to monetized old-age care.



A Dinka cattle camp in the sudd swamps of Sudan.

In Kenya, the medical sin was, once again, partial compassion and partial knowledge. The doctors cared for infants but not for their fate as teenagers and adults. This piecemeal intervention in insurance policies — be it for a hazardous waste or a total human life — backfires. Suffering increases rather than decreases. Mutual life assurance demands cradle-to-cradle insurance contracts for health, disability, and old age, especially when the insurance influences family size and becomes a tool to manage world population growth.

Botswana: In what does your insurance premium invest?

In Botswana, a kind of Denmark of Africa, nearly every citizen is just a generation or two from being cattle people. Everybody loves cattle. If members of a family work in the city and have some extra cash, they rarely put it in a bank. They buy a cow and ask a pastoralist kin in the backcountry to care for it and fatten

it. For the pastoralist brother, cousin, uncle or distant cousin, the cow is a form of unemployment insurance and, indirectly, since it may provide added income, a form of health insurance. The cow is the premium and the investment. The premium rate is the city folk gift to your pastoralist kin. The insurance investment grows interest by putting on fat. Should the city folk get sick, they call out to the savanna and say, "I got to sell the cow now. I need medicine." The claim is better than the interest earned from Botswana banks, even during drought years. Despite well-publicized family squabbles and accusations of thievery when a cow dies or disappears, the city-savanna-cow-cash network helps reduce family uncertainty in the face of food shortages and disease.

The EEC and World Bank understood little of these insurance compacts. The EEC top-down view was: what fine range-fed, chemical-free beef. Europeans will prefer it to

chemically saturated American beef and Botswana can increase its export income. The World Bank invested \$18 million in slaughterhouses, packing plants, and transport. They persuaded the Botswana government to give extraordinary powers to veterinarians, who built hundreds of miles of fences that kept antelopes and zebras separate from cattle. The fences reduced disease transfer but blocked migrations. Some of the fences are so sturdy that they can stop elephants. Hundreds of thousands of wildebeest have died at the fences. Confined wildlife and cattle overgraze the pastures. Because of alleged economic efficiencies (grassland to slaughterhouse to ship to Europe), the investments favor large ranchers over small pastoralists. All these incentives have undermined the city/backcountry insurance network as well as encouraging heavy environmental damage. They are perverse incentives.

In short, a good investment (a cow)

For the pastoralist brother, cousin, uncle or distant cousin, the cow is a form of unemployment insurance and, indirectly, since it may provide added income, a form of health insurance. The premium and the investment is the cow.



turned into a failed insurance policy for the small pastoralist and city white-collar worker. A few pastoralists are now cowhands for the large land-owning ranchers. Many more lost their grazing lands and their personal bovine insurance policy to larger cattle ranchers. Uncertainty in the face of food shortages or unexpected health problems increased. Noah's ark lost its keel.

This Botswana story of perverse investment repeats itself daily in completely monetized economies. Do you know in what your insurance company invests? Is it causing more or less harm and grief to humans and to the planet? Is it reducing or increasing uncertainty? Providing more or less security to human and non-human lives?

For instance, John Hancock takes your insurance money and gives part of it to its Timber Resources Group. They own 1.8 million acres of forest and tree farms worth about

\$2 billion. They make their money by either selling timber or selling parcels of timber land for recreational homes and other development. When the market is bad, they sit and watch their trees get fatter (just like Botswana's cattle) or hope for increased real estate values. Recently, this subsection of John Hancock proved to be a better investment than real estate, corporate bonds or the Standard and Poor's 500.

John Hancock and some enviro groups claim that the John Hancock Timber Resources Group does a better job of managing forests than private landholders, national forests under the Forest Service, or the forest industry. They claim that private owners are fickle and uneducated and that their forest practices neither maximize profit, stand productivity nor long-term recovery; that forest industries are tied to single-use concepts; and that the Forest Service is shackled by multiple-use and pay-off/trade-off poli-

tics. Before I jump on the bandwagon, I would need to see a "green audit." But, there is reason to expect that insurance companies, who prefer long-term investments as much as tree lovers, can work out new policies for "green" insurance investments and a restorative economy.

Life Insurance: What is life worth?

In Mali, a marabou, a powerful combo priest-doctor-conjurer, believed that he needed giraffe fat to prolong his life and insure many good ghosts after death. I was trying to work with local game rangers to save the last three giraffes in the Asoka-Magongo preserve. The last three giraffes in all of Mali. But, the marabou, a huge man in many layers embellished with partial pelts and strips of animal skins embroidered with little bottles of herbs and claws, wanted the giraffe fat. He petitioned the President of Mali who, unable to overcome his anxiety about a marabou's power, over-

ruled us. He gave the marabou permission to hunt. The male giraffe killed was the last in Mali. The population was doomed. I have heard that the marabou too died within a few months of eating its fat.

What is life worth? The question is full of spooks and slick and creepy salesmen who cajole and convince us that you too can put a price on the value of life. Today, in the industrialized north, with a monetized body, the actual worth of body parts and fluids can be quite precisely calculated. I could sell a 154-pound dead man as a consumer product and earn \$525 for his cholesterol from a medical researcher. For blood, my profit equals \$760 for fibrinogen; \$2,250 for hemoglobin; \$4,820 for the albumin; \$30,600 each for the prothrombin and IgC (another kind of globulin); and \$100,000 for the myoglobin. A grand total of about \$170,000. If you happen to be lucky and die at the right time and place, and a needy hospital could find a person with the same blood type, you could sell your organs (assuming the corpse is healthy and fresh).

This kind of *Neuromancer* price list is as bizarre to Malians as killing the last male giraffe is to Americans. It has turned the existence value of humans into a consumption and production value of business. So how do we price a human life? Or a giraffe's? Or a giant panda's? Will kids ask Dad to take out a life insurance policy for giant pandas? How? How much? What's the premium — coupons for ecotourism? Who is the insurer? When a life has a non-consumptive-use value (be it from love or beauty or an understanding of ecology) are there any financial guidelines?

Actually, your life value in today's America is based on your disposable income. The life insurance claim is not for *this* life. Life insurance is to reduce uncertainty and risk for the corpse's still-living, most favorite humans. Despite its crass materialism, in group life insurance remains the implicit hope and be-

lief that the dead and the living have a compact, and that the conditions of the compact can reduce common suffering. We are not so different from the Malian marabou.

The Virtual Actuary

The worldwide insurance market is worth some \$1,200 billion per year. About half is life insurance. Postmodern indemnity is a theater of ambulance chasers and dueling experts, cheaters and spoilsports, superfunds, tainted settlements, eternal litigation, Monte Carlo actuarial tables, weirdly priced premiums, piles of delayed claims, twisters and frustrating fine print. In the last decade, crazy weather has brought some insurance companies close to bankruptcy. The threat has been more serious than their exposure to the scandalous 1980s savings-and-loan investments and as much a surprise as asbestos and other pollution litigation in the 1960s.

Not only the weather but the concentrations of property wealth have shifted with peregrinal speed. Coastal and island cities, especially in Asia and Hawaii and Florida and

the Virgin Islands, the locations most prone to cyclones and hurricanes and rising sea levels, appeared as if overnight. When the cities were hammered by windstorms, the insurance companies were caught short of claim money.

Life insurance is classically about us poor victims. But from the point of view of postmodernism, the roles of insurance customer and insurance company have gotten fuzzy, ambiguous, and prone to change polarity. Oh yes, we are the victims of toxics and we live in places that resemble Hell more than Eden, but we are also our own persecutors. We create the things and events that make us victims. We are also likely to believe we are the heroes. "I'm stopping all this toxic pollution, stopping subsidized housing on the San Andreas fault." We switch hats. Not just banker by day, punker by night. But victim during the commute, persecutor five minutes later, and hero during the coffee break. At times it appears that all citizens of the Earth have joined together in a massive class action suit against ourselves, especially the citizens of industrialized nations.

The Endless Accident

Here's a semi-technical version of the chaos in Brio. Words in bold are the insurance company definitions.

Strict liability: Is the land owner solely responsible because he/she allowed dumping on the land?

Retroactive liability: Does the insurer pay no matter when the client mined the asbestos or dumped the toxics? Even before there were laws against it, or even before anyone knew the substances were toxic?

Injury-in-fact liability: Does the insurer have to pay all medical fees or does the insurer only pay from the moment the disease appears or is diagnosed or traced to the dump?

Succession-in-interest liability: Is the liability best thought of as an "endless accident" with all owners responsible since the toxic was first generated? How much of the past creates present responsibility? Does liability include future responsibilities? For instance, does the bodily injury insurance cover just bodily injury or do damages include the costs of clean up? If they include clean up and monitoring, then the liability for a past event continues far into the future.

Joint-and-several liability: What proportion of the responsibility does each party have, especially when the dump may have been owned by four different companies and used on and off by twenty others? The Superfund says that even if you contributed only 1 percent of the toxics for 1 percent of the waste dump's life, you can be held for 100 percent of the clean-up costs! If you happen to be the only insurance company still around or an insurance company whose takeover can be traced, you're screwed.

Take Brio, Texas. A town with a waste dump with vinyl chloride and benzene, two well-accepted carcinogens. EPA says that no path was possible between the dump's toxics and the public's bodily injuries. When some kids got sick, moms legitimately questioned authority. Is it from the dump?

Bring on the policy chasers. They told the moms: "We'll take half of whatever you win." The home owners sued the developer and builders for not telling them about the dump. The developer (Farm and Home Savings) and home owners sued the owner of the waste dump (Monsanto) as the party responsible for the alleged personal and bodily injuries. They all sued the insurance company (Cormer and Foster, a subsidiary of Xerox) for false representation and damages because the company represented both Monsanto and the home owners and, during the legal shenanigans, switched from saying that no traceable harm occurred to saying it did. The EPA and insurance claim investigators have never agreed that it is, in fact, the dump causing the illness.

Virtual insurance? One family sued the developer. The developer didn't want to get involved, so he settled (despite the lack of evidence) and the family bought another house in the same subdivision, and sued again. Another family claimed possible injury to their children, won a settlement and moved out, renting the house to a new family with children. Another family sued and settled, using the money to build an addition. Policy chasers with pumped-up dreams have even persuaded the Little League to sue.

Multiply Brio by 1,250 — that's the number of Superfund sites. Contemplate the over 26,000 "potentially responsible par-



Oil spill — Bolinas, California, 1971.

ties" mentioned in Superfund actions. Admit that in reality there is almost no money, and that most of the spent money was sucked up by lawyers. Then consider that, at the present clean-up rate, the Superfund sites will not be restored for another century. The finger pointer is outstandingly infantile, litigious and confused. The insurance companies now live in a morass of conflicting interpretation about what coverage actually means. The space and time boundaries for limiting coverage have become smoke and mirrors (see sidebar: "The Endless Accident").

Bodily and personal-injury suits in Brio are small potatoes compared to some of the lawsuits that have been attempted. Bodily and personal injury have been globalized, but not the insurance industry. There are delightfully macabre problems with international spatial boundaries. Chernobyl allegedly ruined a big part of the Swedish Laplander market for caribou by infecting lichen, the caribou's food, with radioactivity. Who's to pay? American construction companies building new nuclear power plants in Eastern Europe are asking

Ilka Hartmann

the US taxpayer to insure them against cross-border fallout and any accidents. The biochemical commons is so biospheric that DDT from North America has caused bodily injury to wildlife in the Antarctic. An oil spill in international waters can spread over the ocean's surface and cause weather changes or damage coastal property or injure edible marine life far from the spill. Does the insurance company pay for Exxon's "response costs" and clean-up costs? How do you estimate total restoration costs? Are multinational insurance companies liable for multinational damages to citizens?

The "God" in Acts of God

Property damage insurance is in as much of a postmodern pickle as life insurance. The most obvious headache is what the business calls "event loss estimates." During the last ten years, the insurance and reinsurance companies have played an exciting card game with the biosphere and the biosphere has drawn almost all the wild cards. The year 1990 was the hottest year in a century. Nineteen-ninety-one was the second hottest, despite the alleged cooling effect of the Mt. Pinatubo eruption. The seven hottest years of the last century have all occurred since 1980. Hurricanes and cyclones of unrecorded power have smashed through the Caribbean and the Pacific. The insurance companies (including the famous Lloyd's) have had unprecedented property damage claims, mostly from windstorms like hurricanes Hugo, Andrew, and Iniki. From 1987 to 1993, insurance companies forked over more than \$1 billion in claims for sixteen separate events. The worst month was August 1992, when private insurers had to cough up \$16.5 billion for Hurricane Andrew victims, just to stay in the



game. The U.S. government claim kitty is now at its lowest in recent history. US taxpayers pay for property damage insurance to homes in floodplains, near nuclear power plants, and in some earthquake zones.

These "acts of God" may now be, in part, acts of humans: greenhouse emissions. The private sector refuses these risks. For instance, the U.S. government supplies nuclear-power plant insurance to the private sector. It's obviously a rigged market since coal-fired power plants cannot get government insurance. But, no private insurance company will touch property, bodily or personal-injury coverage for nukes. Without special taxpayer-subsidized insurance rates, we would have no private nuclear power plants.

Most private insurance companies want out, leaving citizens with increased uncertainties and an increased probability of harm without compensation. Companies pile on so many deductibles and exclusions and price premiums so high that the whole financial commons at times appears shaky. In addition, the public sector (government) wants out. With the recent California quakes and fires and the Mississippi floods, government insurance programs are slowly going broke, slowly learning that rather than pay again and again, it might be less costly to move homes (and even whole towns) out of the floodplain and prohibit costly structures that brazenly straddle fickle tectonics.

The biosphere is certainly full of wild cards. But like the U.S. government, which encouraged home building in floodplains by poorly implemented legislation, the insurance companies are, in part, responsible for their own losses. They have lived in denial of their watersheds. For instance, the 1993 Malibu fire was a great teacher. In Malibu, fire inspectors pleaded for a preventative burn. "Burn this hillslope because the fuel build-up is too great and we're sure to have a cata-

strophic fire." Everyone said "great" and went to the insurance company and asked: "What if this preventative fire gets out of hand and my house burns?" The insurance company said: "Tough luck, that's not an unexpected act of God. Your house burns, we don't pay." So the home owner who chose to live in the chaparral and the insurance company both said: "I'm not taking that risk." So there was no preventative burn and when the fire came, of course, five hundred houses burned because the fuel build-up was so great. The unexpected act of God was, in part, the unintelligent act of the home owners and the insurance companies. The insurance companies had switched their role from mitigating harm and suffering to increasing it.

Ironically, inside homes, the cost of fire insurance has coevolved with building codes. The insurance companies encouraged home owners to protect their homes, by installing safe electrical wiring, for instance, and lowered their premium rates as an incentive. But insurance companies have yet to become leaders in outdoor issues such as preventing fires and evading floods. By taking into account more aspects of the natural world, by setting bioregional standards such as fire-proof roofs in chaparral ecoregions, they could save themselves and their clients lots of grief.

Animist life tables

By 1960, robins had told us about hazardous substances. They stopped singing in New England and Rachel Carson noticed that they stopped singing, and the lack of song led us to understand what DDT was about. The same occurred when the pelican laid her eggs and they were thin because DDT had chemically jammed her calcium production. Every time she sat down on the eggs she crushed them. The same happened with the peregrine. In the town of Minimata in Japan the fish were the first ones to show carcinogenic bodily injury that was later traced to mercury

poisoning in the town of Minimata. The incredibly painful disease named after the town and its citizens resurfaced in Canada. It was caught early and saved many Ojibway Indians who also were suffering mercury poisoning. Thank the fish.

Life forms have become our actuarial tables. They've become our best indicators of when actuarial tables need revision for health and life insurance. Recent changes in bird migrations are probably early warning indicators of changes in global weather and resulting property damage. It's an old understanding — the animals are prophets of what's going on. But their prophecies can only be noticed when we give them what Hill McDonough, the eco-architect, called "unconditioned respect."

All insurance needs lions

I first started having thoughts about mutual life assurance and the organizational complexity of planetary insurance during a conversation with an elderly agro-pastoralist Malian, Mamadou Sankare, a man whose desert body was as beef jerky, his bones so thinly overlaid by muscle that tendons showed when he walked. A lion had been taking goats and I wondered, since some men had rifles, why there was no hunt. Mamadou was used to dumb international consultants who stumbled around trying to provide help. He was afraid we might kill the lion as part of a development program to increase livestock production. He spoke as an irritated and insistent teacher. The lion is not a destroyer of livestock. It protects the people's survival. Lions prevent entry into wooded groves. Livestock are afraid to graze and browse under its gaze. The lion protects, to paraphrase, our safety deposit boxes of seeds, the place from which grasses can travel and where shrubs can continue to reproduce. Without the lion, all long-term hope for life after the drought would be lost.

Guarding the foodweb kept seed



Peter Warshall, Dinka and Nuer kids, Sudan 1986.

premiums, a task more important than short-term fattening of livestock. Guarding the biosphere may keep disaster and toxic-disease claims low. Guarding the planet's water, solar, and biochemical cycles is a task more important than returns on short-term insurance investments. Switching our actuarial tables to include other life forms is a big task. To notice that when they're suffering, it's a prediction that new risks have arrived and the unexpected is not the "normal" unexpected. My African teachers and the birds and fish have spoken: time to rearrange the risk-and-loss commons. All of us have eaten from the tree of knowledge. For those with concern, a mutual life assurance company, a clearly interdependent life-supporting business that works more in harmony with human desires for long life, health and happiness, is the next step. When we do that, I think we'll remember that our sin was not eating from the tree of knowledge, but ignoring the tree of life. ♡

Insurance Companies: A Green Agenda

- Lobby to stop toxic dumps and to minimize greenhouse gas emissions. These actions will reduce future claims, increase profits, reduce exposure, and stabilize an uncertain business.
- Price premiums to provide positive, green incentives rather than abandonment of coverage.
- Redesign public and private actuarial tables and premium prices to minimize harm to the biochemical commons. Price accident and bodily injury insurance to minimize toxic-waste emissions, with a cradle-to-cradle program — from generation of the toxic to its complete recycling. Lobby for privatized and cradle-to-cradle nuclear power plant insurance — from the uranium mine to the radioactive waste dump. (If the industry cannot get insurance, then it is unsafe.)
- Provide only bodily injury insurance for citizens living in floodplains and along hazardous coasts, and lobby to eliminate home property damage insurance by public or private sector in geohazardous and coastal areas. Sensible bioregional land use planning will result. Include ecology in the insurance policy regulations (e.g., preventative burns).
- Change all policy contracts to include a "green audit." Include an environmental-education pamphlet for all insurance policies. If the claim is based on poor planning for environmental hazards, then the policy can be cancelled. Educate investigators (on such topics as the greenhouse effect and toxic emissions from the household or the dump) to become the best environmental assessors in the world.
- In litigation and settlement, design out-of-court conflict resolution and consensus frameworks. Money now spent on litigation could be spent on reducing risks. Many settlements are based on nothing but a fear of lawyers. Many coverage disputes will end when clear environmental guidelines have been incorporated into coverage.

The Future of the Body

Perhaps there is a structural similarity in the way ideas, consciousness, and life systems evolve: things seem to be going along in a predictable, adapted, dynamic or steady state, then "suddenly" a new paradigm, level of awareness, or species comes to light, making it appear as if evolution were discontinuous. In fact, for some time, the old form may have been bursting at its seams, and sprouting out new feelers into the unknown, but goes unrecognized amidst the random biological noise. Thomas Kuhn described how an established mind set (or survival strategy of a species) is heavily programmed to reject any radically new mode of perception or action. So it may be that any established life form will find the evolutionary probings manifesting at its periphery to be anomalous, incomprehensible, and unacceptable. Then, suddenly, a new form constellates, and everyone says, "Of course, that's just what was needed!"

There is an accumulating body of evidence that some humans can manifest extraordinary states of perception and action, e.g. psychic and yogic powers, clarified awareness, healing, and unusual physical feats in sports and martial arts.

Michael Murphy bases his large, scholarly work on the thesis that these paranormal, transcendent events are empirically real, occur over a vast range of human endeavors, and represent the multi-dimensional unfolding of man's evolution. Proponents of critical, scientific study of "borderline" phenomena will find the author refreshingly clear-headed at every turn, but also not afraid to look at the possibility that the "scientific method" itself may have some limitations. He also explores some of the pitfalls of overly narrow transformative practices, as his study points to the need for a balanced, integral approach.

I don't know if this book will open the minds of hard-line "scientific skeptics" or not. For the rest of us, it provides a superbly documented overview of what may be the leading edge of human evolution. —Alexander Mead

■ If successful, transformative practices extend the capacity for purposeful action produced by animal evolution. They can strengthen the capacity for one-pointed behaviors evident in earlier forms of life while providing more options for creative behavior. They can make us better animals and

The Future of the Body

(Explorations Into the Further Evolution of Human Nature)

Michael Murphy. Jeremy P. Tarcher Inc., 1992; 785 pp. ISBN 0-87477-730-5 \$18.95 (\$20.95 postpaid) from Putnam Publishing Group, Order Dept., PO Box 506, East Rutherford, NJ 07073; 800/631-8571

better humans at once, as it were, more single-minded when we choose to be, but more various in our realized intentions.

● Denise Parker, a teenage archery prodigy, described her state when she became the first American female to score 1,300 points in a particular competition. "I don't know what happened," she said. "I wasn't concentrating on anything. It didn't feel like I was shooting my shots, but like they were shooting themselves. I try to remember what happened so I can get back to that place, but when I try to understand it, I only get confused. It's like thinking how the world began."

Beyond Machiavelli

Using theory and practical skills, members of the Harvard Negotiating Project ask, *What makes a wise agreement?* With international relations as a conflict model, the authors provide checklists, analytic tools, and plans of action to help view disputes from new psychological vantage points. The book stresses process.

In most conflict the questions are the same: *Who would you like to influence? How do they see their choice? How might you change it?* The authors propose that the questions we ask ourselves about conflict must change if we are truly going to influence others. —Martin Dunne

● Rarely is a conflict intractable simply because no one has a good idea of how things out to be. In most cases the difficulty lies not in the lack of potential substantive options but in the failure to design, negotiate and pursue a process that moves us forward from where we are now to where we want to be.

■ The fact that we have different priorities

Beyond Machiavelli

(Tools for Coping with Conflict)
Roger Fisher, Elizabeth Kopelman & Andrea Kupfer Schneider. 1994; 151 pp.
ISBN 0-674-06916-1
\$16.95 (\$19.95 postpaid) from Harvard University Press, Customer Service, 79 Garden Street, Cambridge, MA 02138; 800/448-2242

may mean that each of us can attain something important to us without injury to anything important to someone else.

Consequences Likely to Be Important to a Decisionmaker

For me personally

- Will I lose power?
- Will I be criticized?
- Will I be able to explain and justify the

decision easily?
How will it affect my reputation in the press and public?

For my colleagues and supporters
Will they support me?
Will they like the decision?
Will they be hurt by it?

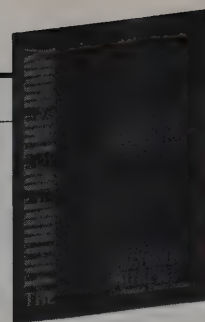
For the larger domestic community
Will the decision be popular?
Will it be good for the community?

Internationally
What will be the military or strategic consequences?
Will allies and friends support the decision?
Will there be broad international political support?

As a matter of policy
Is the decision consistent with what we have been saying?
Is it the right thing to do?
Will it set a good precedent? a bad one?

Other options?
Is this a fading opportunity?
What do we lose by waiting?
Can we make the decision and keep other options open?

This checklist of questions is designed to help us identify consequences that may be important to someone we are trying to influence.



Visions of Caliban

Powerful interests are still scrambling to deny the last thirty years' research into the lives and minds of the great apes. We now know that chimpanzees show all of the same emotions as humans, have close-knit families, use tools, have their own language and are capable of learning ours. Chimps in the wild are even aware of medicinally valuable plants in their habitat, and ingest them in sophisticated ways.

Dale Peterson and Jane Goodall use *The Tempest* as a metaphoric framework in which to explore the current status of our nearest living relatives. This book opens our eyes to the humanity of apes, and makes us look again at what we are doing to ourselves. —Tom Ness

On the way back to camp, Boiro told me that before Europeans came, Africans traditionally believed that at one time chimps had been human. But then a group of people were cursed by Allah for fishing on a sacred day and banished to the forest — they became chimpanzees. Africans didn't hunt chimps until the Europeans came and taught them that they could make money by killing chimpanzee mothers and selling their babies.



Visions of Caliban

(Of Chimpanzees and People)

Dale Peterson & Jane Goodall. 1993;

367 pp. ISBN 0-395-70100-7

\$12.95 (\$15.45 postpaid) from Houghton

Mifflin Co., Mail Order Dept., Wayside Road, Burlington, MA 01803; 800/225-3362



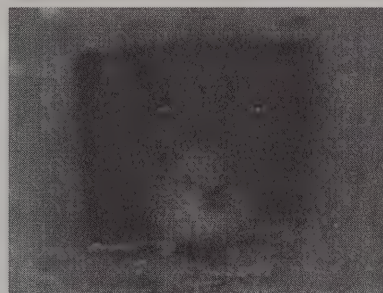
We look into eyes that look back with a steady and inquisitive gaze.

When journalist Eugene Linden visited the Institute for Primate Studies . . . he met chimpanzees who had not been spoken to by humans for months. He approached the cage of one big male, Ally. Linden was accompanied by an employee of the institute, who used sign language to ask the chimpanzee, "Who is he?" Ally had seen Linden before, but he gave no answer. The employee then asked the chimp, "What do you want?" Ally signed, "Key."

Linden went into another building to visit another male chimpanzee, Herbert Terrace's former subject, Nim. As the two humans approached, Nim was sitting hunched over in a corner of his cage. Asked what he wanted, Nim signed "food" and then "drink" and then "key."

The next day Linden returned to the institute to visit some of the other chimps who were no longer being spoken to by people. A female named Jezzabel, during an extended exchange with a human signer, made the signs for "eat" and "drink" and "berry" and "hat" and "key." Another chimpanzee in the same cage — his name was McArthur — entered the conversation and signed "eat" and "key."

Why were these caged apes apparently so preoccupied with the sign for "key"?



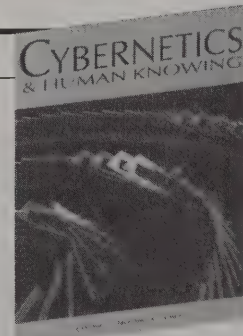
For every infant chimpanzee taken from the dead body of his or her mother and arriving alive at his or her destination, we estimate that at least ten die.

Cybernetics & Human Knowing

Not for the intellectually timid. The target audience for this quarterly would be that portion of the population who not only finished Douglas Hofstadter's *Godel, Escher and Bach: An Eternal Golden Braid* but also found it a little light on theory. Slim but dense, its mission is "the understanding of understanding." —Andrea Chase

Uniqueness and freedom have as their consequence that one can never regard other people merely as means, but must always

treat them as ends in themselves. As beings they have the fundamental authority to define their existence and its meaning themselves, including their own values and their morality. And that entails simultaneously that we must respect other people to do the same. In this way it becomes not morality but ethics — understood as the meta-discussion of morals and how they can function together in a common system which is the universal basis for any discussion of values. We must therefore accept that we can find no universal morality.



Cybernetics & Human Knowing

Soren Brier, Editor. \$60/year (4 issues) from Royal School of Librarianship, Langagervej 4, 9220 Aalborg Øst, Denmark



GREENHOUSE 101

GREENPEACE

IN THE FEW SHORT HOURS it took 1992's Hurricane Andrew to traipse across Florida, the insurance industry lost all the premiums it had collected in that state from 1970 to 1992 (\$10.5 billion total), plus another \$6 billion to boot. Andrew, together with Hurricane Iniki, which ravaged Hawaii just a few weeks later, put nine insurance companies out of business.

BY ARIEL SABAR

But Andrew and Iniki are just the tip of the iceberg for the \$1.3 trillion insurance industry. From 1966 to 1987, no single natural catastrophe generated claim payments of over \$1 billion (in 1992 dollars) — whereas, between 1987 and April 1993, no less than eleven catastrophes topped the \$1 billion mark. From 1989 to 1992, US insurers paid out \$39.5 billion in catastrophe losses, exceeding all catastrophe payments for the prior twenty-six years.

And meteorologists haven't said anything in recent months to put property-and-casualty (P&C) insurers at ease about the future. The National Hurricane Center has predicted a sharp rise in the number and severity of hurricanes over the next decade. And according to studies compiled by the Natural Disaster Coalition, a Washington, DC-based task force formed to reduce property losses and injuries from natural disaster, new studies estimate higher losses from future hurricanes: "a potential \$54 billion for a class-five hurricane striking Miami and \$51 billion for a class-four storm striking New Jersey, New York, Connecticut and Massachusetts." These scenarios are made all the more acute by the growing concentration of expensive property along the coastlines — the sites most vulnerable to windstorm activity.

"If there is the potentiality today for one or more losses to equal or exceed \$50 billion, that could erode almost all if not the industry's entire \$180 billion in surplus capital now," says Eugene LeCompte, CEO of the Boston-based Institute for Property Loss Reduction, which provides loss reduction research to more than three hundred P&C underwriters. "You would then lose the reserve to take on further exposures," thus creating an insurance availability crisis of unseen proportions.

AS EARLY AS 1990, THE industry's sense of impending crisis began to attract the attention of an unlikely player: the environmental organization Greenpeace. The group had an abiding interest in changes in global weather patterns, although for reasons quite distinct from the insurance industry's.

In 1990, when preparations for the 1992 Rio Earth Summit got underway, the insurance industry was still smarting from the previous year's Hurricane Hugo, which cost underwriters an unprecedented \$5.8 billion. Dr. Jeremy Leggett, the London-based scientific director for Greenpeace International's climate campaign, said he

thought the recent record-breaking blows to industry finances would have driven insurers to participate in, or at least attend, international symposia on changing climate patterns and the greenhouse effect.

"By the time the real negotiations started in February 1991, the fossil fuel lobby was there big time with their umbrella groups. We thought that the insurance industry would show up eventually. But they didn't," Leggett said. "And when they didn't show up at the 1992 Rio Earth Summit, it occurred to Greenpeace that we would have to actively involve them."

Greenpeace thought it high time to let the industry in on a little secret: the increasing frequency and severity of major storms that had pummeled insurers in recent years accorded all too well with the predicted effects of global warming on weather patterns.

If they played their cards right, the environmental group could seize a golden opportunity to recruit a corporate ally in its fight against global warming. The \$1.3 trillion insurance industry could serve as a critical corporate counterweight to the fossil fuel industry. Here, perhaps, was a way past the old jobs-vs.-environment dichotomy that had for so long pitted strident save-the-planet rhetoric against job-cutting threats from the business sector.

LEGGETT SPENT FOUR MONTHS producing the groundbreaking report that would serve as the foundation for the still-emerging relationship. He worked hand in hand with insurance industry representatives, particularly a "man in a very senior position at Lloyd's of London." He wanted to make sure the report was "bulletproof from an insurance perspective."

Climate Change and the Insurance Industry, first published in 1992, is filled with insurance data and industry argot like "relative risk sharing," "excess-of-loss treaties," and "cessions per zone." A line on its cover asks: "What can the insurance business do to safeguard its future markets?" A green organization some activists describe as "the radical conscience of the environmental movement" had written what amounted to a sophisticated primer on the potential economic repercussions of climate change. The report's intended readership wasn't grassroots environmental activists, but calculator-wielding insurance company CEOs with six- and seven-figure salaries.

The mainstream — the part of the river we enviro-crankers view with such superiority — is where the current runs slow, the water is muddy, and the fishes are big powerful creatures. We can bluster, preach, and admonish from the shallows until we tip over dead, but to be heard by the fishes requires that we visit the mainstream and speak their language — which largely has to do with the accumulation of fat insects and other fish goodies.

Berkeley writer Ariel Sabar here describes a tentative alliance between a formidable environmental organization and a multi-corporate leviathan, and the pragmatic consciousness-raising that was instrumental to the coalition. We think it's a signal advance and a necessary step.

—James Donnelly



Portage Des Sioux, Missouri, 8/6/93.

"What we want insurers to do is fight for their future market security — as they would call it — by [lobbying] to cut greenhouse gas emissions," Leggett says. "We, of course, would call it saving the planet."

Insurance trade group executives readily concede the shrewdness of Greenpeace's tack. Frank Nutter is president of the Reinsurance Association of America and currently the insurance industry's point man in the unusual relationship developing with Greenpeace. "Business is not normally motivated by the great issues of the day, except as they affect the bottom line," Nutter says. "Climate change could bankrupt the [insurance] industry, and so I think Greenpeace is getting to the industry's stomach on this. Hopefully, we can find a bridge between our economic interests and those of the planet."

Since the report's publication, high-level discussions between top-echelon Greenpeace climate campaigners and insurance business leaders have led to jointly sponsored symposia on the economic impacts of climate change; Greenpeace representation at the annual meetings of insurance industry trade groups; Greenpeace authorship of articles for insurance trade journals; insurance-company-sponsored studies of global warming; and the hiring of in-house climate experts at some European reinsurance companies. (Reinsurers insure all or part of risks previously assumed by insurance compa-

nies. For understandable reasons, they are concerned about weather patterns that could put their client insurance companies out of business.)

In the long run, Greenpeace hopes to cast the US insurance industry in the role of "corporate Lancelot" against fossil fuel interests, whom environmentalists hold responsible for the greenhouse gas emissions that promote climate change. "We want the industry to, one, put their money where their global-warming concerns are and reinvest in clean energy," says Kelly Quirke, a climate campaign activist at Greenpeace's San Francisco office, "and two, get involved in international climate negotiations," like the upcoming March 1995 Climate Summit in Berlin — the first major international talks to follow the 1992 Rio Earth Summit.

Leggett looks further into the future and imagines insurance companies as exemplars of clean-energy use. "There are things they can do unilaterally to send important market signals, like mandating future car fleets of high-MPG or electric cars. They could clad their own office buildings with solar cells, which is cheaper than marble. They could turn their buildings into independent power stations, free from the power grid that could be wiped out in severe storm activity. They could do exactly what many other companies are doing on other fronts and then boast about it in corporate promotions. This both sends a market signal and increases feedback [to policymakers] that big business thinks there is a problem here.

"There's a huge prize for us if we can get this thing going," Leggett told me from his room at the Ritz-Carlton in Laguna Niguel, where he was invited last spring to address eighty reinsurance industry CEOs at the annual meeting of the Reinsurance Association of America. "This is a question of institutional finance."

WHILE insurers' recent experiences have moved them to lend a willing ear to an organization like Greenpeace, they have so far adopted a wait-and-see attitude toward the group's call for involvement in international climate negotiations and anti-fossil fuel lobbying. Gregory Krohm, editor of the *Journal for Insurance Regulation* and a former State of Wisconsin deputy insurance commissioner, echoes the reservations of a number of industry representatives interviewed for this article. Although Krohm invited Greenpeace's Kelly Quirke to write a report for the *Journal's* summer symposium on issues facing the P&C market, he says it's too soon for the industry to readily commit its resources to fight greenhouse gas emissions.

"I think that's asking a lot right now. More applied research in determining how changes in atmospheric chemistry are affecting weather will be necessary before the industry gets involved proactively," Krohm says.

"The industry mindset is: Is this part of a normal cycle? Or, as Greenpeace suggests, is it something that society is bringing on itself and will get worse?" says Wallace Hanson, president of the Schaumburg, Illinois-based Property Loss Research Bureau, an industry-funded research and educational organization with a \$1.6 million annual operating budget. "This is the fence companies are sitting on. I feel that fossil fuels may be the cause, but I'm afraid of throwing a whole lot of resources at it and finding out it's something completely different. And so it is critical that data gathering and the arrival at sound conclusions be accelerated." Greenpeace says it recognizes the need to improve scientific understanding about the relationship between global warming

and changing weather patterns, but urges the industry to "read the writing in the sky," as Leggett puts it.

"Of course," Krohm added as an afterthought, "another thing that could convince them to mobilize is a lot more catastrophic losses."

Quirke is critical of what he calls the industry's traditional, localized response to the recent intensification of natural disasters, which has included lobbying for improved building codes, selective withdrawal of coverage from "overexposed" areas, and substantial increases in deductibles. "The problem is, they can do all they want to improve building standards in the southeast, but if fossil fuel production continues to increase around the world, and CO₂ concentrations and storm activity increase, what they do in Florida will have no effect."

In their defense, insurance representatives are quick to point to the industry's history of proactive campaigns to minimize other kinds of risks. Insurance companies helped in the campaign to improve auto safety, and founded Underwriters Laboratories, whose initials appear as a seal of approval on many household electrical products. "Don't forget that the insurance industry helped lead the fight for airbags and seatbelts; it was good for their policyholders and good for their bottom lines," says Jack Weber, executive director of the Natural Disaster Coalition.

There are already indications that insurers and reinsurers — especially in Europe — have begun internal discussions on unconventional uses of their investment capital. In 1993, Swiss Re, the world's second-biggest reinsurance company, convened a two-day seminar in Zurich. Leggett was invited to deliver a lecture to fifty senior insurance officials from European companies.

"For the remainder of the conference, these insurance officials grilled me. And what emerged was that Swiss Re had been thrust into a robust internal debate [on ways to respond to changing weather patterns], which tremendously impressed me," Leggett said. "One senior insurance company manager said, 'We should be asking our shareholders if we can experiment with five percent of our investment

income and use it for the kinds of things Greenpeace is talking about.'"

THE ENVIRONMENTAL community has expressed virtually unreserved encomium for Greenpeace's coalition-building and the message it sends to policy makers. "As long as industry is represented as uniformly pro-fossil fuel, we stand to lose out on the political front," says Alden Myer, legislative director and head of the Climate Change and Energy Program for the Union of Concerned Scientists. "To the extent that we can identify industries that are losers under a global-warming future, you break the monolithic image of industry as pro-fossil fuel. Policymakers then begin to understand that [jobs-vs.-environment] questions are not the only side of the equation."

A number of environmentalists expressed concern that Greenpeace not get entangled in any financial arrangements with the insurance industry. But none felt that Greenpeace was selling out. "Some people may feel that Greenpeace is supposed to be the radical conscience of the environmental movement, so what are they doing messing with corporations?" says Michael Oppenheimer, atmospheric physicist at the Environmental Defense Fund in New York. "But the way I feel is that if Greenpeace can engage a corporate actor in an intelligent discussion of the issues, then everyone benefits. The notion of criticizing them for trying to engage industry is silly."

Peter Miller, a senior scientist at the Natural Resources Defense Council (NRDC) in San Francisco, agrees. "Insurers are in business to make a profit — that's capitalism, for better or for worse. If environmentalists can learn how to harness it for good, so much the better."

When asked whether Greenpeace's campaign to woo the industry was a form of post-idealist activism — a capitulation to the need to have corporate allies to survive in a multinationally capitalist world — Quirke objected to the language, but didn't disagree with its substance. "We try to metamorphose with the times and be effective in ways that fit that time. The planet is a different place in 1994 in terms of political action from what it was in

In the long run, Greenpeace hopes to cast the US insurance industry in the role of "corporate Lancelot" against fossil fuel interests.

1989 when the Valdez spill happened, from what it was way back in 1971 when Greenpeace was founded."

GREENPEACE ISN'T ALONE in this world view, and other examples of corporate-activist alliances — however oxymoronic that may sound — are cropping up in growing numbers. The NRDC's Miller has helped build successful ties with major private and public utilities companies as part of that organization's energy-efficiency campaign. Like Greenpeace, the NRDC has achieved its ends by engineering strategies that both benefit the environment and befriend bottom lines. In 1990, the NRDC convened a broad-based commission that made recommendations, later implemented in California, to detach utilities' profits from their sales (thereby eliminating a disincentive to conserve) and to set up financial bonuses for utilities that develop energy-efficiency programs.

Greenpeace's Kelly Quirke speaks energetically about the plums activists can reap by identifying and cultivating areas of potential solidarity with corporate actors. For Quirke, the emerging relationship rises above the environment-vs.-business binarism that he feels has impeded so many earlier "green" policy-making efforts.

"The public, policy makers, and the press have become accustomed to feeling that I — this crazed greeny utopian pinko dreamer Greenpeacer who wants everybody to go back to the cave and freeze in the dark — have an ax to grind, which is to do away with fossil fuels. In working with insurers, I am now able to say, fine, you can think that, but take a look at the guy in the bad gray suit over there: he's losing his shirt." ☹

Price of Honor

"Islamic fundamentalism" is a phrase that's tossed around, usually in discussions of international government policy. It represents what for centuries has been feared by Western nations: screaming mobs of true believers, furiously heaping death on the infidel. One problem with this cartoon image is that it draws attention away from a very real concern: the status of women in fundamentalist Muslim societies.

Jan Goodwin examines the lives of many women she met while living in several Islamic countries. Whether told by peasant, professional, or princess, these women's stories are a disturbing look at a culture that's way out of balance. It may be ethnocentric to suggest that traditions other than one's own are wrong — but an elemental principle must be observed: women's lives matter. This book makes that clear. —Hacsi Horvath

■ **Zina**, sex outside of wedlock, encompasses adultery, fornication, and rape, and its maximum punishment in Pakistan is stoning to death for those who are married. For unmarried transgressors, the punishment is up to one hundred lashes, and ten years' imprisonment.

Under the law as it stands in Pakistan, women who have been raped can be charged with adultery or fornication. The proof required for *zina* is that there be four Muslim adult males of "good repute"

present who can attest to the act of sexual penetration. No male witnesses of good repute, of course, are likely to stand and watch a rape in progress without trying to stop it. And because of this requirement it becomes impossible to punish the rapists. Instead, the victim is prosecuted. Her legal complaint of rape is considered a confession of illicit sexual intercourse.

■ "Beating a woman does not hurt her dignity. This is impossible, because woman is born without dignity."

—Jordanian Fundamentalists, 1989



Price of Honor

(Muslim Women Lift the Veil of Silence on the Islamic World)

Jan Goodwin. 1994; 363 pp.

ISBN 0-316-32028-5

\$22.95 (\$25.45 postpaid) from Little, Brown and Co., Order Dept., 200 West Street, Waltham, MA 02154; 800/343-9204

Witchcraze

The received wisdom about the European witch hunts is that men wanted/needed to wrest from women what little power that they had. Anne Llewellyn Barstow asks what would seem, in retrospect, to be the next logical question: what would motivate men to do this? Her opinion, in a nutshell, is that women scare the bejeezus out of men. For this reason, when a woman, by chance or design, no longer fits into the role assigned her by society, things can get ugly, even today. The parallels the author draws between attitudes then and now toward women are thought-provoking and ominous. —Andrea Chase

● We must not be surprised when independent women are being named witches. When Pat Robertson declared that supporting the Equal Rights Amendment was a "socialist, anti-family political movement that encourages women to leave their husbands, kill their children, practice witchcraft, destroy capitalism and become lesbians," he drew on an old combination of stereotypes hostile to women (emphasis added).

● The women had a special edge over the clergy: as the authorities on matters of sex, they asserted what control was possible over fertility, conception, successful pregnancy, and safe childbirth. They cured male impotence and female infertility, performed abortions, provided contraceptives, and advised on problems of nursing, thus affecting the birth rate, a power that the churches were determined to wrest from them.

The Awakening of the West

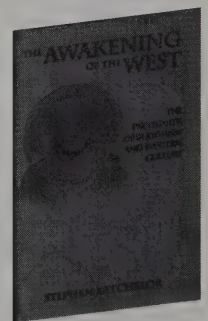
The encounters between Buddhism and European civilization have, from the time of Gautama to the present, been marked by indifference, rejection, and conflicting philosophical and cultural attitudes. Although chronologically organized, this story moves ahead and flashes back in time to reveal the interconnectedness of the historic, psychological, and evolutionary changes in this fascinating but obscure relationship. Stephen Batchelor provides a clear, informative overview, from the time of Alexander the Great to the end of the Cold War, of a religious tradition that has become one of the most influential spiritual movements in the West. —Wesley Palmer

■ During the thousand-year period from the Buddha until Augustine, the impact of Buddhist and Hellenic/Christian thought on

each other was at best marginal. Their relationship was largely one of mutual ignorance and disinterest, tinged, in periods of self-confidence, with the assurance that all other peoples were barbarians, and, in periods of self-doubt, with the romantic notion that "people of whom we know little or nothing have all the virtues we lack."

● The attribution of Buddhist origins to Christianity removed the need to acknowledge any Jewish contribution to European religious life. Later in the century, Emile Burnouf (cousin of Eugene) claimed to have reconstituted the "Aryan philosophy" inherited from the Buddhists by the Essenes and then passed to Jesus. In shifting the origin of spiritual and mythic truth to Asia, the Oriental Renaissance could thus sanction the centuries-old resentment against the Jews. Aryan supremacy, combined with the anti-Semitism of Gobineau and Nietzsche's concept of the *Übermensch*, all contributed to the 20th-century horrors of Fascism and

Nazism. While it would be unjustified to lay blame for such future atrocities at the feet of Romantic Orientalism, the movement unwittingly cleared the way for an unprecedented eruption of violence from within the European psyche.



The Awakening of the West

(The Encounter of Buddhism and Western Culture)

Stephen Batchelor. 1994; 416 pp.

ISBN 0-938077-69-4

\$18 (\$21 postpaid) from Parallax Press, PO Box 7355, Berkeley, CA 94707; 510/525-0101



In Linda Maestra ("Pretty Teacher"), Francisco de Goya parodies the relationship between an older and a younger woman, and emphasizes the obscene nakedness and evil intent of women. This is a late example of the popular imagery that effectively fueled negative public opinion toward women throughout the witchcraze.



Witchcraze

(A New History of the European Witch Hunts)
Anne Llewellyn Barstow.
HarperSanFrancisco, 1993;
255 pp. ISBN 0-06-251036-3
\$12 (\$14.75 postpaid) from
HarperCollins Publishers, Direct Mail,
PO Box 588, Dunmore, PA 18512;
800/331-3761

The Jewish Alchemists

Once upon a time, Jews were revered as masters of the Great Work. This comprehensive survey of their influence on alchemy, beginning with Genesis and ending with the Comte de Saint-Germain, doesn't stint on excerpts from the alchemists themselves and includes wondrous illustrations of alchemical devices and emblems. —Andrea Chase

There was, moreover, a certain a priori affinity between the world view of alchemy and that of the Kabbalah. The alchemist considered all existing things, whether mineral, vegetable, animal, or human, as containing a basically identical essence — this is emphasized in every study discussing alchemy — and an almost identical doctrine underlay kabbalistic thought. Once kabbalistic manifestation of this idea was the belief in metempsychosis, the transmigration of souls, which assumed that one and the same soul (i.e., spiritual essence) could inhabit in turn a human being, an animal, or a plant, and move from one such body into another. For people habituated to believe in this doctrine there was nothing strange in the idea that lead, copper, silver, gold, and so on were essentially the same, and were but disparate forms containing the same metallic "soul."

The close association between Solomon and the philosophers' stone is shown by the fact that the materia prima of the stone was sometimes represented as the two in-

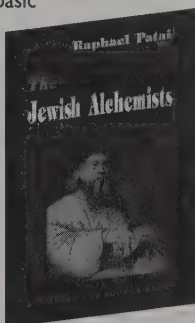


The unification of the spirit, the soul, and the body.

terlaced triangles of "Solomon's Seal," which survives to this day as the Jewish national emblem known as the Magen David, David's Shield. For the alchemists, this seal or star was the symbol of wisdom . . . The Magen David was also interpreted as a symbol of the four basic elements of Earth, Air, Fire, and Water. Sometimes it represents "universal matter."

The Jewish Alchemists

Raphael Patai. Princeton University Press, 1994; 617 pp. ISBN 0-691-03290-4
\$35 (\$38 postpaid) from California/Princeton Fulfillment Services, 1445 Lower Ferry Road, Ewing, NJ 08618; 800/777-4726



Gnosis on the Silk Road

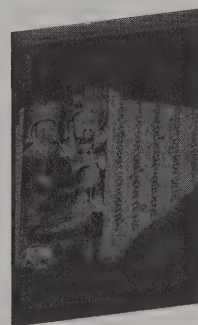
Manichaeism, the religion started by Mani, a third-century Babylonian prophet, has disappeared into the archives of history. Yet for over a thousand years after its founder's death, it flourished across an expanse reaching from the Mediterranean to China, especially along the Silk Road in central Asia. There it seriously challenged both Christianity and Buddhism (while borrowing heavily from both).

Mani's religion was based on an elaborate dualism. The world is a battlefield between light and darkness; in man, the spirit is made of light, while the body is composed of darkness and must be overcome.

Hans-Joachim Klimkeit's collection of translated Manichaean texts — many of them fragmentary — presents as thorough a picture of Mani's religion as one could want. Though often ponderous and obscure, the texts do offer flashes of sublimity. Klimkeit's introduction gives an excellent entry point into this vanished faith. —Richard Smoley

And the viziers asked Mar Adda, "What shape does the soul have, oh Lord?"

And Mar Adda answered, "The soul is similar to the body in that it has five limbs, namely, a head, two arms and two feet. The soul is exactly like that. Life is considered to be the first limb of the soul, power its second limb, light its third limb, beauty its fourth limb and fragrance its fifth limb."



Gnosis on the Silk Road

(Gnostic Parables, Hymns and Prayers from Central Asia)
Hans-Joachim Klimkeit.
HarperSanFrancisco, 1993;
405 pp. ISBN 0-06-064586-5
\$30 (\$32.75 postpaid) from HarperCollins Publishers, Direct Mail, PO Box 588, Dunmore, PA 18512; 800/331-3761

LANDING

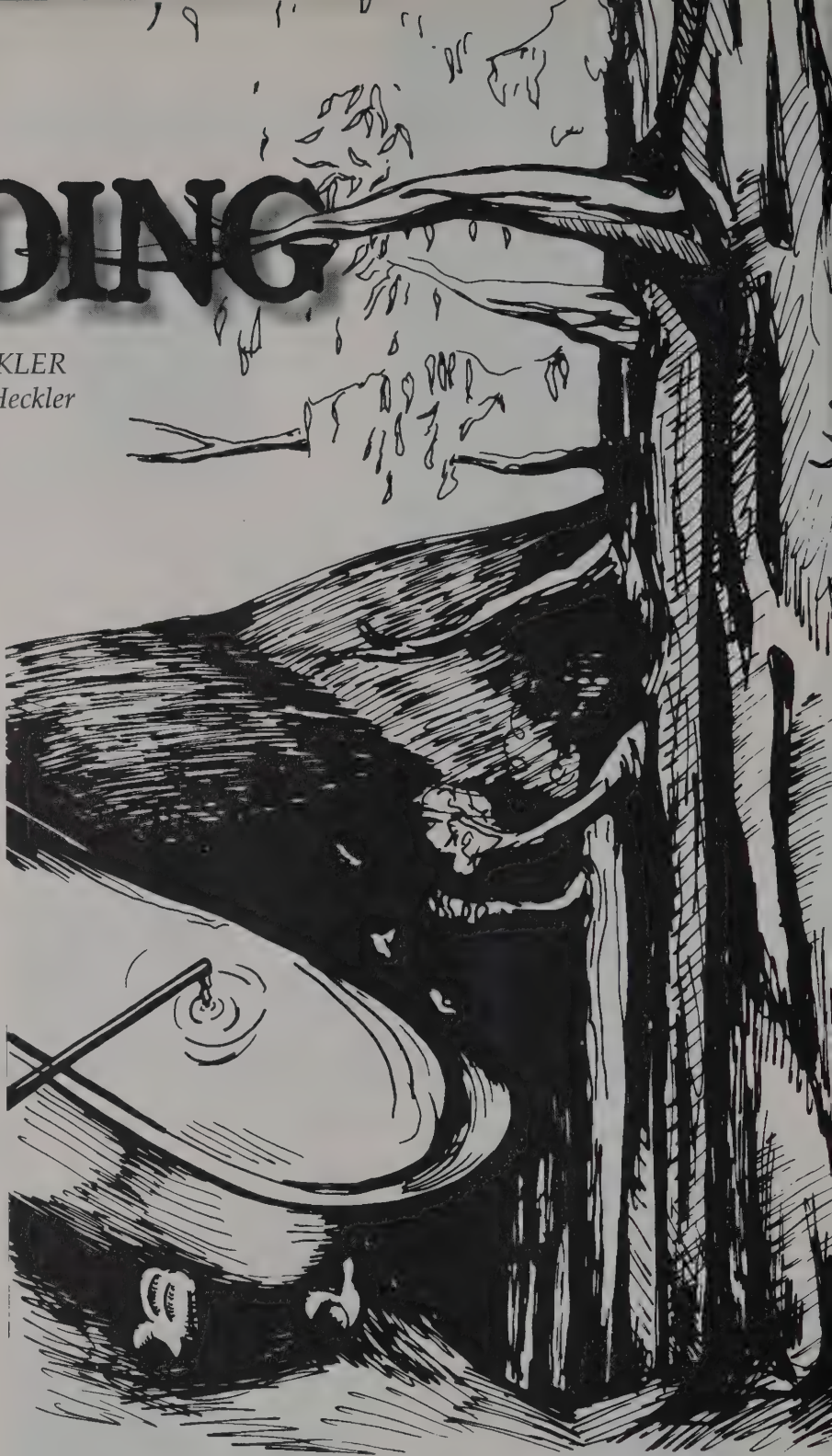
BY RICHARD STROZZI HECKLER
Illustrations by Ariana Strozzi Heckler

It's midday, early July and I'm sitting at the spring. Three purple finches drop from the limb of a nearby gum tree and flutter to the water's edge. They fidget restlessly before drinking and then disappear among the camphor leaves. Across the valley sheep rise out of a draw and spill down the hill like curdled milk. In every direction the land folds and layers on itself in an endless succession of gentle swells. To the northeast a bench of low mountains rises up, carved on top by an epoch of wind and water; behind them piled clouds signal a thunderstorm in the delta. To the west, a ragged fringe on the horizon marks the redwood and pine forests of the coastal range.

Somewhere between two and five million years ago the very tops of these hills were scattered islands in a vast body of water called the Merced Sea. Drastic tides and centuries of rain spread the alluvial sediments from the volcanic highlands width-wise across the state, creating fertile agricultural valleys. Now this is sheep and cattle country, miles of grazing land interrupted only by fencing and towering stands of eucalyptus. Scrub and black oak dot the hills; bay, willow, and buckeye follow the drainage cuts; cypress hedges become windbreaks. It's a frank land, with a muscular grace. A neighboring dairy farmer tells me that the thirteen acres I live on is "too small to do anything with, but big enough to be a problem."

A river of wind rolls off the hills and slams into the gum trees; their trunks groan like ship masts in a storm. The distant smell of the sea mixes with the dust and odor of animals. A single red-tailed hawk rides the current up the valley. Every afternoon this time of year these thermal winds

pick up off the coast and are sucked eastward by the shimmering vacuum of heat in the San Joaquin Valley. I imagine them rising over the Rockies, rippling the wheat and cornfields of the Midwest, sweeping through the deciduous forests of the East, helping a high fly become a home





run over the left-field fence at Yankee Stadium, and continuing across glassy Atlantic swells, ruffling the watch coat of a young sailor from California who is mysteriously gripped by a moment of nostalgia.

Seven years ago I pointed to these hills and said to my companions, "I love this kind of land." We drove up a small valley and turned into a dirt road with a "For Sale" sign on it. I stepped out of the car and was startled by a surge of electricity passing through me. It was as if a tuning fork had been struck inside my chest that momentarily washed me free of thought. While a round-faced, enthusiastic man told me he wouldn't sell it to just anybody, a voice in my head was saying, "I'm going to live here." I hadn't thought I wanted to live here, nor did I want to live so far from where I was. I had no motive for settling here other than that voice and the lit-up feeling when my feet hit the ground. Later that night I woke up with what felt like an iron fist gripping the nape of my neck. "I have no money," I thought. "What am I

getting myself into?" From deep inside came the reply: "But isn't this what you wanted?" After a brief inner struggle I quit trying to understand and assumed there was power present.

I borrowed money from friends and bought the land. I borrowed more money, invested in a carpenter and set to work remodeling the barn into a *dojo* and the chicken shed into an office. Sagging fences were torn down and new wire was strung; cluttered piles of junk were slowly whittled away. I planted a garden behind the house; it thrived and expanded behind the newly built hay barn, producing vegetables year-round for friends, relatives, and the homeless. A fecund compost heap accepted everything — newspaper, eggshells, broccoli leaves, horse manure, apple cores — and chewed on it twenty-four hours a day, reincarnating it as a rich, useful loam. More than fifty trees were planted in the first two years — eucalyptus, apple, pear, apricot, olive, birch, redwood, blue spruce, oak, liquid amber, Monterey pine — slowly, slowly becoming groves of patience and

faithfulness. A young, talented artisan drove down from Alaska to apprentice with me; he learned aikido and bodywork, from him I learned construction. A bathhouse, guest studio, woodshed, feed barn, and deck sprouted from the collaboration. The house, built in the 1880s, brightened with a fresh coat of paint, a shiny red-oak floor replaced the worn linoleum in the kitchen, tile was laid over the plywood in the pantry and mudroom, and a new cast-iron wood stove with a stone hearth warmed the living room. I cut firewood from Monterey cypress and second-growth eucalyptus to keep the winter fires going. It was primary work; my body hummed, the brain and heart felt well scrubbed.

I was learning how much I wanted a place of my own to work and live and I labored joyously in this discovery. My vision of a place where people could practice contemplative, martial, and healing disciplines was coming to life under my hands. Eventually, however, I came to understand that as fulfilling as my dream had become, it was precisely the drama of weather, the

sacredness of water, the unfathomable sky, and the perseverance of land that brought new energy to my life. Layers of meaning fell, like the finches, from the sky, or were flushed up from the ground as grasses and plants, or whispered through the water that snaked up from the spring, or came from the animals, domestic and wild, who acted



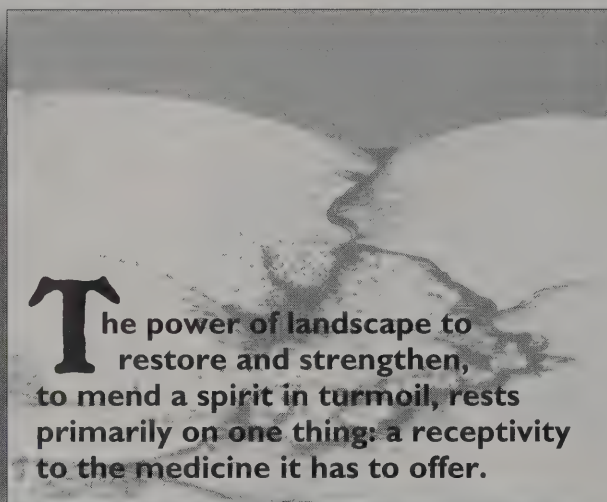
as if the land was theirs as much as mine. This was meaning free of pretension and moral judgments, but filled with immediacy, impermanence, beauty and horror. When I tried to analyze these insights they turned feral; untamable, they demanded to be embraced in the moment, or not at all.

Mystery lived in the generosity of the obvious. When I told a neighboring rancher that scooping up that first handful of newly hatched soil from the compost was a religious experience she unabashedly told me she saw an angel in hers. "Like God," she said, "working even when we're sleeping." This wasn't a back-to-the-land trip I was on, or maudlin nature symbolism, but a series of daily, almost insignificant

events that sewed together a wildly alive relationship with the land. For example: I have a routine of stopping at the spring to see if it's running and, if not, clear the spillway to keep the animals in water. Strictly business. Then one spring day, for no particular reason, I saw the spring. I truly *saw* it. I shouted, "The water is coming out of the ground!" This moment came after a year and a half of just mentally registering it, "Yeh, you know, water." WATER COMING OUT OF THE GROUND! I felt like a man who had slept too long, groggy and surprised by how late it had become. True, it is only a skinny trickle, but it flows continually in these drought years. It summons the spirit of Zechariah when he

shouted at the aristocrats for bemoaning their small temple, "Who can despise the small things of life?" In our crowded lives we confuse wealth with buying power, and happiness with being fashionable.

The power of landscape to restore and strengthen, to mend a spirit in turmoil, rests primarily on one thing: a receptivity to the medicine it has to offer. If we open our senses to the order, intimacy, interrelatedness, and purpose that are evident in a redwood forest,



for example, it's possible to feel renewed and affirmed. But the more we distance ourselves from the natural world through categories and labels, the more we paint ourselves into a scientific corner of molecules, atoms, indeterminate patterns, and quarks. Constantly tapping us on the shoulder, however deeply buried in our unconscious, is the understanding that behind all these concepts is a vast, empty, shining mystery. We honor this mystery by shedding our ego-hankerings.

The principles of evolution that are alive in nature, however effusive or subtle, began to significantly shape my thinking and perception. In nature's majestic impatience with rigidity, for example, I began to see the teach-

ings of non-resistance and blending that are at the heart of aikido; in her celebration of impermanence, because it ultimately means birth, was the wisdom of meditation practice; her unwavering commitment to coevolution revealed the adaptability so lacking in human affairs; in her continuity, an antidote to despair. I had come to understand that the lessons that were available here would not come from an intellectual knowing, but from a visceral, hands-on relationship.

So for the first two years I walked the land every day. After following the fence line for a week or two I'd crisscross the open fields for a month; during the second winter I mostly climbed the hill, sweating under my jacket while the rain soaked my face. Before a month-long trek in Tanzania I added a fifty-pound pack and an hour to my walks. This was ecstasy for Max, my Labrador retriever, who, acting as if the strange thing on my back and the additional time somehow made him more responsible, stayed closer to my side.

Pushing through the high grass on the valley floor the first summer I stumbled across sheep bones scattered on a leathery skin. What was once fluffy and buoyant was now collapsed. A patrol of beetles was ransacking the sinews still left on the joints. It was ominous, like the work of a Neolithic shaman who had cast for a sign with polished bones and then, shocked by what he saw, fled back through time. In it I read: strength as well as vulnerability will perish. On another occasion the land unexpectedly yielded a shiny obsidian spearhead at a spot I had crossed countless times before. Closing it in my palm I imagined the brave who had chipped it into life. Sometimes I would hop the fence

to Paul's land and walk west, into the wind, hoping to see the gray heron who summers at the cow pond. I needed to stretch out, to be owned by the edges of the land, and to absorb the wisdom that boundaries are not where we end, but where we begin.

I asked my students and clients to drive the extra distance at least once, promising I would take an office in town if it was too far. One said it was a problem; most reported that they enjoyed being in the country and that the drive relaxed them. Some began walking on the land before or after our

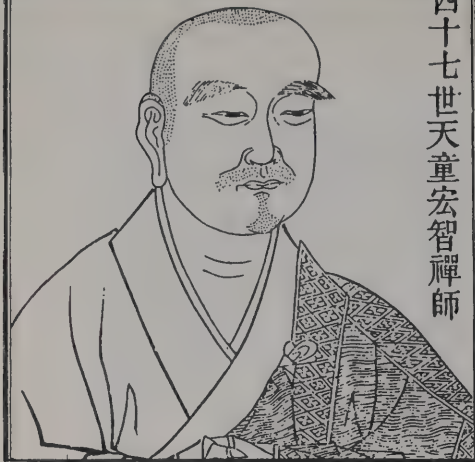
sessions, others asked if there was something they could do in the garden, or if they could help feed the horses and sheep. More and more frequently I would see one of them gazing into the distance, as if the space itself healed their pain and isolation. At the end of the first year I offered a Lomi training in somatic education and quietly opened the dojo for aikido classes. The horses peered in at us from the big bay window, and great horned owls hooted as we bowed in for class. The landscape became a nurturing collaborator that was also unpredictable and terrifying, but always potent.

Seeing these people for the first time in this environment it occurred to me that in all their variety the element that tied them together was their isolation. More than ever I heard them use words like lost, rootless, disassociated, alienated, alone and unconnected to describe their lives. They wonder who they are and where they belong. What was lacking was a connection to a place, a community of people, or the life of their bodies. They hadn't let themselves land on a suitable soil to grow and thrive, or taken the risk of love, or become the wisdom and passion that streamed through their tissues. Perhaps, I now think, it is in the connection with these three domains—the natural world, others, and our bodies—that we find the foundation stones for the practice of presence. 🌱

Richard Strozzi Heckler is the author of *In Search of the Warrior Spirit* and *The Anatomy of Change*.

He lives and works in the coastal foothills north of San Francisco, where he is working on another book.





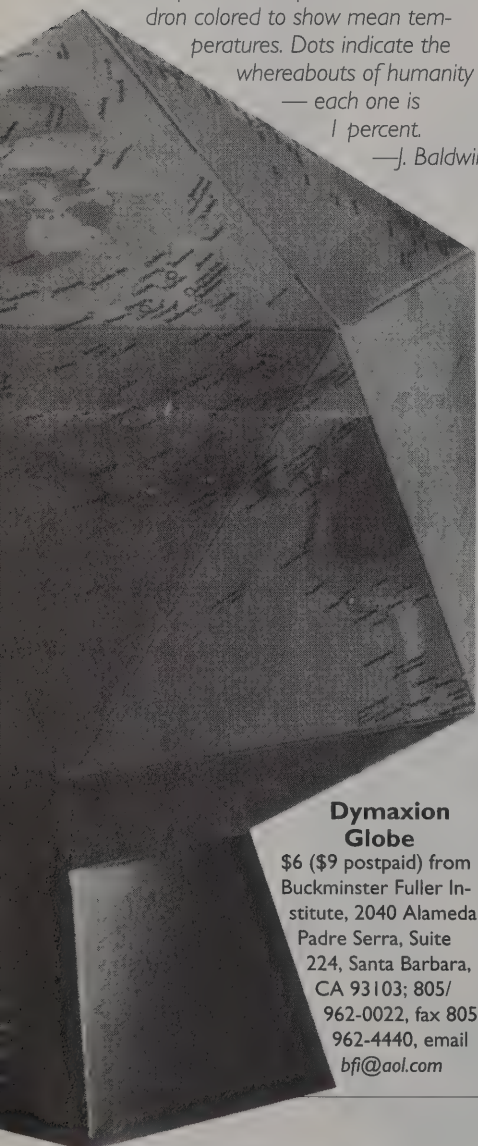
四十七世天童宏智禪師

Traditional Chinese Woodcut of Zen Master Hongzhi.

Dymaxion Globe

Buckminster Fuller's Dymaxion projection map of the world is the only one that has no visible distortion of the relative size and shape of land masses. This version folds into a spherish 7" icosahedron colored to show mean temperatures. Dots indicate the whereabouts of humanity — each one is 1 percent.

—J. Baldwin



Dymaxion Globe

\$6 (\$9 postpaid) from Buckminster Fuller Institute, 2040 Alameda Padre Serra, Suite 224, Santa Barbara, CA 93103; 805/962-0022, fax 805/962-4440, email bfi@aol.com

Cultivating the Empty Field

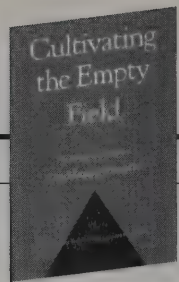
A groundbreaking translation of the twelfth-century poet and Zen Master Hongzhi's work. This collection is an eloquent sampling of his poetic genius. His expression, the culmination of a sophisticated Zen Buddhist teaching tradition, inspires spiritual practitioners in realizing their own illuminating mind. —Judy Hardin

The essence is to empty and open out body and mind, as expansive as the great emptiness of space. Naturally in the entire territory all is satisfied. This strong spirit cannot be deterred; in event after event it cannot be confused. The moon accompanies the flowing water, the rain pursues the drifting clouds. Settled, without a grasping mind, such intensity may be accomplished. Only do not let yourself interfere with things, and certainly nothing will interfere with you.

Cultivating the Empty Field

Taigen D. Leighton & Yi Wu. North Point Press, 1991; 91 pp. ISBN 0-86547-475-3 \$11.95 (\$13.95 postpaid) from Putnam Publishing Group, Order Dept., PO Box 506, East Rutherford, NJ 07073; 800/631-8571

People of the Way journey through the world responding to conditions, carefree and without restraint. Like clouds finally raining, like moonlight following the current, like orchids growing in shade, like spring arising in everything, they act with mind, they respond with certainty. This is how perfected people behave. Then they must resume their travels and follow the ancestors, walking ahead with steadiness and letting go of themselves with innocence.



Cultivating the Ch'i

Most people are attracted to Tai Chi Ch'uan because of the grace and fluidity of the exercise form. These external movements, however, represent only a small part of what is occurring inside the body when practicing. This first volume of five deals with a specific method of increasing the chi, or vital energy of the body.

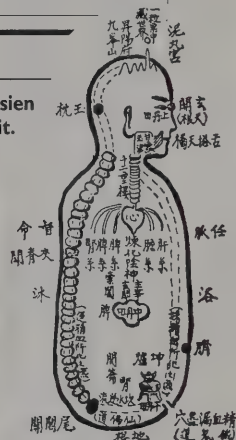
The first half of the book is devoted to translation of the Tai Chi Ch'i-Kung text. In the second half the author demonstrates the exercise routine using multiple-exposure still photographs to indicate each gesture.

Cultivating the Ch'i helps provide the intellectual foundation necessary for chi development. It fills a gaping void in English translations of Tai Chi Ch'uan. —Vincent Lynch

Tai Chi Ch'uan bases itself exclusively on gentleness, softness, naturalness and bringing you back to your original nature. Daily training makes the muscles and bones become softer and more pliable, and it especially causes the breath to become natural. These are the results of disciplining and refining the ching, ch'i and shen to the end of your days. How then can you consider dispensing with your kung or wish to suffer bitterly?

In Tai Chi Ch'uan there are the fundamental principles of "opening and closing," "stillness and emptiness," "inhaling and ex-

Original diagram of the Hsien T'ien and Hou T'ien circuit.



Cultivating the Ch'i

Stuart Alve Olson. Dragon Door Publications, 1992; 160 pp. ISBN 0-938045-11-3 \$12.95 (\$16.90 postpaid) from Bookmasters, PO Box 2039, Mansfield, OH 44905; 800/247-6553

haling," and "advancing and withdrawing." These are the training methods for circulating the ch'i throughout the entire body. From these the body will become quite sensitive and alert, as will the muscles and tendons. The sense of touch will also become increasingly more acute. Thus, the spirit will be made active and alert.

The original books acted as a teacher to the beginner, but everyone should also have a teacher. It is impossible to acquire the teachings solely through books. This would be like food caught in the throat which must be vomited up. You need a teacher to give detailed accounts of both the method and practical use.

Dictionary of Geopolitics

This dictionary gives a good sense of the general state of the world's political structures and agreements. Important treaties, theories, philosophies, and personages are usefully examined. John O'Loughlin, et al. strive admirably to include the viewpoints of nations other than the United States.

—Haci Horvath

■ **Military-Industrial Complex.** A term coined by President Dwight Eisenhower in his farewell address to the American people in 1960 to refer to the development within the United States of an interlocking commonality of interest between the military and defense industries, promoting large military budgets

and a permanent militarization of American foreign policy. Academic experts in the "think tanks," the extensive defense lobby organizations and their political friends in the political establishment are also part of this self-perpetuating complex.

Because of the ongoing Cold War rivalry with the Soviet Union through the 1950s, the United States was in a state of partial military mobilization at a time of supposed international peace. Many large corporations had become dependent solely on Pentagon contacts for their survival. Critics of American politics have argued that the military-industrial complex has become unduly powerful in exerting influence over the conduct of foreign policy by making it preoccupied by military considerations. They have also

Dictionary of Geopolitics

John O'Loughlin, Editor. 1994; 281 pp. ISBN 0-313-26313-2 \$69.95 (\$73.45 postpaid) from Greenwood Publishing Group, 88 Post Road West, PO Box 5007, Westport, CT 06881; 800/225-5800

argued that the military-industrial complex's interests dominate the federal budgetary process at the expense of social programs and civilian research and development.

Mapping the Invisible Landscape • Mapping American Culture

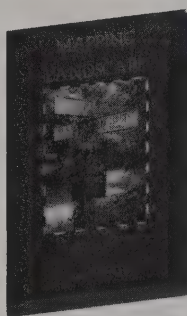
Ever found yourself lingering over a passage in a book, a poem or a song that evokes a real sense of the place described? Landscape is rich with stories, folktales, songs, poems, and graphic arts, in "sense of place" literature.

Mapping American Culture includes descriptions of place in American literature, with surprising perspectives on landscapes, such as the shopping mall seen as a modern incarnation of the formal European garden.

Some of Kent C. Ryden's explorations in **Mapping the Invisible Landscape** are a wonderful discourse on maps as the first descriptors of place, and the regional folklore of the Coeur d'Alene Mining District of north Idaho.

Both books are full of opportunity to escape from our own place in the modern world, to see it with new eyes when we return. —Sharon Johnson

■ The labyrinth, the maze of pathways or hedges which confounded the visitor's at-



Mapping the Invisible Landscape

Kent C. Ryden. 1993; 326 pp. ISBN 0-87745-414-0 \$17.95 (\$20.95 postpaid) from University of Iowa Press, Publications Order Dept., Oakdale Hall M105, Iowa City, IA 52242; 800/235-2665

tempts to find an easy way out and was a favorite device of Renaissance gardens, is now the cleverly laid out pattern of aisles within some department stores which are designed quite successfully to discourage the visitor's easy exit. Shoppers simply cannot find a way out. Bloomingdale's in the Willow Grove Mall in suburban Philadelphia received so many complaints from irate shoppers lost in its mazes that finally small, discrete exit signs were posted. What "may have had . . . [its] origins in the penitential mazes of the Christian Church" on

Robert Adams, "Colorado Springs, Colorado, 1968." —*Mapping American Culture*



Mapping American Culture

Wayne Franklin & Michael Steiner, Editors. 1992; 310 pp. ISBN 0-87745-379-9 \$32.95 (\$35.95 postpaid) from University of Iowa Press, Publications Order Dept., Oakdale Hall M105, Iowa City, IA 52242; 800/235-2665

the model of the paths "laid out in stone or tiles" on which "the penitent performed the journey on his knees, saying particular prayers at particular points," and was then moved out into the garden where it was secularized, has now become thoroughly commodified, a journey in which purchases have replaced prayers. Buy enough and we will let you out. —*Mapping American Culture*

■ Space and place are distinct but closely related: one begets the other and both are needed for a full life. "Place is security, space is freedom; we are attached to one and long for the other," geographer Yi-Fu Tuan has written. "What begins as undifferentiated space becomes place as we get to know it better and endow it with values," he argues. "Enclosed and humanized space is place." For artist Alan Gussow, "A place is a piece of the whole environment that has been claimed by human feelings," while for novelist Eudora Welty, place is the "gathering spot of all that has been felt," a still point in the flux of life, where the spirit is enshrined and the imagination is focused." —*Mapping the Invisible Landscape*

The Human Element

This cross-cultural how-to book offers an eclectic range of Asian philosophies as a centering point for Western business practices. Eastern pragmatism is applicable to the running of an organization. It offers great insight into bringing the human condition into harmony. —Paul Wintermiz

- Egotism

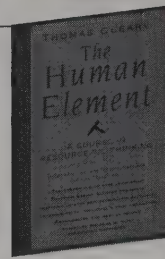
Lao-tzu said, "The reason we have a lot of trouble is that we have selves."

- Wealth

Lao-tzu said, "Those who are contented are rich." Is it really any wonder when drug addiction is rife at all levels of a society that embraces a culture of craving?

- Worry

Confucius said, "Ignoble are not for positions of authority, because they worry about getting something; and once they have gotten whatever it is that they want, then they worry about losing it. As long as they are worried about losing something, there is no telling what they might do."



The Human Element

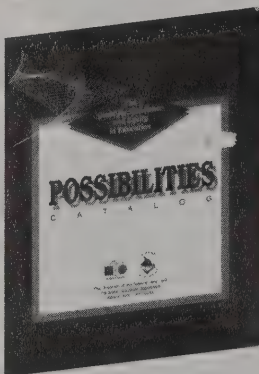
(A Course in Resourceful Thinking)

Thomas Cleary. 1994; 131 pp.

ISBN 0-87773-994-3

\$15 (\$18 postpaid) from Shambhala Publications, Order Dept., PO Box 308, Boston, MA 02117-0308; 617/424-0228

Possibilities Catalog



Visionaries deep within the State Education Department and University of the State of New York, Albany, with corporate sponsorship by Nynex, deliberately set out to create a **Whole Earth Catalog** for educational transformers, reformers, and seekers-of-excellence-under-trying-circumstances. They even solicited former **Whole Earth Review** editor Kevin Kelly's advice, and printed it.

Possibilities Catalog

\$10 postpaid (money order only) from New York State Education Department, Office of Instruction and Program Development, Room 1076-EBA, Albany, NY 12234

The **Millennium Whole Earth Catalog** team thinks the **Possibilities Catalog** team succeeded admirably in using the **Whole Earth Catalog's** spirit and format as a template for a collaborative, activist, comprehensivist sourcebook for change agents. Learning is seen, properly, as the wellsprings of a civilization's cultural vitality. The many hundreds of tools and inspirations gathered here start within the classroom, but radiate out to all the areas of modern life where learning and education are critically important: employment, citizenship, values, community.

The problem with this sourcebook (and hence the embedded opportunity) is that it is

New York-centric. However, the book is full of ideas that educators anywhere can emulate. I think this is a good model for other states: local visionaries, the state education bureaucracy, university departments of education, and corporate sponsors can work collaboratively to create a resource to benefit the entire community. Let a thousand Possibilities (Catalogs) bloom! —Howard Rheingold

78 HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA SELF-ESTEEM

No Time To Lose

NYS Dept. of Social Services
Dept. NTTL, 40 N. Pearl St.
Albany, NY 12243
Carlos Arroyo
(518) 473-7590

The video is a compelling first person account by children whose lives are seldom revealed by statistics and studies. The **Blueprints for Action Section** presents an easy-to-follow problem-solving format which helps community groups take concrete steps in addressing the issues faced.

Judy Polley

□ To build the future, we must start where the future always starts, with children... Not just this year, not just next year, we must make the next 10 years, *The Decade of the Child.*

Mario Cuomo, Governor

□ To the children of New York State — They are our hope, and we are theirs. There is...no time to lose.

Cesar A. Perales, Commissioner of NYS Dept. of Social Services

NO TIME TO LOSE

Quarterly Journal for Parents/Teachers/Community

Commissioner Perales Honors the No Time To Lose Award Recipients

The New York State Department of Social Services... The award honors and commends those who have taken the lead in addressing the needs of at-risk children... The award recipients are: [List of names]

No Time to Lose is a 27-minute video documentary produced by the NYS Dept. of Social Services to continue the work begun at the Summit on Black and Hispanic Children in 1987. The video is used by community groups throughout the State to address ways of helping our "at-risk" children. The video comes with a **Leader's Guide** which provides ideas, preparation and presentation tips, and questions to spark discussions about the issues in the video. A **Blueprints for Action Section** presents models for group problem solving and action planning at the community level.

NO TIME TO LOSE BLUEPRINTS FOR ACTION

OUR GOAL: [Text]

ACTION STEPS	WHO	WHEN	DONE
1. Contact NYTL Leadership...	J.B.	1/82	✓
2. Develop planning group to develop...	J.B.	1/82	✓
3. Contact community groups to invite...	L.R.	1/82	✓
4. Identify resource areas...	D.B.	1/82	✓

UP LEADER OF PERSON

- As individual beings, people seek inner security in their souls; this is why they search for truth and also why they sometimes accept assurance instead of truth. —The Book of Change

- Understanding and innocence

... it is possible to understand human weakness intimately without losing the constructive indomitability without which such understanding has no practical meaning except ingratitude and despair.

- Making mistakes

Lao-tzu said, "It is by knowing the sickness of sickness that sages avoid being sick."

Earth and Spirit

Destruction has always been the other side of creation. This collection of essays searches for meaning amid the current apocalyptic clamor over the evisceration of our global ecosystems. The unified voice that emerges from these pages tries to forge a new spiritual fulcrum — a place where we can regain our balance, stem the tide of wholesale ecological destruction, and hopefully act as the midwife to metamorphosis. —Paul Wintemitz

- At some time in our spiritual evolution there occurred a palace coup. The strategic part of the mind that had evolved to help each person and community survive to

produce the next generation, became overconcerned for our individual safety. In some ways it put our possibilities for survival above our firsthand experience of existence itself. Brooding like an interior dictator, it finally took over the central territory of the psyche previously occupied by the soul. We became slaves to a form of individual safety that has never existed and that robbed us of our own intimate link with life itself. We withdrew from our own true home, the *Oikos*, the ecological home of our firsthand experience. From that point, safety through the holding of power over the otherness of the world, rather than the terrible and joyous experience of otherness itself, became the touchstone of human existence.

- Where do we find the power for this, the power that can lead to the healing of the world? I think we find it in our pain, our pain for the world. We find it in the grief that comes over us as we see what is happening, the fear that takes us, the rage that swells up. Honor it. Do not think that this is a private craziness. Know that this is life itself crying through you. Let us be bold to acknowledge our grief — to own it — knowing that our grief and our rage and our fear for all beings at this time is our deepest health, our deepest sanity, the other face of love.

- We cannot simply take up the mind-sets of our ancestors nor wear their myths as if we have not changed in the interim between their world and time and ours. We cannot assume the sacredness nor spiritual livingness of the Earth or accept it as a new ideology or as a sentimentally pleasing idea. We must experience that life and sacredness, if it is there, in relationship to our own and to that ultimate mystery we call God. We must experience it in our lives, in our practice, in the flesh of our cultural creativity.

Mindfulness and Meaningful Work

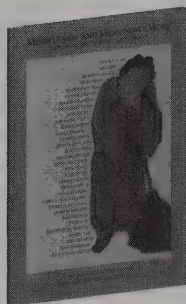
*Whether it's the times or me that's turning reflective, **Mindfulness and Meaningful Work** plunges deep into a soft spot and leaves me ruminating pleasantly like a cow on a sunny afternoon. Right livelihood is about relationships with labor, money, other souls, the planet, and yourself. It's fueled by feelings and process rather than goals and plans for an elusive future.*

Good stuff to chew on. Whitmyer's choir of old friends and new voices is wonderfully nurturing. —Digger

- Another principle I adopted for myself (although I now think living by principles is bogus and deprives one of a real-time life) was that I would never work for money alone. A job was acceptable that gave me a tool, a skill, or contacts that fit into "my work." My life's work is to understand how change happens. Whatever job I have should fit or contribute to that somehow. Mostly, of course, I did not look for jobs but created the jobs I wanted to do and then figured out how to get money out of such a job.

- The idea of action without attachment to the results or fruits of your labor is basic to Karma Yoga. Both the Hindu and Christian traditions stress that all work should be dedicated to God and undertaken to serve others. "Laborare est orare," say the Benedictine monks, "To work is to pray."

"The true husbandman," H.D. Thoreau writes in the "Bean Patch" chapter of *Walden*, "will cease from anxiety, as the squirrels manifest no concern for whether the woods will bear chestnuts this year or not, and finish his labor with each day, re-



Mindfulness and Meaningful Work

(Explorations in Right Livelihood)

Claude Whitmyer, Editor. 1994;

290 pp. ISBN 0-938077-54-6

\$16 (\$19 postpaid) from Parallax Press,

PO Box 7355, Berkeley, CA 94707;

510/525-0101

linquishing all claim to the produce of his fields, and sacrificing in his mind not only his first but last fruits also."

- Preparations for the male ritual of work begin even before the age of schooling. Long before the boy child has concept of the day after tomorrow, he will be asked by well-meaning but unconscious adults, "What do you want to be when you grow up?" It will not take him long to discover that "I want to be a horse" is not an answer that satisfies adults. They want to know what men plan to do, what job, profession, occupation we have decided to follow at five years of age! Boys are taught early that they are what they do.



Earth and Spirit

Fritz Hull & Thomas Berry, Editors. 1993;

224 pp. ISBN 0-8264-0575-4

\$24.95 (\$27.95 postpaid) from Continuum

Publishing Co., c/o Publisher Resources,

PO Box 7001, Lavergne, TN 37086;

800/937-5557



Is The Universe
S.A.I.L.A.?

By John Gribbin

N

OBODY WOULD ARGUE that human beings appeared out of nothing. We are complex creatures, and could not have arisen "just by chance" out of a brew of chemicals, even in some warm little pond of the kind envisaged by Charles Darwin. Simpler kinds of living organisms came first, and it took hundreds of millions of years of evolution on Earth to progress from single-celled life forms to complex organisms like ourselves.

Could something similar have happened with the universe? It is a large complex system which, some cosmologists argue, cannot have appeared by chance. Simpler universes came first, they say, and it may have taken hundreds of millions of universal generations to progress to a universe as complex as our own.

Lee Smolin, professor of physics at the Center for Gravitational Physics and Geometry at the Pennsylvania State University, is a leading proponent of this idea, which also takes on board notions about baby universes developed by Andrei Linde of the Lebedev Physics Institute in Moscow and Stephen Hawking of the University of Cambridge. One of the jumping off points for such speculation is that the Universe we see around us seems to be in a very peculiar state, not "typical" of the way a universe might be expected to emerge from a big bang. According to the basic laws of physics, universes should be much smaller and short-lived.

The puzzle has become more pressing as evidence has mounted that the Universe really did emerge from a big bang some 15 billion years ago. The evidence suggests that the Universe was born out of a singularity — a point of infinite density occupying zero volume — and that in the first split second the tiny seed containing all the mass and energy in the observable Universe went through a period of exponential expansion, known as inflation.

The key feature of inflation is that it stretches space-time — the three dimensions of space together with time — by a very large amount, smoothing out any irregularities that are present. Think of the difference between the wrinkled skin of a dry prune and the smooth surface of the same prune when it has absorbed its fill of water, then picture how smooth the skin of the prune would be if it were inflated to the size of the Earth, and you get some idea of how the process works.

But cosmic inflation happened on a much smaller scale, and had ended by the time

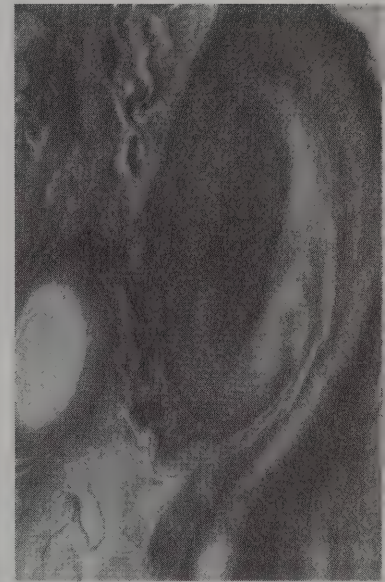
the Universe reached the size of a grapefruit. Around this time, matter was distributed evenly — but not perfectly evenly. There were small irregularities, or clumps of matter. Once inflation slowed, these clumps had enough gravity to gather other matter around them. Since then, more leisurely inflation has taken 15 billion years to expand the grapefruit to its present size, with the clumps of matter yielding galaxies, stars — and people.

At first sight, there is no obvious reason why the inflation process should have gone on for just long enough and at just the right rate to produce a Universe in which stars and galaxies could form. A shorter, less intense burst of inflation would have left the matter too jumbled up, and the proto-universe in danger of quickly recollapsing back into a singularity. A longer, stronger burst of inflation would have spread the stuff of the proto-universe so thin that no stars and galaxies could ever form.

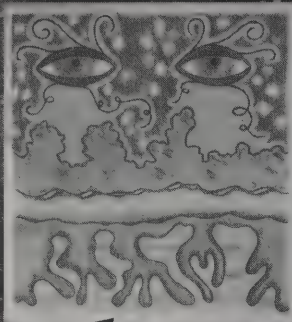
GOLDILOCKS EFFECT

This problem of fine-tuning is generally regarded as the biggest difficulty with inflation. It is essentially an example of the Goldilocks effect: why is inflation, like so many other properties of the Universe, "just right" to allow our Universe to exist. But the fine-tuning problem can be resolved by taking on board the idea that the Universe itself is alive and has evolved.

A key feature of the argument is that the birth of the Universe — an outburst from a singularity — is essentially a mirror image of the collapse of a massive object into a black hole, which is an implosion towards a singularity. It is 30 years since Roger Penrose, now at the University of Oxford, and Hawking established that the equations describing the big bang expansion of the Universe are precisely the time-reverse of the equations describing the collapse of a black hole. But it was only in the 1980s that cosmologists



Kathleen Harrison



THE dramatic implication is that many, perhaps all the black holes that form in our Universe may be the seeds of new universes.

realised that our Universe may contain so much material, most of it in the form of invisible, dark matter, that one day the enormous gravitational force would first halt the present expansion and then reverse it, making the Universe collapse back into a singularity that is a mirror image of the one that gave it birth.

At about the same time, relativists realised that there is nothing to stop the material that falls into a singularity in our three dimensions of space and one of time from being shunted through a kind of space-time warp and emerging as an expanding singularity in another set of dimensions — another space-time. Mathematically, this “new” space-time is represented by a set of four dimensions, just like our own, but with all the dimensions at right angles to all the familiar dimensions of our own space-time.

Every singularity, on this picture, has its own set of space-time dimensions, forming a bubble universe within the framework of some “super” space-time, which we can refer to simply as “superspace”.

One way to picture what this involves is to use the analogy between the three dimensions of expanding space around us and the two-dimensional expanding surface of a balloon steadily filling with air. The analogy is not with the volume of air inside the balloon, but with the expanding skin of the balloon, stretching uniformly in two dimensions but curved around upon itself in a closed surface.

Imagine a tiny pimple forming on the surface of the balloon, a small piece of the stretching rubber that gets pinched off and starts to expand in its own right. It develops into a bubble, attached to the original balloon by a tiny, narrow throat — the black hole. And this new bubble can expand away happily in its own right to become as big as the original balloon, or even bigger, without the skin of the original balloon (the original universe) being affected.

There can be many bubbles growing out of the skin (the space-time) of the original universe in this way at the

same time, all interconnected by a system of black hole “throats” — referred to as wormholes or tunnels. And new bubbles can grow out of each new universe, ad infinitum.

Instead of the collapse of a black hole representing a one-way journey to nowhere, Hawking, Linde and Smolin and others suggest that it is a one-way journey to somewhere — to a new expanding universe in its own set of dimensions. The dramatic implication is that many, perhaps all the black holes that form in our Universe may be the seeds of new universes. And, of course, our own Universe may have been born in this way out of a black hole in another universe. What’s more, it turns out that the fact that the Universe seems to be so efficient at the job of making stars and turning them into black holes means that it is also efficient at making more universes.

This is a spectacular shift of viewpoint, and most cosmologists are still struggling to come to grips with it. If one Universe exists, then it seems that there must be many — very many, perhaps even an infinite number of universes. Our Universe has to be seen as just one component of a vast array of universes, a self-reproducing system connected only by the tunnels through space-time, which in this view are perhaps better regarded as cosmic umbilical cords that join a baby universe to its parent.

But there is still a puzzle of why inflation should have just the right strength to lead to a universe like our own. The “natural” size for a universe is down in the sub-atomic region, on the scale of the Planck length, 10^{-35} of a metre, the smallest “distance” that can exist. This is where evolution comes in.

The key element that Smolin has introduced is the idea that every time a black hole collapses into a singularity and a new baby universe is formed with a new space-time, the laws of physics that are born with it are slightly different. The force of gravity, for example, may be a little stronger — or weaker — in the baby universes than in the parent. The process, he argues, resembles the way mutations provide the variability among organic life forms on which natural selection can operate.

Each baby universe, says Smolin, is not a perfect replica of its parent but a slightly mutated form. The original, natural state of a baby universe may indeed be to expand out to a few times the Planck length, before collapsing once again. But if the random changes in the workings of the laws of physics — the mutations — happen to allow a little bit more inflation, a baby universe will grow a little larger. If it becomes big enough, it may separate into two or more different regions that each collapse to make a new singularity and thereby trigger the birth of another generation of universes.

Those new universes will also be slightly different from their parents. Some may lose the ability to grow much larger than the Planck length, and will fade back into the quantum realm. But some may have a little more inflation still than their parents, growing even larger, producing more black holes and giving birth to more baby universes in their turn. The number of new universes that are produced in each generation will be roughly proportional to the volume of the parent universe. "The essential point," says Smolin, "is that the universes that reproduce the most successfully by leaving the largest number of progeny dominate the ensemble after many generations."

THE UNIVERSE WITHIN

The end product should be not one but many universes, all about as big as it is possible to get while still being inside a black hole and in which the parameters of physics are such that the formation of stars and black holes is favoured. Our Universe exactly matches that description.

This explains the otherwise baffling mystery of why the Universe we live in should be "set up" in what seems, at first sight, such an unusual way. Just as you would not expect a random collection of chemicals suddenly to organise themselves into a human being, so you would not expect a random collection of physical laws emerging from a singularity to give rise to a Universe like the one we live in.

Smolin has stopped short of suggesting that the Universe is alive. But heredity is one of the defining attributes of life, and Smolin suggests that universes pass on their characteristics to their offspring with

only minor changes, just as people pass on their characteristics to their children with only minor changes. Universes that are successful in evolutionary terms are the ones that leave the most offspring. Provided that the random mutations are indeed small, there will be a genuinely evolutionary process favouring larger and larger universes.

Smolin's ideas are far from being accepted. One criticism is his assumption that the physical laws a universe is born with will only be slightly different from those of the parent; they could equally be very different or the same. "I don't go along with all the details of Smolin's argument," says Paul Davies of the University of Adelaide, "but it's a welcome new way of looking at the old problem of why the Universe is as it is."

Before Charles Darwin and Alfred Wallace came up with the idea of evolution, many people believed that the only way to explain the existence of so unlikely an organism as a human being was by supernatural intervention. The apparent unlikelihood of the Universe has similarly led some people to suggest that the big bang may have resulted from supernatural intervention. Even respectable cosmologists such as Davies and Frank Tippler of the University of New Orleans talk of the new cosmology as revealing "the mind of God" at work.

But if Smolin is right, there is no longer any basis for invoking the supernatural. We live in a Universe which is exactly the most likely kind of universe to exist if there are many living universes that have evolved in the same way that living things on Earth have evolved.

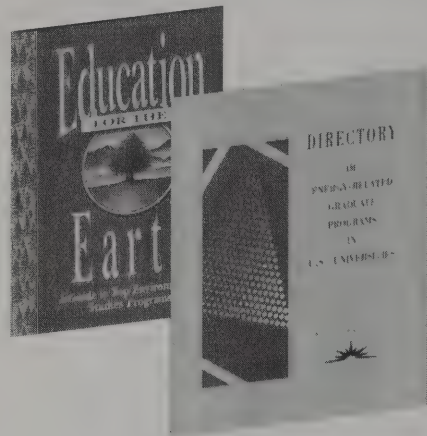
NASA/JPL



Reprinted with permission from *NewScientist* magazine, January 15, 1994. John Gribbin is a physics consultant for *NewScientist*, working in London. He is the author of *In the Beginning* (Viking 1993). For a detailed exposition by Lee Smolin on his ideas about the living universe, see his 1992 paper in *Classical and Quantum Gravity* (vol. 9, p. 173).

Education for the Earth • Directory of Energy-Related Graduate Programs in U.S. Universities

I field several phone calls a week that go "I'm interested in doing environmental work, but I don't know how to find schools that offer a useful degree." *Education for the Earth* thoroughly describes programs of good repute in the U.S. I compared the descriptions with my direct knowledge of several schools (I teach environmental design), and found the information to be just what's needed. The *Directory* offers just what its six-foot title claims, in the form of course descriptions. Good hunting — we need you! —J. Baldwin



Education for the Earth

(A Guide to Top Environmental Studies Programs) 1993; 175 pp. ISBN 1-56079-164-0 \$10.95 (\$15.20 postpaid) from Peterson's Guides, Inc., PO Box 2123, Princeton, NJ 08543-2123; 800/338-3282

Directory of Energy-Related Graduate Programs in U.S. Universities

The Energy Foundation, 1992; 84 pp. Available as a book or on disk [IBM 3.5" or 5.25" or Macintosh; Formats: MS Word 5.0, FileMaker Pro (Mac), or delimited ASCII text] Free from Home Energy magazine, 2124 Kittredge Street #95, Berkeley, CA 94704; 510/524-5405

Wilderness U: Opportunities for Outdoor Education in the U.S. and Abroad

You know in your heart that learning about nature while sitting in a formal classroom has its limits. Do something about it! Here are organizations offering outdoor experience at a variety of difficulty levels and budgets. Offerings are usefully described, several by participants. A handy index is cross-referenced by region, interest, country, organization, etc., to help you find an irresistible scene. Some programs can attract university credits if desired, though a classroom is going to feel mighty fakey when you return. —J. Baldwin

• Ocean Voyages Inc.
1709 Bridgeway
Sausalito, CA 94965
415-332-4681 FAX 332-7460

Ocean Voyages offers sailing education programs in many of the world's most ideal locations. Most trips include trained naturalists who can provide information about the region as the group sails through it. Most of the captains are selected for their expertise as naturalists as well as their abilities as sail trainers.

Ocean Voyages is currently developing a program that will in effect be a semester-at-sea for a variety of universities.



Photographers swimming with dolphins from Natural Habitat Wildlife Adventures, 1 Sussex Station, Suite 110, Sussex, NJ 07461. The staff consists of professional naturalists and photographers that lead participants on trips to see the world's most magnificent animals in their natural habitats.



Wilderness U

(Opportunities for Outdoor Education in the U.S. and Abroad) Bill McMillon. 1992; 281 pp. ISBN 1-55652-158-8 \$12.95 (\$14 postpaid) from Chicago Review Press, Independent Publishers Group, 814 North Franklin Street, Chicago, IL 60610; 800/888-4741

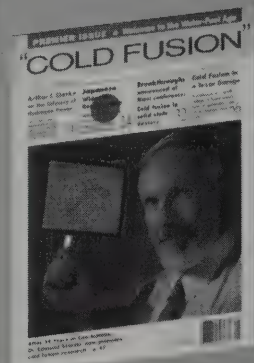
"Cold Fusion"

Ever since two physicists at the University of Utah announced they were regularly producing excess heat at room temperature using heavy water and palladium, the science establishment has ridiculed experiments in cold fusion and reviled its proponents. But since then dozens of scientific teams working independently — and sometimes furtively — around the world have continued to observe the production of excess heat and sometimes tritium and helium, atoms known to be produced only by nuclear reactions.

Even cold fusion's defenders doubt that nuclear fusion is the true reason for the excess heat and atoms — hence the quotes in the magazine's title. That doesn't stop them from hyping the technology's potential to provide cheap, virtually limitless energy. —John Gilles

• "Cold fusion" is a real but still incompletely explained energy-producing phenomenon that occurs when ordinary hydrogen and the special form of hydrogen called deuterium are brought together with metals such as palladium, titanium and nickel. Usually, some triggering mechanism, such as electricity or acoustic energy, is required to provoke the "cold fusion" effects. Both ordinary hydrogen and deuterium are abundant in ordinary water — whether fresh water, ocean water, ice or snow — so the process will likely end many of the world's energy concerns, if it can be developed commercially. Now, this seems all but certain.

The defense is simply stated: The circumstances of cold fusion are not those of hot fusion.



"Cold Fusion" Magazine Eugene F. Mallove, Editor. \$98/year (12 issues) from 70 Route 202 North, Peterborough, NH 03458; 800/234-8458

Witness

This book is a masterpiece: a stunning, stark testimony to beings that, for most of us, live only in bureaucratic reports and environmental-impact statements. Photographed against sterile black or white backgrounds, each portrait reveals a creature beautiful in its own right. One hopes **Witness** will become an art classic and not an eloquent documentary of former pilgrims who journeyed with us through time. —Digger

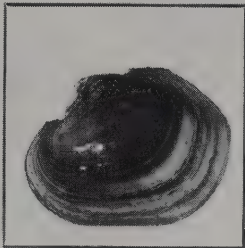
With a wingspan over nine feet, the California condor is the largest flying bird in North America. In prehistoric times the condor occurred along the southern coast as far east as Florida, and historically it soared from British Columbia south to northern Baja California. By the 1940s, however, the condor's numbers had sharply declined, and the bird survived only in the mountains of southern California's Los Padres National Forest.

Every plant and animal has something to teach human beings. Some of the lessons are buried deep in the creature's molecular structure, like the cancer treatment hidden in the bark and needles of the yew tree. Others are clear for all to see, like the gentleness of the West Indian manatee.



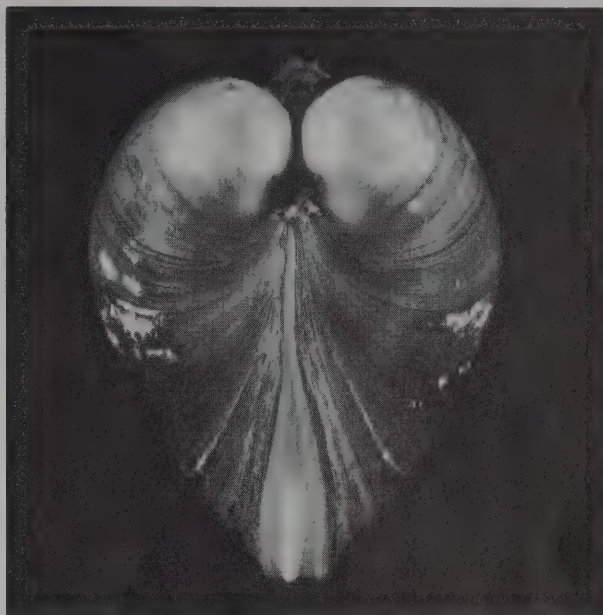
Witness

(Endangered Species of North America)
Susan Middleton & David Liittschwager.
1994; 255 pp. ISBN 0-8118-0258-2
\$29.95 (\$33.45 postpaid) from Chronicle Books, Order Dept., 275 5th Street, San Francisco, CA 94103; 800/722-6657



Fat Pocketbook Pearly Mussel

Potamilus catpax



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St. Francis River
Madison, Arkansas

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The World Is As You Dream It

Environmentalist John Perkins takes us on a fascinating journey to the rain forests and the Andes of South America to discover the world of the shamans as it existed from many centuries before the Spanish conquest to the present.

Perkins learns of the healing technique of "dream change," about balance of inner and outer life, personal and communal life, and of the life of the planet.

Proceeds from the sale of this book will be donated to the Earth Dream Alliance for the conservation of the forests and the establishment of shamanic learning centers.

—Evalyn Moore

"Life is sacred," he said. "We must be careful what we dream."

"The energy created by our dreaming," Manco continued, "is like air. It travels every-

where." He stopped and peered into my eyes as if his were journeying into my very soul. "Your ability to use this energy is limited only by your dream of its power." He paused a long moment. "Your faith." His eyes were like magnets, pulling mine to them.

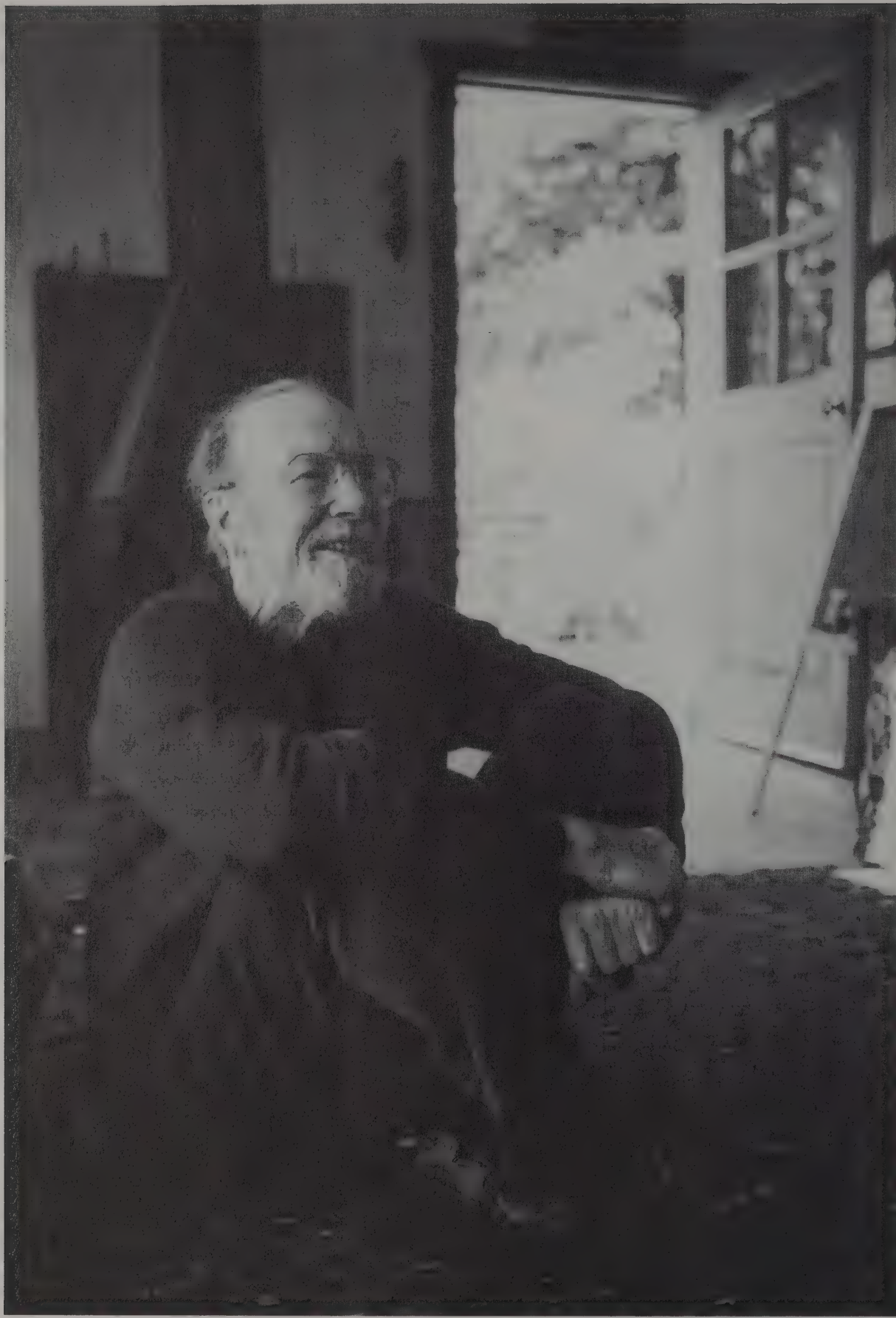


"Remember: the energy created through our dreaming ties us all together, and we have ultimate power," he said. "When we *camay* this power into ourselves and all that is around us — part of our very oneness — we can create anything we dream."

The World Is As You Dream It

(Shamanic Teachings from the Amazon and Andes)
John Perkins. Destiny Books, 1994; 139 pp.
ISBN 0-89281-459-4
\$10.95 (\$13.95 postpaid) from Inner Traditions International, 1 Park Street, Rochester, VT 05767; 802/767-3174





ANDREW DE LORY



Plan for Improvisation:

An Interview with Pete Seeger

BY GAETANO KAZUO MAIDA

SERHAPS NO ONE ELSE today personifies the spirit of persevering activism and the all-embracing heart of music like Pete Seeger.

Seeger is the author or co-author of "Turn, Turn, Turn," "If I Had a Hammer," "We Shall Overcome," and "Where Have All the Flowers Gone" (among so many other songs), and founder of the Weavers singing group and People's Songs and Sing Out! magazines. With his close friend Woody Guthrie, he helped to create and sustain the folk music revival. Decades before "world music" was a market category, Pete was learning African, Indonesian, Spanish, Russian, Caribbean, Irish, Hebrew, and African-American songs and singing them with audiences of all persuasions around the world. For the past twenty-five years he has also put a lot of energy into Clearwater, a wooden river sloop and grassroots environmental organization helping to restore the Hudson River. Now seventy-five, Pete has more than endured — he has demonstrated how to adapt and change through five decades of public life without losing his integrity or optimism.

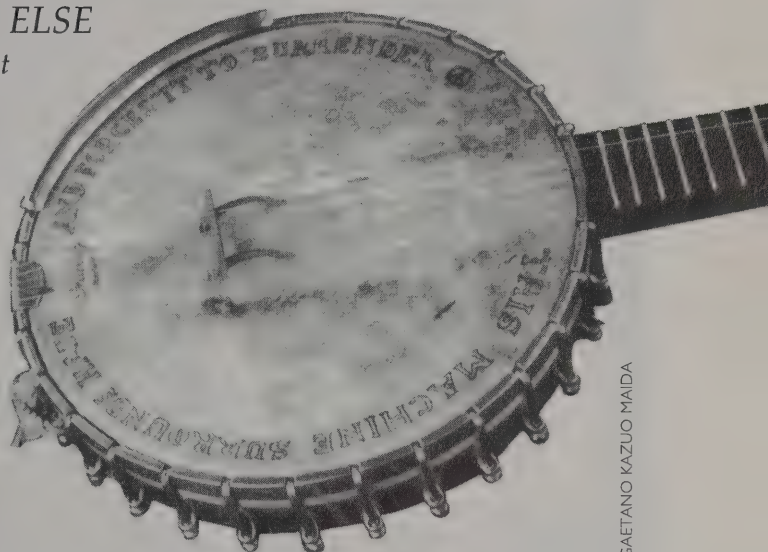
This interview was conducted backstage at concerts in New York and Berkeley. — GKM

G: You've been quoted as saying, "Once upon a time activists concentrated on trying to help the meek inherit the earth, but we realized that if the earth wasn't safe, it wouldn't be more than a garbage dump for the meek to inherit." When did you come to that, what was it that —

P: Actually it was a book called *Silent Spring* by Rachel Carson. That was really a turning point in my

life. Funny, I'm an old readaholic and it's often books which have turned me around, changed my direction. I was about seven years old, barely a reader, and read a book about American Indians. Until I was about twelve, I wanted to live like an Indian. They had no rich, they had no poor, and life might have been hard and short and brutal at times, but at least it wasn't selfish in the way that modern life

so often is. I don't think life has to be selfish but before we learn to share . . . well, that's what your magazine is about. Course, it's easier said than done. The socialist countries thought all you had to do was get rid of capitalism and now we see that certainly wasn't enough. You have to share information and in this modern world, information is power. Yet I think there's a good chance that within



GAETANO KAZUO MAIDA

the next few decades all around the world, people will learn that sharing power can be the most fun. It's not the quickest thing if you're in a great hurry. On our boat we have a little sign saying: You can argue with the captain most of the time, but not all of the time. Because sometimes when the strong wind is blowing you've got to do something quick, you do exactly what the captain says immediately.

G: How would you describe the differences and similarities of the activism you see today and the activism you've logged so many miles with?

P: I would say that for many people it's confusing now, chaotic, and in one sense it's the job of artists and writers of all sorts to try and help people to see a thread of sense and logic through all this chaos. That's really what that song "The Common Thread" says: "There's a common thread, let's see if we can find one." Another thing is that beautiful phrase "think globally, act locally." People say, "I don't know what to work on, there are so many things that need working on." There shouldn't be any doubt in your mind, start right where you live, in your family, in your apartment house, in the block, wherever you are, you start. You can't work on everything all the time, so start where you are. But keep your ears open, keep your eyes open, and you'll find there are things going on in the world that you should know about. I do most of my singing up and down the Hudson now; I travel, but not as much as I used to. I really think the most important job I've ever done in my life has been up and down the Hudson.

G: Really? With all the things your banjo's done?

P: Well, I've had some exciting times. I took my family around the world and sang for big audiences in faraway places. I sang in Washington, DC for a quarter of a million people. . . . These are unforgettable, but at the same time, I really think

what I've done in the Hudson Valley, working with young people like today [see the review of *Clearwater*, p. 43] is the most important thing I'm doing.

G: I know you're traveling less now, but I'm sure you meet a lot of people. Have you met anybody or any group that you find especially compelling? You've discovered many songs over the years. . . .

P: I've been fascinated by the music of different parts of the world, especially when I find a song that may have some repetition or some easy words that people can join in on. There's a beautiful Indonesian lullaby that the Weavers used to sing, "Suliram," and recently I've been meeting people singing some of the modern songs out of Africa. Yesterday afternoon I sang one of them, from West Africa, I just put English words to it, but I'm convinced that African music has something very important to teach the entire world because the spirit of improvisation is very important. If you just play the notes that the expert puts down, that's not enough. I think jazz has something to teach the world. You plan, but plan for improvisation. I think that should be a slogan for economists, engineers, scientists, who plan, but plan for improvisation.

I think that during the next few decades all around the world — all around the world, barring no one — every country is going to learn something of the riches of African music. They have many kinds of instruments: harps, drums, flutes, such a variety of instruments it's astonishing. Now many people say, "but they don't have the harmony that Europe has." Well that's true, the harmony is usually rather simple compared to a symphony orchestra, but on the other hand, the rhythm is ten times as complicated as the rhythm of the symphony orchestra [he hums Beethoven]. This is kindergarten stuff, rhythmically. Most African music is full of subtleties which of course are now being picked up in

this country and Latin America — Brazil, for example, and other parts of the world. Of course it's not easy. Sometimes you pick up something and you only half learn it; I often urge musicians: you can try mixing things up, but don't be under the illusion that you can learn it in a few weeks or a few months. Sometimes you have to live. Like this man who has just finished singing [at the *Clearwater Hudson River Revival*]. I mean he's lived with the blues for probably sixty or seventy years, and it would be very difficult for any young person to do what that man just did.

G: If you were giving advice to young people today, what would you urge them to do?

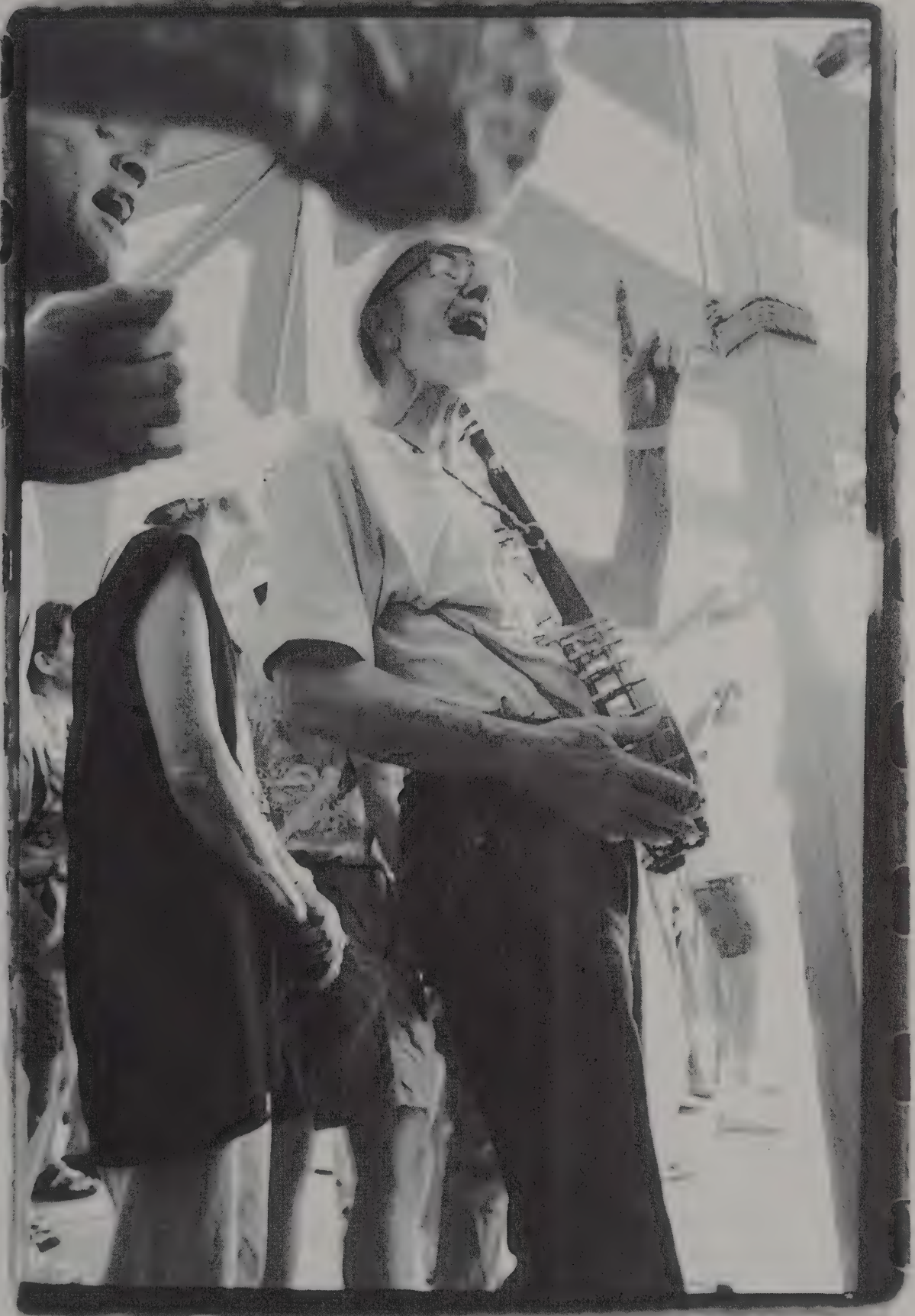
P: I urge people to travel a little while they're young and can afford to do it, because later on you get a family and it's a lot more difficult. But then, sooner or later: settle down. Most Americans are a little too mobile. We need some traveling salesmen, and I suppose diplomats, musicians and actors and so on tend to travel, but I think all too many people travel just because they think the grass is greener in some other city.

I also think that one of the dangers in modern life is that scientists and technologists have all these goodies and we don't know how to handle it. We eat more food than we should eat, we often try to learn more things than we can learn, rather than consummating a few things, and it's taken me a long while to discipline myself not to try to do quite so many things as I used to do. Some people say, "Well, what we need is discipline." Well, that's true, but I think it's *self-discipline* we need.

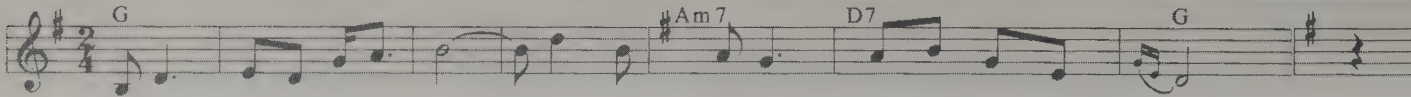
G: When you talk about discipline, it sounds a lot like a description of peoples who live in what is called the Third World, that have perhaps not been conquered by consumerism and technology yet. . . .

P: Course, most of them wish that they *were* conquered by technology. . . .





GAETANO KAZUO MAIDA



1. Sail-ing up my dir-ty stream, — Still I love it and I'll keep the dream

G: Exactly, there's that irony to it.

P: When I was in China in 1972, I saw millions of bicycles, and the streets were quiet and the air was clean, and I said to my interpreter, "You know someday I hope America can have as many bicycles in our streets, on the streets of New York, as you have here in Shanghai." He looked at me in consternation — he thought I was out of my mind!

G: Are you frustrated, as some of us have been, about the rather homogeneous nature of the audiences?

P: Absolutely. It's a very real problem, in the peace movement, in what they call the environmental movement, alternate technology, all these things are full of middle-class whites and not enough people of color, whether they're Asian or Indian or African. However, we're doing better than most, I'd say.

G: What strategies have you devised that might help change this?

P: Well, this chorus I've started in New York is one of the things, with the purpose of singing in parades. We don't expect to just sing on a stage; we're going to be too big, we're going to be several hundred people, minimum, maybe a thousand, whatever we are. We're going to be a good chorus, but our repertoire is going to be very limited. We're going to know very few songs, but we'll sing them so well that people will want to join us. And we will say, we want this chorus to be a very color-conscious group. We want the chorus to represent New York City, like 30 percent Hispanic, 30 percent African-American, 10 percent Asian, 30 percent everything else, Jew, Gentile, young and old, kids and grey hairs, parents with babies on their backs, that'll be fine too. When we march in a parade, we not only want to make some good music, but have people say, "Wow, that chorus looks like a little bit of all New York City." That's our aim. We're all learning from each other.

Most people find a chorus that

sings the kind of music they like, whether it's classical music or gospel music or barbershop harmony or whatever. They may sing just Italian songs or just Jewish songs, whatever. Well, I found a way to get them together. I call it a "Chorus Coalition." You can do it with two or three choruses or maybe as many as six or eight. Then each do some of the things that they know how to do well because they've been singing them over and over. But, they each find some songs that have a chorus or refrain where others can join in. And the choruses get together and they rehearse these little refrains. Well, we had in New York a Chinese chorus, a Puerto Rican group, a gospel chorus. We sang a song in Hebrew and a song in Arabic. And we also had several children's groups from public schools and a teenage group. And sometimes I think the outreach to different age groups is one of the most important things — there's a great tendency for a group to be all children or all grown ups and I think it's not necessary. Some of the best choruses I know have — they may have special rehearsals for the children — but they have a children's section in the chorus.

Well, it was one of the most exciting concerts I have ever participated in. We tried to repeat the success, and while it wasn't bad it wasn't quite as good. We didn't get the right auditorium. You want the choruses to be able to face each other. I think probably a big gym would be the best place. You'd make a huge circle and the chorus would just stand up in place and sing to the other choruses and the friends and neighbors that they bring in.

G: How many people were in that chorus?

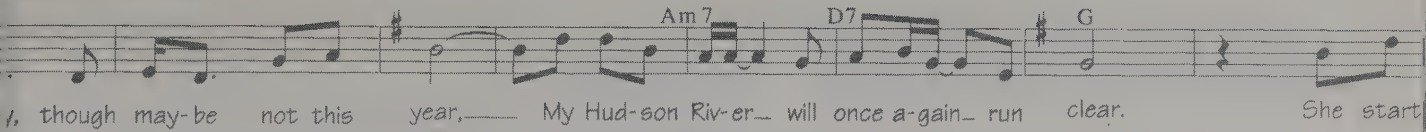
P: Well, we had about a hundred and fifty or two hundred on the stage. It was nice. Fifteen in this group and thirty in that group . . .

I'm convinced that outreach is the

key to the future of the world. All peoples know that they like what they like and there's a certain real joy in being with people who you understand intimately. And yet, there's real danger, a huge danger, in being satisfied with just being with your own kind.

You invite a stranger into your house, so to speak, and you find that they're people too. They may have different ways, they may think that your food is funny or your language is funny.

If I live long enough, I'd love to visit India again. I'd love to visit Brazil. There's a city called Curitiba. It's about a hundred miles from the ocean, about a hundred and fifty miles west of São Paulo, and they have a bunch of eco-niks in charge. Whereas New York has eighteen square feet per capita of park space, they have five hundred square feet per capita of park space. They have parks and lakes and things all through the city. Their aim is to make a city a livable place, even for the people who don't have much money. They do everything they can to keep cars out and they have a very good bus system. One of the things they do is have a mass-produced cylinder structure, about six feet in diameter and about twenty feet long. You walk up a few steps and pay your bus fare and then you walk in and sit down. It keeps the sun off and lets the wind through. When the bus pulls up, the whole side of the bus opens and in ten seconds all the people walk right on the bus, their fare is already paid, and ten seconds later the bus is rolling down the street instead of sitting there for one or two minutes or more trying to get everybody on the bus through one door. I think things like that are going to be adopted by cities around the world. Also, putting in bicycle trails and so on and trying to find ways in which the city can become a humane and safe place to live. I think, in many ways, the most exciting job in the world now is



trying to make the cities safe and humane.

G: Are you going to keep writing songs?

P: Oh, I'm not a prolific songwriter, never have been, but usually every few months I get an idea for a song, and if I'm disciplined enough, I'll finish the song. All too often I'm not disciplined enough and I just write down the idea for the song but I don't complete it. I've got notebooks full of unfinished songs. But my wife's having a birthday in two weeks, two weeks from today we'll have a little party at our house, and so I've made a song I'm going to teach my grandchildren to sing with me. [Sings]

*My grandma can make a good soup,
with a little of this 'n' that.
She can feed the whole sloop group, with
a little of this 'n' that.
Stone soup, you know the story, stone
soup, who needs the glory,
But with grandma cooking who needs to
worry, with a little of this 'n' that.
Grandma likes to make a garden grow,
with a little of this 'n' that.
She likes to have the ground just so,
with a little of this 'n' that.
Not too loose, and not too firm, in
the Spring the ground's all got
to be turned,
In the Fall lots of compost to feed the
worms, and a little of this 'n' that.
Grandma knows we can build a future,
with a little of this 'n' that.
And a few arguments never never hurt
you, with a little of this 'n' that.
It's true this world's in a hell of a fix,
some say oil and water don't mix,
But they don't know a salad maker's
tricks, with a little of this 'n' that.
The world to come may be like a song,
with a little of this 'n' that.
To make everybody want to sing along
with a little of this 'n' that.
A little dissonance ain't no sin, a little
skylarkin' can give us all a grin,
Who knows but God's got a plan for
the people to win, with a little of
this 'n' that.*

* "A Little a' This 'n' That." Words and music by Pete Seeger. © Sanga Music, Inc.

Now this is an example of a song . . . I urge songwriters to make up songs for their family and friends. This song may never be recorded, but if it reaches a couple of people and gives them a laugh, or makes them think, whatever it is, it's worth writing. Who knows, if it's a real good song for your friend, it might be a good song for somebody else.

G: You've had such a rich life of activism and music and travel, but how would you describe yourself? A musician, an activist, a farmer?

P: There's an old English phrase, "a Jack of all trades, and master of none." Probably if I'd concentrated on any one thing, I could have done a better job. If I'd concentrated on writing, I could have done a better job, if I'd concentrated on banjo picking, I could have done a better job, if I'd concentrated on my family, I could have done better, if I'd concentrated on being a good carpenter and mason I could have built a better house.

I've just written a book [*Where Have All the Flowers Gone*; reviewed on p. 42] and in a sense it's a musical autobiography, just a collection of all the songs I've written over fifty years. Songs when I was a member of the Communist Party, songs I wrote when my children were very small, songs that I was singing for college students about Vietnam, and songs I made up in the 1970s to try to connect up with the women's movement.

It's not expected to sell widely, but to anybody who would like to learn to write songs, I'm showing there's nothing mystical about writing a song. You start with songs that you like to sing already and then you may change one word, or change a note, or change a rhythm, and then you find you can change a whole line of words or a line of the melody, or a lot of the rhythm and then you find you can make up a whole new verse. After a while you realize you actually can start mak-

ing up songs yourself. I learned how to write songs by listening to people like Woody Guthrie, so it's really a story of attempts of one person to be a songwriter over fifty years.

G: You always bring your optimism into your music, to your audiences. What's at the core of this optimism?

P: Well, I see an audience like this [in Berkeley] and you can't give up. I sing for kids a lot and I keep thinking, in spite of my pessimism at times, that there's a way. Decades ago I thought of this metaphor for the world:

There's a big seesaw and at one end there is a basket of rocks and that end is down on the ground. At the other end is a basket half full of sand that's up in the air. Some of us have teaspoons and we're trying to put more sand in the sand basket. And most people are laughing at us. They say, "Ha! Don't you see that it's leaking out of that basket as fast as you're putting it in?" We say, "Well, it's true it's leaking out, but not as fast as we're putting it in, and we get more people with teaspoons all the time." And sooner or later this basket is going to be full. And you will see the whole seesaw go *zooop!* The basket of rocks will go up in the air and the basket of sand will go down and people will say, "Gee, how did it happen so quickly?" Us and our goddamn teaspoons! ☹

Gaetano Kazuo Maida is a self-described "red-diaper baby" who was raised in the Bronx on the music of Woody Guthrie, Huddie Ledbetter, Paul Robeson, and of course, the Weavers and Pete Seeger. He is a filmmaker and a member of the Point Foundation's Board of Directors.

Publications ▶

Recordings ▼

Pete Seeger's Greatest Hits

Except for the fact that the CD release doesn't have Pete's wonderful liner notes from the original LP, this is a perfect introduction to his music. The cuts were all originally on Columbia albums recorded in the 1960s, including live performances and studio sessions, and, according to Pete's notes, were the most requested songs in his repertoire.



Pete Seeger's Greatest Hits
Columbia Records, CD 09416, \$9.99

The Essential Pete Seeger

A selection of mostly public domain songs and some Woody Guthrie, Leadbelly and Pete Seeger originals. (Some of the original Folkways albums from which these came have been reissued on CD by Smithsonian/Folkways.)



The Essential Pete Seeger
Vanguard Records, CD 97-98, \$15.99

We Shall Overcome

Pete is most comfortable in front of a large group of accompanying singers; his live recordings have an infectious energy. This double album was recorded in concert in Carnegie Hall just before the largest demonstration in American history, a march on Washington, in which participants sang "We Shall Overcome."

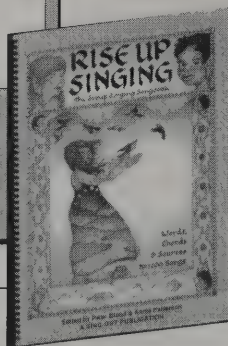


We Shall Overcome
(The Complete Carnegie Hall Concert)
Columbia Records, CD 45312,
2-CD set, \$20.99

UPS shipping charge \$3.75 first item, \$1 each additional. All from Tower Records Mail Order, 22 E. 4th Street, New York, NY 10003; 800/648-4844

Rise Up Singing

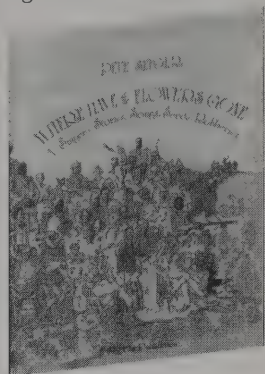
Jackpot! This group-singing songbook has enough words and chords to sing for five days without sleep. Laid out by topic, in alphabetical order with an easy-to-follow chord notation, **Rise Up Singing** is encyclopedic. Selections range from Rogers and Hammerstein to the Beatles to Woody Guthrie. "Goodnight Irene" includes Leadbelly's verses as well as Raffi's. Each song includes a recording history. It's worth it for the lullabies alone. —JS



Rise up Singing
Peter Blood. 1988; 281 pp.
ISBN 0-9626704-9-9
\$14.95 (\$17.95 postpaid) from Sing Out,
PO Box 5253, Bethlehem,
PA 18015-5253; 215/865-5366

Where Have All the Flowers Gone

A delightful oversized and well-illustrated musical autobiography in the form of a songbook (of his songs and many others') with stories. Over three hundred songs with words and melody (and some guitar tablature). For the budding musician there is a chapter on reading music notation and tablature.



Where Have All the Flowers Gone
Pete Seeger & Peter Blood.
1993; 287 pp.
ISBN 1-881322-01-7
\$17.95 (\$20.95 postpaid)
from Sing Out, PO Box 5253,
Bethlehem, PA 18015-5253;
215/865-5366

A word about the term "folk song." It was invented by European scholars in the mid-19th century to mean the music of the peasant class, ancient and anonymous. In the U.S.A. it was used by people like John Lomax who collected songs of cowboys and lumberjacks, coal miners and prisoners on southern chain gangs. Along came ballad maker Woody Guthrie and a string of people following him, and all of us get called "folk singers" if we are professionally singing for a living using an acoustic guitar.

By this definition, a grandmother in a rocking chair singing a 400-year-old song to a baby in her lap is not a folk singer because she's not on a platform with a guitar in her hand and a microphone in front of her.

By this definition a black man singing a 100-year-old traditional blues is not a folk singer if he's using an electric guitar to answer vocal phrases, as in so much African-American music. Likewise the call-and-response singing in tens of thousands of black churches, in the south and north, is not thought of as folk music. Nor the songs of hundreds of different languages still sung by people who have been here long before Columbus. Though their songs are ancient and anonymous. And they are folks, too.

No, according to the pop definition, to be a "folk singer" you have to be a (white) person on stage with an acoustic guitar singing a song in English. A song you just made up. That's a folk song.

A silly misuse of the term "folk music." I use it as little as possible now. Call me a river singer.

Simple Gifts

'Tis the gift to be simple, 'tis the gift to be free
'Tis the gift to come down where we ought to be
And when we find ourselves in the place just right
'Twill be in the valley of love & delight
When true simplicity is gained
To bow & to bend we shan't be ashamed
To turn, turn will be our delight
Til by turning, turning we come 'round right

D - / A - / D - / A G D // D A D - A / D - / A G D

The earth is the Lord's & the fullness thereof
Its streets, its slums, as well as stars above
Salvation is here where we laugh, where we cry
Where we seek & love, where we live & die
When the true liberty is found

By fear & by hate we will no more be bound
In love & in life we will find a new birth
In peace & in freedom redeem the earth

— trad. (Shaker), new v. Victor Ferkiss & Landon Dowdrey
The Shakers were the most successful of the many 19th c. communitarian movements. This song was sung throughout the Shaker communities & appears in many pre-Civil War manuscripts. In Andrews *The Gift to be Simple & Shure The Gift of Shaker's*, On Univ of KY Choristers "Music of the Shakers" (Pleades), Judy Collins "Whales & Nighthawks", Bright Morning Star "Arizin", C Winter & B Rose "As Strong As Anyone Can Be", Devilish Merry "The Ghost of His Former Self", S Stark "Rainbow People", Kretzner & Leibowitz "Dulcimer Fair", C Hester "Simply", E & B Beers "Seasons of Peace", B Bowers "View fr Home" & "Golden Ring" (Folk-Legacy FSI-16).



pers of chew-ing gum, — - Dropped b ik-ers, to warn of things to come. —

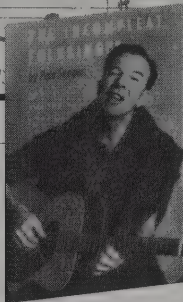
The Incomplete Folksinger

A collection of Pete's columns from *People's Songs, Sing Out!* and *Broadside* magazines (music zines of the forties, fifties, and sixties) and other publications, supplemented with letters, journal entries, book reviews and liner notes. Lots of songs (many with melody sheets), stories, short profiles of personalities (including Leadbelly, Woody Guthrie, Joe Hill, Mother Jones, and Johnny Appleseed), and Pete's words on politics, music, and most of all, people of many lands and persuasions. Plenty of personal information is interwoven throughout.

If you love a song, you can make it your own by singing it; through the years it will become part of your life. Probably you will change the tune in subtle ways, little by little, or add or subtract verses. Someone else might like your changes or might probably not. In any case, the folk process over the years will sift the good from the bad. Think how many thousands of different ways the song "Barbara Allen" has been sung (and printed) over the last three hundred years. Today we have a handful of beautiful versions handed down to us, shining like gems.

If you don't feel like changing the song at all, don't be ashamed of that, either. Some of the first banjo tunes I learned, thirty years ago, I still play almost the same way I heard. I so admired them then, I thought they were the greatest American music I had ever listened to, and never since have I found any special way I wanted to improve them, except to play them better.

You'll find that after you have sung a song over and over, lived with it over a space of



The Incomplete Folksinger

Pete Seeger. Jo M. Schwartz, Editor. Bison Books, 1972; 1992; 596 pp. ISBN 0-8032-9216-3 \$16.95 (\$19.95 postpaid) from University of Nebraska Press, 312 N. 14th Street, Lincoln, NE 68588-0484; 800/755-1105

weeks or months, then you really know what you want to do with it. You'll know how you want to sing it. Over a period of years you'll get better at it, until the song is literally a part of yourself. And that's what folk music should be.

If one believes, as I do, that the folk process tends to improve songs, one could conclude that the translations of some works might be better poetry than the originals.

In a broad sense, every human being has to undertake translation of sorts. We translate the precepts of our parents to fit new times. We translate ideas and inventions from other countries to fit our climate and culture. A woman learns a recipe and translates it to fit our new stomachs.

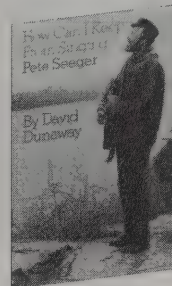
And every singer is faced with a job of translation: how to make an old song meaningful to a new audience.

James Thurber met a woman in France; "Mr. Thurber, I first read your books in French translations. I think they are better in French than in English."

"Yes," said Thurber gravely, "My work suffers in the original."

How Can I Keep From Singing

The only complete biography of Pete Seeger to date, this dense study has an academic feel but covers all the bases. Although it's not an "authorized" work, Pete made his files available and was interviewed extensively. The emphasis on political and psychological issues perhaps overshadows the more compelling story of the musician's key role and effect on American music and culture, but David King Dunaway has produced a reference work of value to any study of twentieth-century American progressive activism.



How Can I Keep from Singing

David K. Dunaway. 1990; 416 pp. ISBN 0-306-80399-2 \$13.95 (\$17 postpaid) from Da Capo Press, 233 Spring Street, New York, NY 10013; 800/321-0050

Sing Out!

Still the leading American periodical for singers and songwriters of all persuasions, after forty-five years. This 152-page, perfect-bound quarterly includes dozens of songs with melody and chords (some with guitar tablature); instruction for banjo, guitar, and harmonica; reviews; articles and listings of interest to music lovers and musicians; and a lively letters section (diverse advertisers too, with index). Sing Out Corporation is a not-for-profit with an incredible archive and publication program; its Resource Center is a public access multimedia library of recordings, articles, periodicals, photos, and videos about multi-cultural roots music from the 1930s to the present.



Sing Out!

(The Folk Song Magazine) Mark D. Moss, Editor. \$18/year (4 issues) from Sing Out, PO Box 5253, Bethlehem, PA 18015-5253; 215/865-5366

Clearwater

The Hudson River sloop Clearwater has for twenty-eight years been at the center of the campaign to keep this mighty river healthy. Inspired by Pete Seeger's interest in the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century wooden sloops that once busied themselves with the commerce of the region, the 106-foot Clearwater sails with the help of thousands of volunteers. She sparkles at celebrations along the river, as her crew proudly educates landlubbers about clean water, land use, and waterfront development issues.

To find out where the ship will be when, join this organization. As a benefit of membership you will receive the bimonthly *Clearwater Navigator*, which covers related issues worldwide. —Karen Van Epen

Clearwater (the video)

A short portrait and history of the sloop itself and the grassroots environmental movement it inspired.

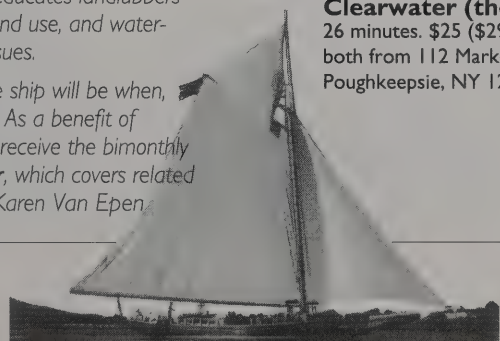
—Gaetano Kazuo Maida

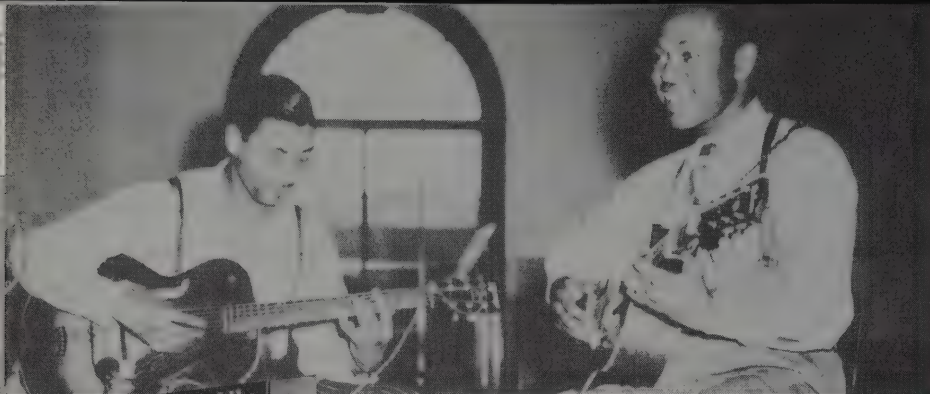
Clearwater

Membership \$25/year (\$35 family) includes 6 issues of *Clearwater Navigator*

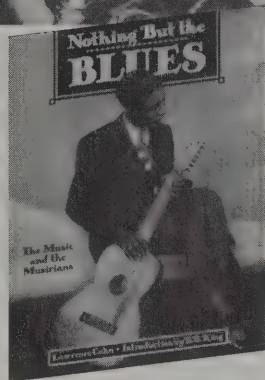
Clearwater (the video)

26 minutes. \$25 (\$29 postpaid) both from 112 Market Street, Poughkeepsie, NY 12601





The McGhee Brothers, "Stick" and "Brownie," jam.



Nothing But the Blues

A thorough historical survey of the blues, covering the regional styles, influences and offshoots, and the important (but not necessarily famous) musicians.

Gospel, field recordings, women in blues, white country blues, commercial recordings, rhythm and blues — this book covers everything. Sometimes the tone is pedantic, but for the blues fan, *Nothing But the Blues* is a treat. It contains a bibliography, discography, and (my favorite part) hundreds of beautiful black-and-white photos of blues musicians. —Wade Fox

Nothing But the Blues

Lawrence Cohn, Editor. 1993; 432 pp.
ISBN 1-55859-271-7
\$45 (\$48 postpaid) from Abbeville Press,
Customer Service, 488 Madison Avenue,
New York, NY 10022; 800/227-7210

The Land Where the Blues Began

Alan Lomax, son of pioneering musicologist John Lomax, has been at the forefront of the movement to collect and popularize American roots music for over fifty years, and is credited with discovering or bringing to wider attention Huddie Ledbetter, Muddy Waters, Son House, Sonny Boy Williamson and Big Bill Broonzy. True to its provocative title, this book is more than a memoir of time spent collecting songs and stories; it is an eerie evocation of the Mississippi Delta using the recorded language of the unheralded community from which the blues emerged.

With unforgettable voices and verses, and a palpable tension — Lomax is white, most of his subjects were black — the book builds layers of information without calling attention to its remarkable achievement. It includes bibliography, discography, videography, ample notes, and a detailed index.

—Gaetano Kazuo Maida

In fact, however, blacks had Africanized the psalms to such an extent that many observers described black lining hymns as a mysterious African music. In the first place, they so prolonged and quavered the texts of the hymns that only a recording angel could make out what was being sung. Instead of performing in an individualized sort of unison or heterophony, however,



The Land Where the Blues Began

Alan Lomax. Pantheon Books, 1993;
544 pp. ISBN 0-679-40424-4
\$25 (\$27 postpaid) from Random House,
Order Dept., 400 Hahn Road,
Westminster, MD 21157; 800/733-3000

they blended their voices in great unified streams of tone. There emerged a remarkable kind of harmony, in which every singer was performing variations on the melody at his or her pitch, yet all these ornaments contributed to a harmony of many ever-changing strands — the voices surging together like seaweed swinging with the waves or a leafy tree responding to a strong wind. Experts have tried and failed to transcribe this riverlike style of collective improvisation. It rises from a group in which all singers can improvise together, each one contributing something personal to an ongoing group effect, yet all sensitive to all the parts — a style common in African and African-American tradition. The outcome is music as powerful and original as jazz, but profoundly melancholy, for it was sung into being by hard-pressed people.

Elevator Music

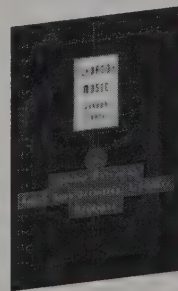
Joseph Lanza traces the history of elevator music, from Erik Satie's vision of Furniture Music, to the self-conscious Grunge Lite of Sara DeBell. He delves into the theory behind Muzak's "stimulus progression" formula, designed and proven not only to improve worker productivity and consumer spending but to keep livestock blood from coagulating as they are slaughtered.

Elevator Music is a celebration of a uniquely American art form. Lanza is neither snide, ironic, nor overtly critical; the genuine affection he shows for his subject permeates the pages of this book, shedding new light on and allowing a new appreciation of what is arguably the music that most embodies the twentieth century. —Augustus Rose

New-age music raises a nagging question: Is the supernal sound that heals souls and aligns spines any different from the easy-listening music that soothed martini drinkers after a day at the office decades ago?

Heavy metalist Ted Nugent hates Muzak so much that he once made a \$10 million bid to buy the company — just for the pleasure of erasing the tapes. A man who has taken rock music to its most aggressive extremes, Nugent was savvy to reinforce his rowdy image by using Muzak as a scapegoat for all things uncool, unrebelling and (worst of all) unloud. It is, of course, a quixotic stance: one more effort to preserve the ever-fraying battlelines between the hip and the square at a time when the generation that said "Never trust anyone over thirty" edges toward fifty.

A lot of popular music is just a reaction to the environment. The more important music will change the environment.



Elevator Music

(A Surreal History of Muzak, Easy-Listening, and Other Moodsong)
Joseph Lanza. St. Martin's Press, 1994;
272 pp. ISBN 0-312-10540-1
\$22 (\$26 postpaid) from Publishers Book & Audio, PO Box 070059, Staten Island, NY 10307; 800/288-2131

Women Music Makers

In my childhood, we rarely heard about female composers, and little girls who heard music in their minds often felt like freaks and tried to hide their "abnormality." Now we know about many women who have composed during the last millennium. The biographies of ten of those women appear in **Women Music Makers**. Janet Nichols' wide experience writing for children has produced an easily read style that nevertheless does not talk down to the reader. This is a book a nine-year-old amateur will understand and an adult professional will find informative and entertaining.

—Carol Dumond

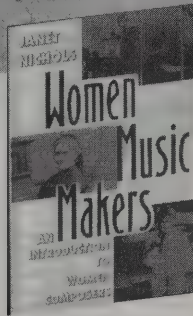
■ In 1644, at the age of twenty-five, Barbara Strozzi had her first book of music published. It was a collection of madrigals — songs set for two to five voices — with texts written by Giulio. Barbara knew she was making a daring move. In the dedication of her book to the grand duchess of Tuscany, Barbara wrote: "As a woman I publish all too boldly." She also expected to receive "thunderbolts of slander."

The "thunderbolts" struck hard indeed. An anonymous writer published a series of articles poking fun at Barbara and the academy. The writer suggested that her music making and her keeping company with so many men meant that she was a prostitute.

■ And yet, between 1566 and 1700, no fewer than twenty-three Italian women composed



Laurie Anderson ▲
◀ Fanny Mendelssohn Hensel, drawn by her husband, Wilhelm Hensel



Women Music Makers

Janet Nichols. 1992; 224 pp.
ISBN 0-8027-8168-3
\$18.95 (\$21.95 postpaid) from
Walker and Co., 435 Hudson Street,
New York, NY 10014; 800/289-2553

works of such high caliber that their work was accepted for publication. Many other women composed, but either they performed their works without notating them,

or their handwritten manuscripts no longer survive. Most of these women were able to work in music only because they lived in royal courts or in convents.

The Sounds of People and Places

Blues, jazz, country, rock 'n' roll — all born and bred on American soil and nourished in the ferment of American life and culture. In **Sounds of People and Places**, readers will witness the birth of the blues, meet the Okie from Muskogee and find out why "Bluegrass Grows All Around." This is a true "geography" of American musical genres: a collection of essays — each somewhat academically structured — that explores the cultural roots of these musical move-

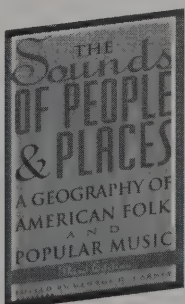
ments, identifies their sites of origin, and traces their diffusion and hybridization through space, time and culture.

Illustrations, lists of additional readings and discographies complement the text, making **Sounds** a must for any aficionado of popular music or student of American culture. —Sharon G. Johnson

■ Music has become a cultural trait that can best be described as a summing up of many of the familiar patterns of life including family, love, conflict, and work. These lifestyle

experiences, expressed in music, help give a place its special character. Folklorist Alan Lomax has stated: "The map sings." From early settlement to the present, the map of North America has sung to us and the rest of the world.

■ A discerning collection of blues records can act as a vinyl stratigraphy of North America's black population, reflecting the development of a people and how it responded to the environmental changes that were thrust upon it. The diffusion of blues music, from the west coast of Africa to North America, across the Atlantic to Europe, and back down to Africa, reflects the triangular pattern of the slave trade. Within America, the birth of the blues in the Mississippi Basin and its diffusion north mirror the movement of Africans from the plantations of the rural South to the urban North. The evolution of the sound of the blues reflects their suffering, emancipation, and continuing problems in the cities of America.



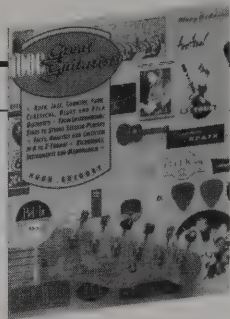
The Sounds of People and Places

(Readings in the Geography of
American Folk and Popular Music)
George O. Carney, Editor. 1994; 330 pp.
ISBN 0-8476-7788-5
\$22.50 (\$25.50 postpaid) from Rowman &
Littlefield Publishers, 4720 Boston Way,
Lanham, MD 20706; 800/462-6420

1000 Great Guitarists

One of those "wish I'd thought of publishing it" useful books to have on the shelf. Reviews of 1000 great guitarists complete with disc references and influences. —JS

Since the late 1960s John Martyn has demonstrated a glorious unwillingness to be typecast by notions of category, and his style reflects the commitment of a guitarist who has spent much of his life investigating the possibilities of his instrument. Especially on stage, Martyn has taken the acoustic folk guitar about as far away from its roots as possible through clever, atmospheric use of amplification and electronic effects.



1000 Great Guitarists

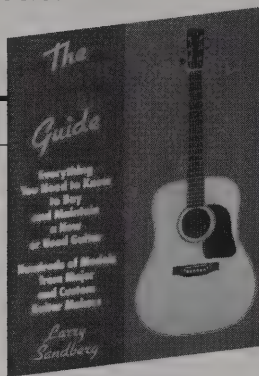
Hugh Gregory. 1994; 164 pp.
ISBN 0-87930-307-7
\$19.95 (\$24.95 postpaid) from Miller Freeman Publications, Order Dept., 6600 Silacci Way, Gilroy, CA 95020; 800/848-5594, fax 408/848-5784

The Acoustic Guitar Guide

A great guide to understanding, purchasing, and caring for the world's favorite musical instrument: the acoustic guitar. Highly recommended!

—Stuart Chapman

There are lots of reasons why one guitar is different from another. Size, shape, wood, and design all play a part; so, in fine guitars, does the magic of the individual crafts-person's touch. The way you learn about guitars is not by reading books, but by playing and handling lots of instruments until you come to hear the difference between rosewood and mahogany, between a boomy guitar and a balanced one. A book can never teach you to hear the difference between a played-in old guitar, a brand-new guitar with a sound that hasn't opened up yet, and a new guitar that will never open up. What a book can do is tell you that these differences do exist, and why they



The Acoustic Guitar Guide

(Everything You Need to Know to Buy and Maintain a New or Used Guitar)
Larry Sandberg. 1991; 260 pp.
ISBN 1-55652-104-9
\$14.95 (\$16 postpaid) from A Capella Books, Independent Publishers Group, 814 N. Franklin Street, Chicago, IL 60610; 800/888-4741

exist, and that you need to learn to recognize them.

The "Pikasso" guitar by Linda Manzer, commissioned by Pat Metheny.



Two Hundred Words on Beach Guitar

The first thing you need is a good beach guitar. A cheap nylon string classical guitar will do nicely. A steel string guitar might give more bell-like tones, but the steel strings would soon rust in the saltwater environment. A cheap guitar is less likely to create paranoia in the owner. If the guitar floats out to sea, so be it.

There is nothing like live guitar at the beach. The surf sounds and screams of kids provide a suitable accompaniment to an impromptu beach ballad. The guitar sings from a place never been to the beach before, but now at the beach being played by a calypso balladeer. The king of the beach guitar.

The second thing you need is a good wickiup or beach umbrella for shade.

It's fun to build your own wickiup with an old bed sheet, some bamboo poles, and a ball of twine. Spend six hours at the beach and never get sunburned.

Kids and dogs naturally gravitate toward the shady side of the beach, and any good wickiup will soon have quite a crowd congregating in the shade.

They make for a good audience for beach guitar. They are receptive and uncomplaining; and soon there is a zone of contentment enforced 'round the tent.

If at this point you were also to have a small beach brazier or barbecue, and there were morsels cooking over the coals, so much the better. And if you also had a cooler filled with beer — bravo!

You had reached official status — king of the beach guitar; sybaritic poet bard, musical barbecue! Beach of life karmacue.

—Stuart Chapman



—Folk Style Autoharp

Autoharpin'

I've been spronging an Autoharp for about twenty years. They're not as easy to play as you might think. Sure, the labeled buttons make simple chords easy; the original instruments were for churches too small to be able to afford a piano. Scales, and chords without a button, however, require arachnodactyl dexterity. And keeping all thirty-six strings in tune for more than ten minutes is virtually impossible. Nevertheless, the resonant, sweet tone gets to you, especially if you hold the thing close to your chest and kind of lop your head over to bring your ear near the wood like you see so many players do. You can then feel the reverberations, and they soothe the soul.

The Autoharp Book offers the complete, illustrated history of the instrument in its many manifestations. *The Care and Feeding* volumes are a collection of articles from the now-defunct newsletter **Autoharpoholic**. Just one article (on how to prevent grooving of the felts) has saved me much gnashing, woe, and money.

For instruction, I still like **Folk Style Autoharp** the best. My 'harp is a twenty-one-button Appalachian-style Oscar Schmidt that came by mail from *Mandolin Bros.* (629 Forest Avenue, Staten Island, NY 10310; 718/981-3226). I play it nearly every day. —J. Baldwin

The Autoharp Book

Becky Blackley. 1983; 256 pp.
ISBN 0-912827-01-7 \$19.95

The Care & Feeding of the Autoharp

(Reprints from the *Autoharpoholic*)

Becky Blackley, Editor. 12 volumes available: vols. 1-9 \$10 each, vols. 10 & 11 \$12 each, vol. 12 \$15
Shipping charge \$3 per order. All from i.a.d. Publications, PO Box 504, Brisbane, CA 94005; 415/467-1700

Folk Style Autoharp: Harry Taussig. 1967, Oak Publications, Music Sales Corp.

Jeremy Seeger Dulcimers

These instruments are adding chainlinks to two long-term traditions: the eccentric tone and broad accessibility of Appalachian mountain music, and the mission of the Seeger family to put music and music-making tools into the hands and hearts of as many people as possible. There are few things I could recommend more to any young one or old one.

Even if you are musically inexperienced, you can make these lap instruments sing after a single evening of lessons or experimentation. These reasonable investments will give your family generations of enjoyment. Jeremy builds these dulcimers in a solar-powered Vermont woodshop with experience honed after twenty years.

Simplicity. Craft. And more links in the chain.

—Winslow Colwell

Jeremy Seeger Dulcimers:
\$345-\$645. Information from
Box 117, Hancock, VT 05748;
802/767-3790.

W-1, Standard. *Cedar top and cherry back *Six strings or four strings * High quality geared tuning pegs * Guitar peg head \$55

Tai Hei Shakuhachi Japanese Bamboo Flutes

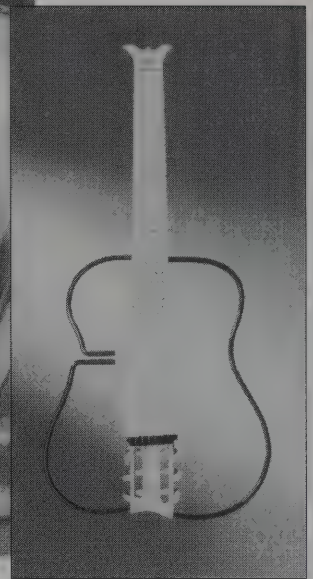
Monty Levenson's cast bore shakuhachi flutes are affordable and quite respectable; I use his non-root instruments, in particular, for my students, and have used his root-end instrument myself in concert. His catalog is a valuable resource as an introduction to the world of bamboo flutes in general, and for anyone interested in finding a teacher, a recording, an instrument, or in just becoming more familiar with the shakuhachi and its rich history and tradition.
—John Singer



Shakuhachi Flutes: Sourcebook/Catalog \$3 postpaid from Monty H. Levenson, PO Box 294, Willits, CA 95490; 707/459-3402, fax 707/459-3434.



Mike Ashenfelder, Andrea Chase, and Wade Fox play a wacky tiny octave guitar (from *Lark In The Morning*, p. 52), the Martin Backpacker, and the Vagabond.



Silhouette Classical Model.

Little Guitars

The Vagabond and Martin Backpacker guitars are lightweight travel axes, fine for car camping and picnic-table singing. Their designers seem to have started with a standard guitar and said, "What is the minimum material required to do what this does?" They are so compact as to take some getting used to; they play pretty nicely thereafter. They sound okay — like cheap, quiet guitars — and appear indestructible. Nice, simple work-horses.

The nylon-stringed Silhouette's singularity lies in its built-in, battery-powered acoustics. It is used with headphones and emits no more sound to the public than a Walkman. A clever aluminum frame

approximates the shape of a classical guitar (eliminating the travel-guitar question of what to do with the rest of your body). The frame goes together in a minute and breaks down in seconds. Plays quite well, sounds good — especially considering that it is a solitary pleasure (though in fact the Silhouette can be plugged into an amplifier). —JS and the Review Squad

Vagabond Travel Guitar (#VGT3): \$330 plus shipping. Includes soft case.

Martin Backpacker (#MBP100): \$179.50 plus shipping. Includes soft case.

Both can be had from Elderly Instruments, PO Box 14210, Lansing, MI 48901; 517/372-7890, fax 517/372-5155.

Silhouette: Classical model \$485. Includes soft case. Also available with narrower neck and cutaway. Wright Guitar, 3724 Gilham Court, Eugene, OR 97408; 503/343-0872.

Elderly Instruments

In his *WER* review eight or so years ago, Jim Stockford said if there could only be one guitar shop in Creation, it should be Elderly. Still true, but it's not just a guitar shop. Elderly puts out four catalogs: one each for acoustic instruments, electric instruments, recordings, and learning materials — and a newsletter/catalog of used instruments.

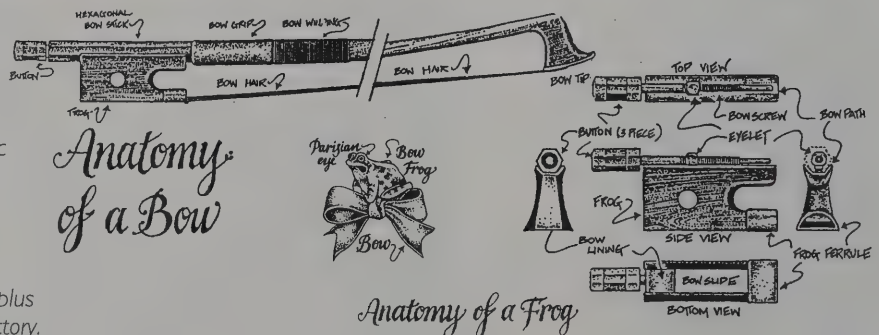
My Elderly purchases over twenty-plus years have been eminently satisfactory. I've never even heard anyone grouching about an unresolved beef. Their instrument prices span a very wide range. They undertake repairs, too. —James Donnelly

Homespun Tapes

We first reviewed Homespun in '84, and we continue to bark about it in successive *Whole Earth Catalogs*. Staffers have recently tried instruction in guitar from Richard Thompson, autoharp from Bryan Bowers, and hammer dulcimer from John

McCutcheon. Homespun has the best players offering instruction for all skill levels. Audio and video. —JS

Homespun Tapes: Catalog free. Box 694, Woodstock, NY 12498; 800/338-2737, fax 914/246-5282.



Anatomy of a Frog

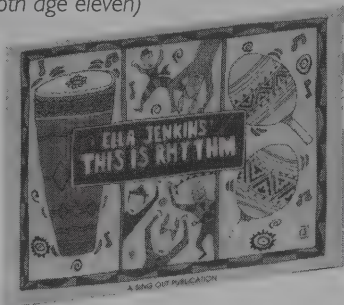
Elderly Instruments: Catalogs free; used-instrument newsletter \$7.50/year (single issue free). PO Box 14210, Lansing, MI 48901; 517/372-7890, fax 517/372-5155.

Music for People

An international network of people who believe that musical self-expression is a joyful means of communication available to everyone. Workshops led by cellist David Darling inspire you to use voice, hands, and instruments to improvise your own music, regardless of prior musical training. People who only hum in the shower, classical musicians who want to improvise, and jazz players who want to try new sounds can play together; regional gatherings for improvisation keep the spirit moving. Membership entitles you to a wonderful quarterly journal, a listing of workshops and events, an international directory of Music for People improvisers, and a resource catalog. —Sadja Greenwood

This Is Rhythm

Everything has a rhythm. We never thought about that before. You can see rhythm in this book: a heart beating, a flower growing, a dog's tail wagging. The colorful illustrations swirl around on each page. Rhythm sticks are included and you can use them as you read along or sing the songs. You learn about rhythm instruments from different places around the world. It has a section where it shows you where the instruments were made and what they were made of. We enjoyed it. So will you. —Lynda Tran and Corina Samaniego (both age eleven)



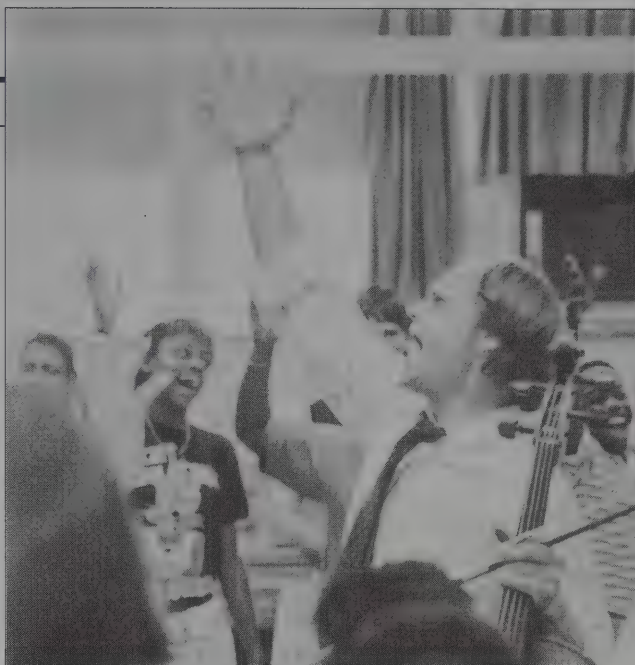
This Is Rhythm

Ella Jenkins & Garrian Manning. 1993; 96 pp. ISBN 1-881322-02-5 \$14.95 (\$17.95 postpaid) from Sing Out, PO Box 5253, Bethlehem, PA 18015-5253; 215/865-5366

Music for People:

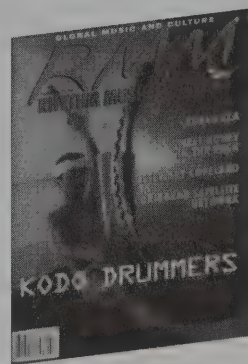
Membership \$30/year (includes 4 issues of *Connections*). 7 Middletown Road, Roxbury, NH 03431; 603/352-4941, fax 603/352-8377.

David Darling and friends high five the Muse.



Rhythm Music Magazine

A zine for the global music scene, written for listeners and performers. Each article is concise and information rich, with just the right amount of cultural background info. The Spring '94 issue covered a wide range of countries, cultures, styles, and subjects: the Throat Singers of Tuva; Los Van Van (Cuba); Inti-Illimani (Chile); Kukuruza (Russia); Kodo Drummers (Japan); Sweet Honey in the Rock (America); Music of the Andes; the Caribbean version of MTV; Stewart Copeland; and Zusaan Kali Fasteau. There are pages of reviews, a section on travel services, and ads for recordings, books, and instruments (mostly hand drums). Good musical stuff from cover to cover. —Mike Ashenfelder



RMM (Rhythm Music Magazine)

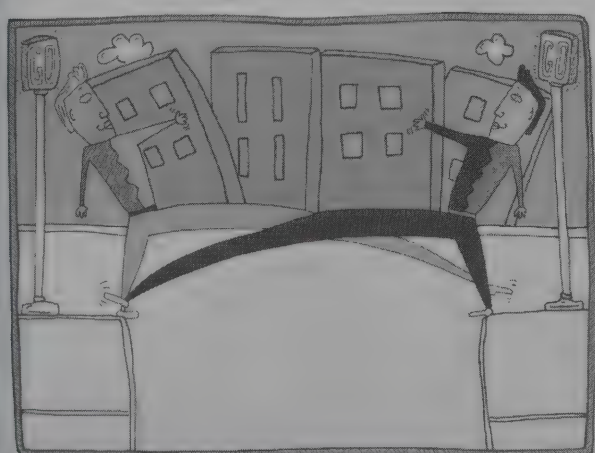
Joel Segel, Editor \$25/year (12 issues). PO Box 391894, Cambridge, MA 02139; 617/497-0955, fax 617/497-0675

• Cubans are obsessive about naming their rhythms. While the public and record industry in the United States goes no further than grouping bands into generic styles such as rock, rhythm and blues, or country, Cuban bands can have a different style listed for every song on a given record. The major styles include son, songo, cha-cha-cha, bolero and changui. Composers who create new spins on existing styles give them names like cha-cha-cha-shake, guajira-son, cata songo, bomba son, changui 68, or bata

rock. Every Cuban songwriter's dream is to achieve immortality by creating a new dance or style that will become a focal point for a generation. Formell was wasting no time in searching for new variations from his experiments with Burke, which he labeled shake or afro-shake. . . .

With Los Van Van, Formell refined his sound and called it songo. Working closely with percussion virtuoso Jose Luis Quintana (Changuito), he modified son by reinforcing the bass and percussion accents, bringing them almost up to the level of the voice. Changuito expanded the role of the timbale player to include cymbals, bass drum, tom toms, and percussion synthesizers as well. Songo also incorporated more Afro-Cuban polyrhythms than its predecessor.

RHYTHM IS



Going

African Rhythms

—Alastair Johnson

Bamba

CD of two classic albums from Orchestra Baobab, the great Senegalese dance band who were rediscovered through the popular "Pirate's Choice" album a few years ago. Originally released in 1980 and 1981, these ten songs range from traditional Wolof melodies with great tama drumming to smoking Cuban sones. Timbales and clarinet bring a broader range of sounds to the mix. Issa Cissokho's laid-back tenor sax is the perfect foil to the sprightly, inventive leads of guitarist Barthelemy Attiso; the two vocalists, Balla Sidibe and Thione Seck, complement each other with plaintive minor harmonies and catchy melodies.

Good-bye Mr. Cat

Composer of some of Cuba's best-loved songs, including "Maria Cristina," "The Rocking of My Cart," and "Chencha la Gamba," Nico Saquito was a legend in Spain and Cuba throughout his long life. In 1982 the great songwriter performed for a small audience in Santiago de Cuba. Backed by the Quarteto Patria and El Duo Cubano, he took up his guitar for the last time. The liner notes translate the beautiful guarachas and guajiras as well as the amusing banter between songs. The gentle call-and-response lyrics have a strong social message and demonstrate the warmth and humanity of a great poet.

No Make Palaver

Recorded live at the Heimätklänge (Folkfest) in Berlin, this outstanding compilation is a survey of West African popular music. Le Zagazougou, the accordion group from Ivory Coast, gets things off to a raucous start, and, after a beautiful praise song from Mali's Oumou Sangare, we are treated to the best from Nigeria and Ghana in songs from Barrister and Eric Agyeman. The highlights are the next two cuts: an eleven-minute version of "Foliba" by the Super Rail Band of Mali with sax lines snaking in and out of the kora-derived guitar, and a powerful "Thiedo" from Baaba Maal and Daande Lenol. This crisp recording is the closest thing to being there; it's immediate and hot.

Music from Madagascar

—Hacsi Horvath

Madagascar is a huge island in the Indian Ocean off Africa's southeast coast. It's so far away from anywhere else that it's like a dream country. Most of Madagascar's animals and plants exist only there. And the Malagasy peoples' African and Indonesian origins are similarly exotic, considering the distances involved. Even stranger, their language is based in archaic Malayo-Polynesian. Look at a map! Few nations are so far-rooted. Humans didn't live on Madagascar until the seventh century. But since that time they've managed to create a uniquely beautiful musical tradition, as well as to make a horrible mess of their environment.

The destruction of pristine ecosystems by greedy corporations and governments is nothing rare. Nor is the slower but equally relentless devastation by local communities (remember that Europe was once 95 percent forested) as they've gathered firewood or slashed and burned for farmland. Madagascar has faced both kinds of travail. The consequences are by now familiar: deforestation, severe erosion, desertification, desperate migration to hopeless cities. Much of the island's ecology has gone haywire, and we'll be hard pressed to put it right.

In spite of this, Malagasy musical expression has flourished. The popular music of Madagascar is some of

the sweetest you'll ever hear. In recent years a resurgence of traditional instruments, rhythms and harmonies has found its way to the common heart. Musicians are reaching back to older forms, as well as blending them with more modern pop styles. The sound of these odd zithers, mutant guitars and harps, and beautiful, rich voices, is at once enchanting and mildly disturbing. You feel as you do hearing other profound, weirdly elegant and authentic music — Scottish ballads, Balinese gamelan, Cuban rumbas. The hair rises on your neck. It's definitely an island music: the Afropop influence exists, but it's most often tempered by what seems a Polynesian sensibility, sometimes with a perplexing dash of Appalachia. Now Malagasy music can more easily be heard in the Western world.

For decades, the traditional music of Madagascar was recorded only on obscure and scholarly European labels. You could hardly ever find it, and when some public radio deejay would show off a few tracks, you'd dive for the tape recorder and any tape you could lay your hands on, hoping to catch a few minutes of that strange beauty. This changed in 1991 when American musicologists Henry Kaiser and David Lindley, long-enamored of Madagascar's music, actually went there to record some. They brought back an amazing collection of songs, performed by a variety of groups

and individuals. Some of these musicians then released albums of their own, on American labels. Suddenly there's a fair amount of new and brilliant music, close at hand. And it's all really fucking good.

A World Out Of Time

This is the collection gathered by Kaiser and Lindley. It's an excellent survey of the range of popular music in Madagascar today. Sometimes Kaiser and Lindley play along, which is interesting, if not always desired. But it's a wonderful set of tunes.

Malagasy Guitar

D'Gary is a village policeman and a world-class guitarist. But until he met Kaiser and Lindley, he had never actually owned a guitar. They gave him a good one. He tunes it eleven different ways, and performs the music of traditional Malagasy instruments on the guitar. The result is a passionate and beautiful sound.

Fanafody • Balance

Tarika Sammy is the avant-garde of Malagasy roots music. Their two albums are dynamic, intense, and authentic, with strong harmonies and fine rhythm. Strangely inspirational!

Access to African Rhythms

- **Good-bye Mr. Cat**
Nico Saquito.
World Circuit, WCD 035, \$16
- **Bamba**
Orchestra Baobab.
Sterns, STCD 3003, \$16

No Make Palaver

Various Artists.
Piranha, PIRCD 39-2, \$16
Shipping charge \$2.50 first item, 50¢ each additional. Complete catalog \$2.
All from Round World by Mail, 591 Guerrero Street, San Francisco, CA 94110; 415/255-7384, fax 415/255-8491

Access to Madagascar Music

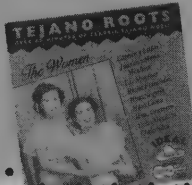
- **A World Out of Time**
(Henry Kaiser & David Lindley in Madagascar)
Volume 1 (Shanachie 64041)
Volume 2 (Shanachie 64048)
- **Malagasy Guitar**
D'Gary. (Shanachie 65009)
CDs \$12.95 each; shipping charge \$1.85 first item, 50¢ each additional.
All from Shanachie Entertainment, PO Box 284, Newton, NJ 07860; 201/579-7763
- **Fanafody**
GL 4003
- **Balance**
GL4011
Tarika Sammy. CDs \$15, cassettes \$8.50; shipping charge \$3 first item, 50¢ each additional. Both from Green Linnet Records, 43 Beaver Brook Road, Danbury, CT 06810; 800/468-6644



Tex-Mex Music —Cliff Martin

Texas border towns have been the breeding ground for a unique hybrid of musical styles: the synthesizing of Mexican immigrants' string bands (with traditional Spanish roots) and the area's other immigrant music, notably Polish, Czech, and Bohemian. The accordion used to front the bands of the latter of these groups was subsequently adopted by Mexican musicians. The traditional waltzes, boleros, and rancheros of Conjunto ("small group") music (or *Musica Norteña*, as it is known in Mexico) incorporate such themes as lost love, homesickness, regret and revenge.

Ideal Records, of Alice, Texas, was the leading label for seminal musical performances, catching many legendary Tex-Mex artists — including Freddy Fender, virtuoso accordionist Paulino Bernal, and Valerio Longoria — in their prime. Many Mexican-Americans will remember the 78s and 45s with the quaint sombrero on the label from jukeboxes in the southern US. Arhoolie Records recently purchased all the master tapes to these remarkable recordings and has started making this material available again on cassette and CD.



But talk is cheap!
You must hear
this stuff.

Access to Tex-Mex Music



The Texas-Mexican Conjunto

- (History of a Working-Class Music)
Manuel Pena. 1985; 218 pp.
ISBN 0-292-78080-X
\$12.95 (\$14.95 postpaid) from University of Texas Press, PO Box 7819, Austin, TX 78713-7819; 800/252-3206

Mi Unico Camino (My Only Path)

- (Arhoolie 344)
Conjunto Bernal.
Available on CD or cassette

Mi Unico Camino

Part of the great Tejano Roots series. The Brothers Bernal perform a wide range of material from 1954 to 1960, both instrumental and vocal.

Tejano Roots: The Women

A beautiful anthology of solos, duets, and small bands, all with female singers. The CD version contains a booklet with vintage pics and lyric translation. Essential.

The Texas-Mexican Conjunto

Book and tape on accordion-based Conjunto music. The book is the only comprehensive work on the subject. The tape is an excellent anthology of Tex-Mex accordion music from 1936 to 1966. Many legends here, including Santiago Jimenez, Valerio Longoria, and Conjunto Bernal.

First Recordings (1928-1938)

A legend in Spanish-American circles, Lydia Mendoza plays her twelve-string guitar as an accompaniment to her charged singing; on some songs her family accompanies her with harmony vocals. Includes her hit song "Mal Hombre."

First Recordings (1928-1938)

(Arhoolie C219)
Lydia Mendoza. Cassette only
[Chris Strachwitz and James Nicolopolus have compiled a new book: Lydia Mendoza, A Family Autobiography. 1993; 400pp. ISBN 1-55885-066-X, Arte Público Press, University of Houston. Available from Arhoolie for \$17.95 (see shipping charge below)]

Tejano Roots: The Women (Arhoolie 343)

CD or cassette

The Texas-Mexican Conjunto (Arhoolie 9049)

Cassette only
CDs \$15 each, Cassettes \$8 each.
Shipping charge is \$3 per order, complete catalog available on request. All from Arhoolie Records, 10341 San Pablo Avenue, El Cerrito, CA 94530

Acoustic Guitar

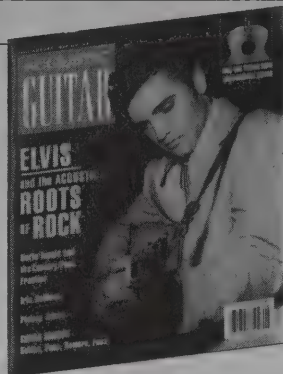
A renaissance is happening in acoustic guitars: gorgeous workmanship, technical innovation, new playing styles, new musicians. Custom guitar shops featuring incredible instruments are popping up like acne on a teenager. **Acoustic Guitar** reports on the trends, introduces new artists, and always provides detailed tablature for three or four new songs. —JS

■ Guitar players are often curious about what it's like to be a guitar maker, and it is important to remember that every luthier's life and work is different. Whether you are interested in finding the right person to build your dream guitar or interested in pursuing a career in guitar making, it could be useful to think about those differences.

Some builders are most concerned with building a large number of instruments, perhaps thinking that through volume they can make a decent living. Volume also affords the builder a lot of information about his or her guitars. With careful note taking and a scientific approach, it is possible to keep track of small changes and incorporate the improvements into new guitars. It's nice if a change in bracing improves only one guitar, but if it improves many guitars, it could prove to be a better design. Some makers produce the same instrument over and over, concentrating primarily on craft. I am more interested in experimenting with guitar design, trying new shapes, sizes, asymmetries, materials, and bracing patterns. This means that each of my guitars is a prototype, but even a failure is a powerful learning experience. Of course, I try to incorporate improvements and disregard the flops.



• With 24 strings and 40 fingers, Joe Pass, Pepe Romero, Leo Kottke, and Paco Peña encapsulate a sizable portion of the music made on acoustic guitars in the 20th century. When they took to the stage in San Francisco this winter as part of their Guitar Summit tour, these master guitarists led the audience on a voyage across a broad landscape of European and American music, spanning centuries and continents with only the graceful, sure touch of fingertips on strings.



Acoustic Guitar

Jeffrey Pepper Rodgers, Editor.

\$21.95/year (6 issues). String Letter Press, PO Box 767, San Anselmo, CA 94960.

Lark In The Morning

If it makes a noise when you squeeze it or pick it or thump it or blow into it or drag another object across it or poke it with your fingers or slap it up and down on your thigh (etc.), you can probably get a good-quality version of it from the Lark.

The astonishing LITM catalog goes light on the mainstream folk instruments: guitars get a page and a half out of one hundred. Instead: four pages of bagpipes — the expected Highland pipes and also Breton, Bohemian, Swedish, medieval Spanish; zampogna, hummelchen, comemuse and musette; Uilleann and Northumbrian, Pakistani parlor pipes and a bagpipe synthesizer!

Nyckleharpa Swedish Key Fiddle

We offer Nyckleharpas (bowed hurdy gurdy) made by Ake Ahlstrand. This instrument is traditional only in Sweden.

The first trace of this instrument goes back in history to about 850. There is a lot more evidence of the instrument from 1500 on. The earlier instruments were of a simpler construction but played similar to today's instruments. Today's instruments are fully chromatic. Traditionally there has never been a Nyckleharpa factory and that is still true today. Each instrument is individually made of the traditional pine and has 16 strings and 37 wooden keys. STR002 \$1800.00

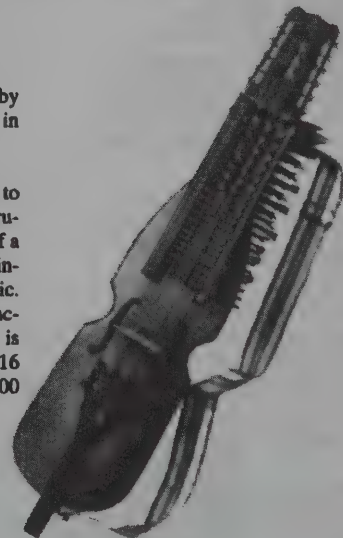
Returning

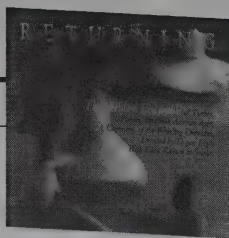
Like other kinds of sacred music, Mevlevi Sufi music isn't performed as entertainment. Its first use is as a tool on the Gnostic journey toward divine Union. The Mevlevi dervishes of Turkey have practiced this meditation with their "whirling" movement since the thirteenth century. As a ceremonial form, Mevlevi music brings worshippers an amazing groundedness and knowledge of transcendent Unity.

It's not for everybody. This intense, haunting music demands willingness and a flexible aesthetic. But you don't have to understand Arabic to be deeply moved by the richness of its sound. (Certain esoteric traditions explain why this

Shawms, racketts, alphorns. Tyrolian many-belled trumpets. Norwegian nine-stringed fiddles. Harps (Irish, African, Welsh, Egyptian). If you require a luteback hurdy-gurdy or a hognosed plucked psaltery or a complete set of steel drums you have come to the right place. Prices are not notably bargain-basement but, things being what they are, LITM may have the cheapest shengs ("the Chinese mouth organ") and toke-dodompos in the country. The selection of used instruments is also broad, and disturbing (wanna buy a set of four tubas?). —James Donnelly

Lark In The Morning: Catalog free. PO Box 1176, Mendocino, CA 95460; 707/964-5569, fax 707/964-1979.





Returning

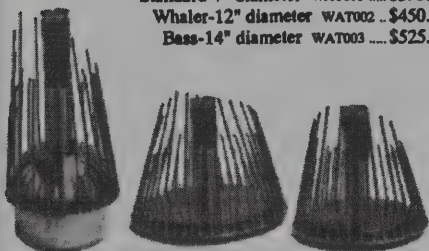
(The Music of the Whirling Dervishes)
The Mevlevi Ensemble of Turkey.
CD/CS #916. CD \$15.95 (\$18.95 postpaid).
Cassette \$9.95 (\$12.95 postpaid).
Interworld Music Associates, Inc., RD3
Box 395A, Brattleboro, VT 05301;
800/698-6705, fax 802/257-9211.

is so.) If the conditions are right, Mevlevi music can take you to a strong and centered place, and it will speak to you. —Hacı Horvath

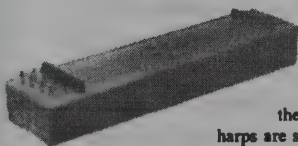
Waterphones

Often described as an acoustic synthesizer or waterharp, a Waterphone is a monolithic, stainless steel and bronze tonal-friction instrument utilizing water in its resonator. Its sound has been compared to the haunting melodies of the humpback whale. Used successfully to communicate with whales and other cetacean, the instrument is durable, lightweight and can be taken into the water. Held by the neck or suspended by a cord, the Waterphone can be played with a bow, mallets or by hand. Available in diatonic and microtonal scales.

Standard-7" diameter WAT001 \$395.00
Whaler-12" diameter WAT002 . \$450.00
Bass-14" diameter WAT003 \$525.00



Aeolian Wind Harp Kit



Aeolian harps are an ancient tradition. Actually all stringed instruments will sing in the wind. These wind

harp are sized to fit right into your window (you can use one to hold the sash open). In fact, it will help the volume to place it firmly in the window frame so the vibrations are transmitted to the surrounding wood. Tune the strings to a cheerful major chord. No need to learn to play—this one plays to you! Of course, you can also play it.

8-string Window Harp:

Window Harp kit KIT147..... \$45.00
Pre-assembled kit KIT148 \$60.00
Finished Window Harp KIT149 \$90.00

Boyobi

This musical event was recorded in a Bayaka Pygmy hunting camp in Central Africa. It begins as benevolent, phosphorescent beings — the Mokoondi — enter the camp in the dark of early morning. At first the villagers are reluctant to leave their huts and beds. But the insistent Mokoondi rip the sides off their grass huts, urging them to party, and soon everybody is singing, dancing, drumming — propelled by the chorus into the darkness.

The singing is briefly broken by a loud commotion and surprised, gleeful cries; the Mokoondi have astounded the villagers by changing into antelopes and disappearing into the forest.

Also included on the "Boyobi" tape is a short excerpt from "Ceremony at Mosapola." Two hundred Bayaka villagers joined in this tropical chorale to celebrate the return of a neighbor after a long period of work away from home. Louis Sarno says that the gathering also occasioned a wave of reconciliation of various minor conflicts. The Mokoondi forest spirits (those ancient party animals) danced through the camp, pursued by laughing women and girls, during this recording. —Darrell Jonsson

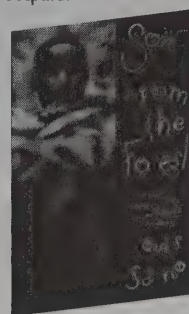
Boyobi

(Ritual Music of the Bayaka Rainforest Pygmies)
Recorded by Louis Sarno.
Cassette \$12 postpaid.

Song From the Forest

Louis Sarno lived for six years among the Bayaka Pygmies of Central Africa, recording their epic songs and ceremonies, with occasional trips to Europe to trade full tapes for empty ones.

Musical celebration is a highly valued function of Bayaka Pygmy life. (Some tribes among the Sangha-Sangha linguistic group hold fiestas that last two years!) This collective complex, primal, cathartic, symphonic laughter of improvised song is as fragile, and as immediately threatened, as the rain forest itself; Sarno's acceptance by his hosts, and the story of his infatuation and eventual marriage with a Pygmy woman, plays against a backdrop of phenomenal musical events and the constant encroachment of agricultural society upon the Bayakas' hunter-gatherer way of life. —Darrell Jonsson



Song from the Forest

(My Life among the Ba-Benjelle Pygmies)
Louis Sarno. Houghton Mifflin Co.,
1993; 352 pp. ISBN 0-395-61331-0
\$25 postpaid.

Cassette and book may be ordered as a set for \$36 postpaid. Sound Photo Synthesis, PO Box 2111, Mill Valley, CA 94942-2111; 800/818-7999.

their harassment violent and vociferous as they shook and pounded on huts, shrieking, "Push yourselves!"

■ Night was rarely a time for sleep. It was the time of the *mokoondi*, pulsating, parading, dancing, and floating phosphorescent forms that flew through the air with reckless speed, a gallery of glowing faces, forest beings, animals, creatures, and dots. At Amopolo the women had to sing for hours to summon the *mokoondi*, and usually they did not come. At Mombongo a single yodel in the evening often drew the *mokoondi*, who would cry out from the surrounding forest. When everyone was asleep, they moved invisibly through the camp, popping leaves, thumping the ground, making kissing noises, and whistling tunes that might have been composed by Moussorgsky. If we failed to rouse ourselves for the music the *mokoondi* became demanding,

● The full moon, halfway through its wacky orbit, hovered somewhere north of the zenith and bathed the clearing in bright silver light. After several minutes of clowning around, one of the *mokoondi* — a faceless albino creature — lolloped in a leisurely way across the clearing, pausing within a foot of me. I gasped, as did all the women: it was an antelope! For an instant I thought the Bayaka must have released a captured one, or somehow called one from the forest into camp. But then the antelope reached the side of the *mbanjo* and began to beat the ground — it was a *mokoondi* after all. I promised myself then that I would never again doubt what I had seen nor rationalize it away. Now, of course, I wonder.

The View from Ninety

C. J. Van der Leeuw



Lottie Jacobi



AN INTERVIEW WITH
HELEN NEARING
BY TAMI SIMON

Helen and Scott Nearing lived together for fifty-three years, until Scott's death at the age of one hundred. Their lifestyle anticipated the "back to the land" movement by half a century; many thousands of people were inspired by their example.

At ninety, Helen is still strong, beautifully wise, and practicing her extraordinary skills in the art of living on her farm in Harborside, Maine. — Ruth KISSANE

TS: Tell us a little bit about your upbringing.

HN: I was very lucky. I was born into a rather out-of-the-ordinary family. They were intellectuals, they were musical, they were artistic. They lived in the suburbs of New York. They had wide contacts with Europeans who came over to see them. . . . They were vegetarians — in the late 1800s — they were interested in Eastern religions, they were members of civic organizations in the village, they were quite philanthropic. I think I chose to be born in that family; I think I picked them out.

I began to study violin very early, and proved to have some talent. Had to choose between going to college — Vassar or Wellesley — and going to Europe to study the violin. I chose Europe; I left at seventeen and lived abroad for many years.

I returned to the United States, and met Scott Nearing, and a new life developed — one rather devoid of music, because Scott was not musical at all. I kept on playing but any hopes of a musical career were gone. I never regretted that. There are lots of good violinists in the world but not too many who were doing what Scott and I did together, living in the woods, growing our own food, building our own buildings, cutting our own wood, being generally self-subsistent. And yet carrying on with our intellectual interests and efforts, too.

I was rather a flibberty-gibberty when I met him. But I responded immediately to what he had to offer and was trained just through living with a person like that. His imperturbability . . . he was immovable in his dedication to how he thought life ought to be lived. I'd never sensed that in anybody before.

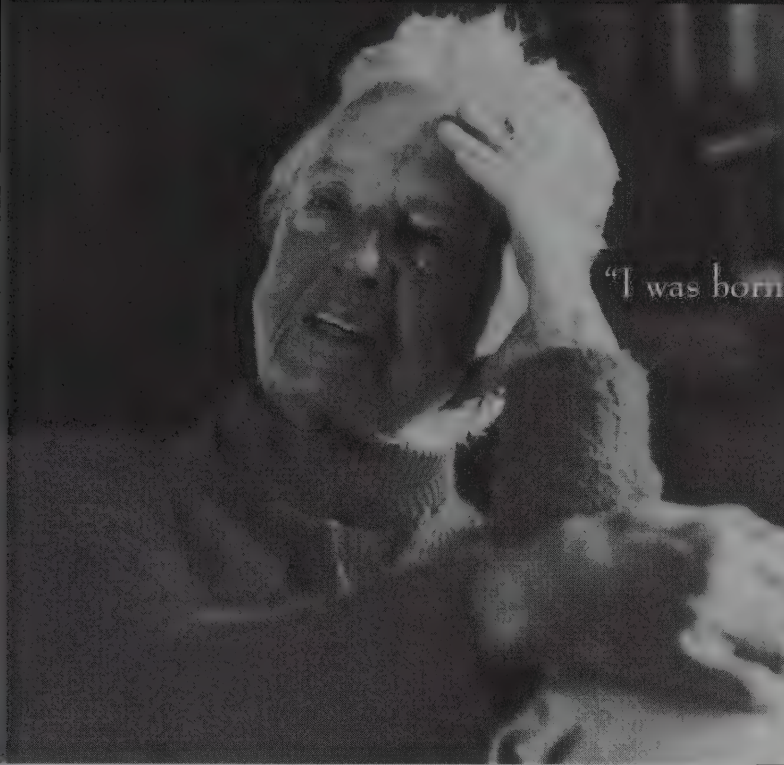
We had a very full life. We called it the good life. It *was* the good life for us — it might not have been for everybody, but it worked for us. I have no regrets about leaving the intellectual and musical and artistic world and going off to live in the woods. It was full, it was satisfactory, it was fulfilling.

TS: How would you describe Scott Nearing to someone who had never met him?

HN: To outsiders, he might seem an austere person who was only



John Ewing



From left to right: Helen in Vienna, 1923; Helen and Scott at the University of Vermont, 1940; Helen in Maine, 1994.

"I was born ill-fitted to conform. And Scott was never a conformist. And our joining of forces made us doubly rebellious. If he or I found something to be done that was contrary to the prevailing culture, if we thought the culture was wrong, we heartily did it together. We were born rebels." —Helen Nearing

interested in his intellectual and physical work. But he had a very rare human side to him that few touched. He was an idealist par excellence, was not interested in money or a successful career or position. He was interested to learn, to contribute, and to help the world be a decent world for people to live in.

TS: And your decision to move to Vermont?

HN: Scott had been kicked out of positions at various colleges because he was so "radical." He was fired by the University of Pennsylvania after nine years for his opposition to child labor in the factories and mines; fired by the University of Toledo, in Ohio, for speaking out against the war — he maintained it was a commercial war and not an idealistic war; fired by Swarthmore College. When I met him, Scott had no career left: no school would take him on.

We lived in New York, in a slum district, and worked at the New

York Public Library doing research for Scott's books. We bought our food off the barrows on the streets. Scott had the feeling that we could take care of ourselves better in the country and live cheaper and easier, and he went up to Vermont and found an old neglected, broken-down, poorly preserved farm.

We bought it for \$1,100 — we had that much money between us — and we went to live in the woods in 1932.

I learned to garden and to cut wood and to build and to cook, to take care of a house, and generally to make myself useful, which I never had done before in my life. I'd been quite a surface liver, only playing the violin and reading and living to myself. Here I was becoming useful to the world, useful to myself, and useful to Scott. I did secretarial work with him, I typed, I helped him write, and we built up an extraordinarily good and satisfactory productive life together.

TS: Do you think that you and Scott were able to embrace such simplicity because you had grown up in wealthy families?

HN: Yes, we had had it all. We'd traveled, we'd both been schooled to a certain degree. Perhaps we were singularly well equipped to take on our new life and to take care of ourselves. Whereas people who had been poor would want to taste some of the luxuries and weren't interested in working hard in the country.

TS: You developed a maple-sugaring business in Vermont.

HN: Well, people who homestead have to get money from somewhere — to pay the taxes, to buy a truck, to reroof the barn, to buy seed. You can't live on nothing at all. Nearly all the farmers round about earned their cash making maple syrup and sugar. So we apprenticed ourselves to a nearby farmer, and helped him and learned and profited by it, and Scott organized the business on our own farm.

We built up a quite profitable business. We could have stayed in Vermont and made quite a lot of money with the maple-syrup business but we chose to come to Maine and start again with blueberries as our cash crop. We made much less money with the blueberries, but we had a lot more free time and we were more interested in free time than in money. The blueberries paid our taxes and expenses.

TS: And you used dowsing to help you pick this spot in Maine?

HN: We had a dowser come and find water for us on a part of our farm in Vermont, and I walked behind him when he was dowsing. And he tossed away his stick and I picked it up, and when his rod went down, my rod went down. So I thought, well, maybe I'm a dowser. So I ran ahead of him and when my rod went down, his went down, so I knew that I could dowse and find water.

When we wanted to come to Maine and look for a spot, we wanted to be by the water, we wanted to have good soil, and we wanted to have a farm, not just a summer place. So I dowsed over a big map of Maine and made these three requests and where the dowsing rod marked it on the map, we finally came and lived. And we are by the water and we have good soil now and we have a farm and not a summer place. So I found it through dowsing over a map.

TS: How old were you and Scott when you built this home?

HN: I was in my seventies, Scott in his nineties. But we had built nine stone buildings in Vermont during my thirties and forties and Scott's sixties.

TS: It's rather amazing to picture someone in their seventies and someone in their nineties carrying these stones around . . .

HN: Scott mixed concrete in a wheelbarrow. And I laid every stone. There's no cut stone in the building. We had piles of stone everywhere, with what I call good faces, good flat faces. And piles of uglies, and piles of cornerstones. We had all those ready, as a carpenter would have his lumber ready, before we started to build.

TS: It goes against the usual notion of old age.

HN: I like to go against people's conceptions. And — if we needed a guest room or a workshop or a garage or a greenhouse or so, why get somebody else to do it? There was plenty of stone around; it was natural to build in stone. I became a master stonemason. I rarely handle a saw, I'm not too good at carpentry. But I can handle rock.

TS: How many pieces of stone would you say are in this house?

HN: God, thousands, thousands. These are beach stones so the stones are small; we had a lot of granite in Vermont. We handled more stones in Maine, because they're smaller, than we did in Vermont. Although we put in more buildings there.

* * *

TS: You wrote what you called an "anti-cookbook." Why?

HN: People spend too much time thinking about food, preparing food, and eating food. I would rather give less attention to food. And I think vegetables and fruit have more vitality, are more healthy to eat, uncooked. To cook a thing is unnatural: the food is there, ripe and ready to eat.

I served raw potato sandwiches to members of my garden club. I sliced the potatoes very thin and they thought it was very delicious until they knew they were eating raw potato.

TS: How did you and Scott first come upon the practice of fasting?

And are you convinced that this is a good practice?

HN: Well: one tends rather to glut on what one likes. And there's something sparse and spare and austere in both of us, I guess.

We didn't know what would happen if both of us fasted at the same time — if we'd die or not! So I fasted for ten days just on water, and Scott went on eating and taking care of the house and visitors and things. I enjoyed it so much that he did it too. And we did it together from then on. But it's enjoyable: you have more time, plenty of time, to work, play, walk, to swim or to garden. Even Scott and I put *some* time into our food. But we put less and less time into it, and I think that's a good thing.

I think of all the cookbooks in the world and I wonder I had the nerve to add another. But the publishers asked for one; I said, I'll write a simple-food-for-simple-people cookbook for you. Well, they said, you can't insult your customers. So we called it *Simple Food for the Good Life*. About half of it is stories about food and diet and cookery. The recipes were hard to work out; I made them as simple as possible. If I couldn't get a recipe on a 3x5 card, I didn't use it.

TS: I read that you and Scott fasted on some very food-oriented holidays: Thanksgiving, Christmas. Where did that come from?

HN: I'd driven my parents down to Florida, and they asked me to go with them to a friend's for Thanksgiving dinner. I didn't want to, so I bought a gallon of orange juice and went to the beach and spent Thanksgiving swimming and sunbaking and drinking orange juice. I wrote Scott about it and he said, let's do that always. When other people are feasting and glutting, let's us

Richard Garrett



Helen building the stone wall around the garden in Maine, late 1960s.

fast. Let's us go on juice or on nothing at all.

* * *

TS: Did you and Scott see doctors very often? Most people have their family doctors, visit them regularly, get their checkups . . .

HN: We did not frequent doctors; I still don't. Fifteen years ago a well-known doctor from Bangor came to see us — I think he was buying blueberries — and finding us both working hard, he said: At your age, you should be past doing these things. Will you come to the hospital? Let me examine you and see if I can't find something wrong. Because you shouldn't be so healthy at your age. We said: All right — no injections, but you can test us any other way you want.

He couldn't find anything wrong with us. Our heart pressure was

good, everything was excellent. But he found us low in vitamin B12 (He was a specialist in B12). Scott said to him, your tests for B12 are on people who live differently than we do, who are meat eaters. So why should your tests be applicable to us? And obviously we're quite healthy and strong and well.

The doctor who tested us went before Scott did. On the strength of his finding us low in B12, we took some B12 supplements with us when we traveled and didn't have our good home food. I don't have any now: don't need it. I live at home and get good fodder.

TS: Have you seen a doctor since then?

HN: Yeah, the old eyes are getting a little blurry: I can't tell in the telephone book whether it's an 8 or a 3. So I was in New York, in a telephone booth, and I called in a stranger who was walking by — could you read this telephone

number for me? And so I went to a doctor and got some glasses, which I nearly always forget to put on. I have glasses for close reading, and so had Scott.

TS: Now, if you got a headache . . .

HN: I never had a headache. I don't know quite what a headache is.

TS: Or a cold, or a stomachache. You wouldn't take an over-the-counter . . . ?

HN: I would stop eating right away to give the body a chance to tend to it. I'd drink a lot of water or cider or apple juice. You can get rid of any cold in three days by not eating. And it's a very nice relief for the body anyway.

* * *

TS: Scott's death was a remarkable act. Instead of allowing the organic process to dictate his death, he chose his own time.

HN: He did not want to decay. A few months before he was 100, he said: This is it: I think I'll stop eating and go. And go he did — he stopped eating, and after a month and a half of just liquids, and finally just water, he went. But he had no pains, no aches, no particular anything wrong with him.

TS: What brought him to the decision?

HN: The fullness of his life, and his realization that — he said to me one time when I was carrying in the wood, if I can't carry in the wood for you, I might just as well go. We had done a lot of fasting, so it was easy to start it and to finish it.

TS: What was your reaction to this last fast?

HN: "Very good idea." I'll do exactly the same thing when I get to that point. That's the way animals do it: they go off and subsist on water and finally finish, die quietly by themselves. It's a natural way to go. I'm going to avoid a

hospital at all costs, or a nursing home or old-age home. None of that for me.

TS: Did you feel: *My God, I'm losing Scott. He's leaving me?*

HN: But I've not lost him! He's still around very much in my consciousness. And I think he goes on: I think there's continuity and he's on to some other tasks, some other interests. I'll see him later on. And if I don't, I'll know that all is well with him and he's living and learning somewhere else.

TS: Were you with Scott when he passed over?

HN: Yep. He was in a cot in this room. And I realized he was going — I urged him on, said, go on. Make it. You've done what you could here, now go on and see what there is over there. You're lucky.

TS: What was that like? — The feeling in the room?

HN: One of great quietude and great certitude. And the recognition that it was another opportunity for him. I didn't think of it as an opportunity for *me* — but in a sense it was an opportunity for me to help him go on. I wish more people could go as readily and easily and unaffected as he was. He just breathed less and less, and left. Good way to go. So he was a model for me in his living and in his going.

TS: Most people don't — our culture doesn't — have your attitude toward death. It's seen as traumatic, seen as a tragedy.

HN: I look forward to death. It will be interesting.

TS: Here in Maine, at ninety, do you take care of everything — the gardens, your home — by yourself? All alone?

HN: I would like to, but there are friends who come, a girl comes once a week and does things in the garden with me. And another

friend helps me with paperwork and things of that kind — typing if I want it done, although I do most of the typing myself. I would like to do everything myself. But these friends come and are sweet and friendly and kindly; I gladly accept what they do.

But I can imagine myself living alone, without any contacts. And yes: I could carry on alone. I'd have to pull in my horns a bit. Perhaps I'd have to have a bit less garden. And I would can less food, and things of that kind. And life would be tighter and sparer. But I like a tight, spare life; I like to be alone.

TS: In being alone, do you feel that a certain focus or intensity is generated inside you? Or . . . how would you describe it?

HN: You said it quite well yourself. When you're alone a certain intensity is possible, which is not diversified or dissipated by other people's ideas or their presence.

TS: Many people long for that kind of focus. But some part of them is attached — addicted? — to feeling part of the culture, watching big events on television, going to the popular movies. Have you ever regretted not being a part of those events — missing that shared context?

HN: I have a sense of not being part of it but I haven't missed it. The titillation that's generated on the screen or boombox is absolutely unnecessary to me. Hell on earth for Scott or me would have been the perpetual noise of radio or television. And you get them perforce. You can do nothing about it once you turn on these machines. There these voices are, there these ideas are, there these people are. I feel no kinship with them and I gladly turn their noise off. And gladly live without the noise.

TS: Yet it's difficult for people to disengage from the sources of their distraction.

HN: If they're in the country and in the quiet and in the silence long enough, maybe they'll get used to it.

TS: Silence makes many people uncomfortable.

HN: Noise makes me uncomfortable.

TS: One thing that keeps people from a simpler life is an attachment to adrenaline.

HN: There's a great excitement in looking out at those trees, the branches waving in the air, and: what is a tree, and: what is it here for, and: what is its life like.

There's excitement in every aspect of nature. And of people. We have enormous possibilities but few of us realize them. We can make a heaven or a hell of life, for ourselves and for other people.

TS: Your commitment to doing no harm — that seems to contradict the very condition of being alive.

HN: We walk on the grass and bend it down; I apologize to an apple or a radish when I eat it: who am I to bite into this beautiful conception? Yes, we all mar as well as make. The idea is to do as much good and as little harm as possible.

To mar is part of our life. I say: Be aware of your actions. Apologize, in some sense, for them. Do as little harm as possible and as much good as possible. You have to let it go at that. But let us be aware of our actions and not fool ourselves.

Scott had a nice phrase he often used: Do the best you can in the place where you are, and be kind. Those would not be bad words to live by. Aldous Huxley wrote of his embarrassment, in his sixties or seventies, at realizing that the really important thing in life,

eclipsing all his studies and work and research, was to be a little kinder. Bertrand Russell said something along the same lines — that as embarrassing as it was for him to say, that love is really the basis of all life. You can just be a farmer in the woods and never really get out into the world at all, but if you have lived a life of kindness and simplicity, you've contributed: you haven't left the earth a worse place, you've left it a better place.

On Scott's hundredth birthday, the neighbors came with a little parade and some banners. And on one of the banners it said, *100 years of Scott Nearing has left the world a better place.*

* * *

TS: Do you feel that this last phase of your life has a specific purpose?

HN: There's a purpose in our being here on earth at all. We're here to contribute, to learn, to help, and to go on. I think I was born with some conception as to what it was all about and what I was here for. I was in great wonder as to the beauty of life and the whole arrangement of the earth, and its trees and animals and skies and sunsets. I always knew that there was a purpose and I always felt I should work along with that purpose, find out what it was and work along with it.

And we're not separate entities. In a way we're separate, but I think we're all part of the whole. And I never use the word God, but if I did, it would mean the whole entirety. Learning and working and being through us: so that I am not separately trying, I am trying for the entirety.

TS: I have the notion that when we love more, the universe expands in some way.

HN: That's a very good conception and a very clear conception. I

think we can add to the good in the world by loving and appreciating others. We need not hug or kiss them, they need not be physically close to us. They may live on the other side of the continent. But if we send out love to them, I think it effects a real result. To live in a love-radiating world is one of the big things we can do, even if we're old or decrepit or poor or isolated. You can still send out love and you can still influence the world. And that is something that everybody can do in their place, wherever they are, in the physical body in which they are, in the life in which they're involved. We can all add our share of love without leaving the room.

To see the sky on a bright starlit night — it's not only the stars we know are in our particular universe: there's not an *inch* of the sky that isn't full of bright stars. Simply astounding. The universe

is immense. And it's gorgeous and magnificent. I salute it. This one little speck, this one little fly on the window, salutes the universe. Presumptuous! ☺

A Nearing Bibliography

Loving and Leaving the Good Life: Helen Nearing, 1992, Chelsea Green.

The Good Life (60 Years of Self-Sufficiency): Helen and Scott Nearing, 1989, Schocken Books.

Living the Good Life (How to Live Sanely and Simply in a Troubled World): Helen and Scott Nearing, 1987, Schocken Books.

Simple Food for the Good Life: Helen Nearing, 1985, Stillpoint Publishing.

The Good Life Album: Helen Nearing, 1974, Social Science Institute.

This interview was excerpted from *The Good Life of Helen Nearing*. Copyright © 1994 by Helen Nearing, A Sounds True Recordings audiocassette.

Sounds True is reviewed on p. 66.

Daniel Hoffman



Under Saturn's Shadow • Angry Men, Passive Men

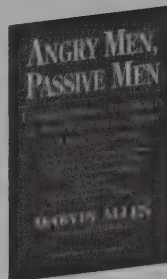
The men's movement is flexing its psychological muscle. Simple therapeutic techniques are being discovered that can deprogram the dysfunctional conditioning of an obsolescent patriarchy. Women started the revolution and now men are joining in.

Both of the books offer insight into Men's Liberation and proof that there is indeed something big afoot in men's groups. —Stuart Chapman

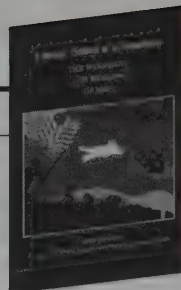
■ A man who intends to numb just his fear and grief blunts his other emotions as well. This leads to what I call the Isolated Male Syndrome, which is the inability to understand or even be aware of the feelings of others. . . . His own formula for dealing with emotional problems is to ignore them, so he ignores his friends' problems as well. Such a man may be a good person to have around when a ship is going down, but he can be a difficult man to have as a husband, a father, or a friend. —*Angry Men*

■ The elaborateness of the traditional rites of passage was necessary, then, to bridge the huge gulf between childhood and adulthood, between boyish instinctual life and dependency and the independent self-sufficiency of manhood. If the rites worked, the boy experienced an existential change; he died as one being and became another. But, as we all know, such rites today are missing, such existential transformation driven underground. If we ask a man, "Do you feel like a man?" chances are he will consider the question silly or threatening. He will know his roles, but he will neither be able to define what it means to be a man, nor will he likely feel that he has measured up to any of his partial definitions. In short, the wise elders are gone, lost to death, depression, alcoholism, or corporate boardrooms and golden parachutes. The bridge from childhood to manhood is washed out. —*Under Saturn's Shadow*

Angry Men, Passive Men
(Understanding the Roots of Men's Anger and How to Move Beyond It)
Marvin Allen. Fawcett Columbine, 1994; 235 pp. ISBN 0-449-90811-9 \$10 (\$12 postpaid) from Random House, Order Dept., 400 Hahn Road, Westminster, MD 21157; 800/733-3000



Under Saturn's Shadow
(The Wounding and Healing of Men)
James Hollis.
Inner City Books, 1994; 143 pp. ISBN 0-919123-64-3 \$16 (\$18 postpaid) from Book World Services, Box 18088, Sarasota, FL 34276



Dagger

This powerful collection of butch women's voices shocks, delights, and at times titillates. Comprised of tell-all interviews and personal essays, historical analysis, cartoons, and some quite fetching photos, this book is for those who swear by roles as well as those who just don't get what all the brouhaha is about. Down and dirty, kind and generous, Dagger is a celebration of lesbian sexuality and bravery. —*Louise Rafkin*

■ What is butch? Rebellion against women's lot, against gender-role imperatives that pit boyiness against girliness and then assigns you-know-who the short straw. Butch is a giant fuck YOU! to compulsory femininity, just as lesbianism says the same to compulsory heterosexuality.

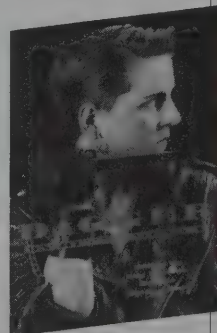
● What is butch? Sexual power of a kind that no women is supposed to have, active power. Prowess. The calm eye of a whirlwind of pleasure, getting from giving.

■ "Female maleness," "female masculinity": these simplistic ways of reading butch energy do not entirely miss the mark, but they do mislead. Maleness isn't male on a female, honey — it's something else again, a horse of another color, something our gender-impooverished language doesn't offer us words to describe.

■ Roxxie: Can straight men learn anything from butches? JoAnn: Sure. Straight men could learn a lot about how to take care of women both sexually and emotionally.

● At that time they were having all those Wonderbread commercials, where they said you could build muscles twelve ways. So I started eating tons of Wonderbread, and my parents were saying, "What's this sudden craze for Wonderbread?" I thought if I ate enough Wonderbread I'd bulk up and turn into a guy.

Dagger
(On Butch Women)
Kate Borstein. 1994; 232 pp. ISBN 0-939416-82-4 \$14.95 (\$18.70 postpaid) from Cleis Press, PO Box 8933, Pittsburg, PA 15221; 412/937-1555



The Esoteric Emerson

This is not a substitute for reading Emerson himself; do not deny yourself the pleasure of drowning in that rich and measured language. If you are new to Emerson (or had the misfortune of having him rammed down your throat in a long-ago English class), think of this book as a friend telling you why he should be added to your reading list, if not your permanent library. If you are already an Emerson fan, here is the chance to eavesdrop on another enthusiast's thinking about the man and his philosophy. —Andrea Chase

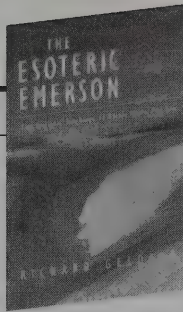
“Undoubtedly we have no questions to ask which are unanswerable.” As soon as a question is framed, the solution to it exists as do the means to arrive at an answer. Thus, the only mysteries left are the ones to which there are no questions, which is only to say that we don't know as yet what they are. Space scientists call this the unknown. What we are capable of questioning, we are capable of knowing. Again, to ask is to begin to know. The answers may not always be acceptable to us at any given stage in our quest, but that is a matter of preparation and not of authenticity. Emerson points out the harsh truth:

The Esoteric Emerson

(The Spiritual Teachings of Ralph Waldo Emerson)
Richard G. Geldard. 1993;
196 pp. ISBN 0-940262-59-2
\$16.95 (\$20.95 postpaid) from
Lindisfarne Press, RR 4, Box 94 A1,
Hudson, NY 12534; 518/851-9155

“It is no proof of a man's understanding to be able to confirm whatever he pleases; but to be able to discern that what is true is true, and that what is false is false, this is the mark of intelligence.”

At the beginning of “The Over-Soul” Emerson reminds us that our most significant moments of insight are all too brief; indeed “our vice is habitual.” Since this is so, the tendency is to accept the banal as authentic and the sublime as an illusion, with the result that we forget that self-recovery demands the conscious progression of these significant moments of insight.



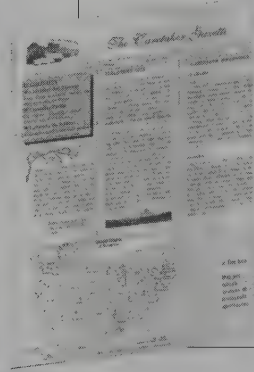
The Caretaker Gazette

You can try out country living without making a lifetime commitment, by becoming a caretaker. A surprising number of these positions are available — in nature retreats, small farms, and even national parks. Caretakers can migrate, spending their winters snowed in at ski resorts and their summers at summer camps. Some jobs are paid; the majority offer free rent, free time, and a taste of “the good life.”

Caretaking jobs are usually not advertised, and require tenacious searching. I know — I spent six months finding my present position. A good place to begin searching is the **Caretaker Gazette**. Reviewed here four years ago, the **Gazette** has recently changed hands. The new editor brings fresh enthusiasm to an old formula: landowners print their ads for free, job seekers pay \$18 a year to read them. The eight-page newsletter comes out six times a year.

There are about forty caretaking ads per issue, along with profiles of successful caretakers. If the price seems a wee bit steep, send \$11 for a half-year subscription. A self-promoting report about “the emerging career of caretaking” is available free, with an SASE to the same address. The new editor includes ads for magazines to which he subscribes. Their titles sum up his own magazine: it's a mix of **Country Bound!**, **Rural Network**, and **The Gentle Survivalist**.

—Daniel Meyerowitz



The Caretaker Gazette

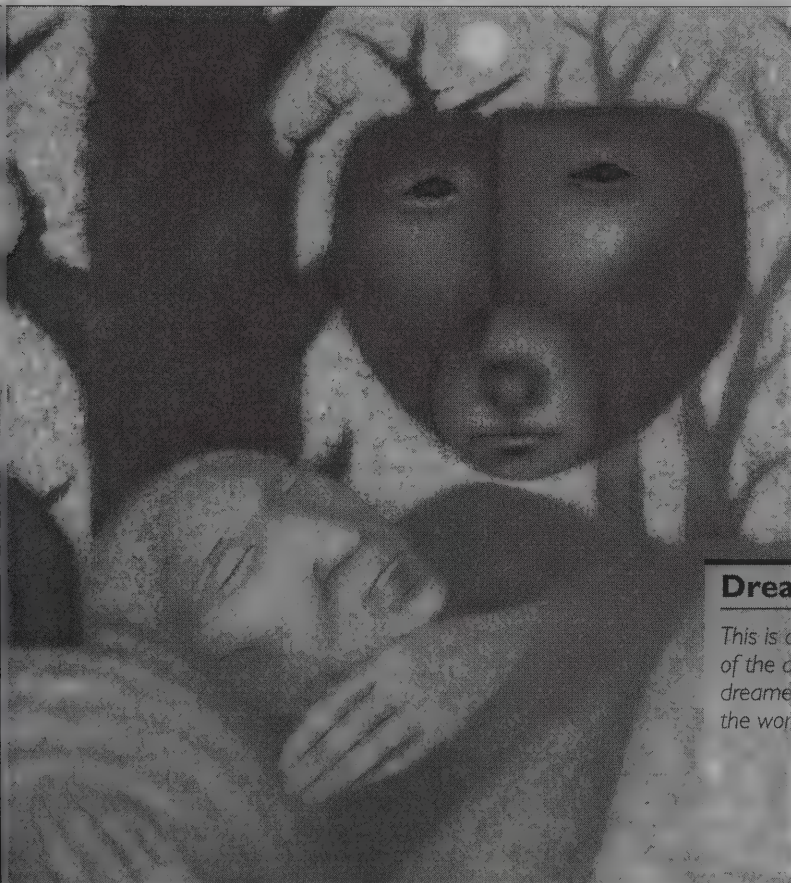
Thea K. Dunn, Editor.
\$18/year (6 issues)
from 221 Wychwood
Road, Westfield, NJ
07090; 908/654-6600

Dreams

This is a wonderful postcard collection of the magical images of the artist Lee Lawson. All these new works, images of dreamers dreaming, take us deeply into the world behind the world, into another realm. —Martin Dunne

Dreams

(A Folio of Twelve Postcards)
Lee Lawson. Catalog No. 256
\$5 (\$8.95 postpaid) from Pomegranate Publications,
PO Box 6099, Rohnert Park, CA 94927; 800/227-1428



A History of Private Life, Volume II: Revelations of the Medieval World

This book is a fascinating account of the walls that people attempted to construct between their lives and the social institutions that struggled to control them, early in this millennium. Using surviving texts, artwork and physical artifacts, the authors document the resistance with which medieval humanity met this intrusion, as well as the apparently contradictory impulse toward realism in artistic expression.

Conventional histories tend to portray the Middle Ages as a time of rigid social hierarchy and firm belief in the Divine. This book is different. It walks into the garden, the bedroom and the bathroom in order to reconstruct the selves that people lived at home, in their privacy.

—Carmen Hermsillo



A History of Private Life
(Vol. II: Revelations of the Medieval World)
Georges Duby, Editor. 1993; 672 pp.
ISBN 0-674-40001-1
\$18.95 (\$21.95 postpaid) from
Harvard University Press, Customer
Service, 79 Garden Street, Cambridge, MA
02138; 800/448-2242



Antonello da Messina, Saint Jerome in His Study, 1475. A model for intellectuals: bookshelves, a quiet, spacious study, a place to think and experiment — everything that humanist merchants wanted for their studies and reading rooms, where they wrote their memoirs and prepared their correspondence.

■ The cornerstone of the system of values that governed behavior in the noble household was a precept derived from Scripture: women, being the weaker sex and more prone to sin, had to be held in check. The first duty of the head of the household was to watch over, punish, and if necessary kill his wife, sisters, and daughters, as well as

the widows and orphans of his brothers, cousins, and vassals. Since females were dangerous, patriarchal power over them was reinforced. They were kept under lock and key in the most isolated part of the house: the *chambre des dames* was not a place for seduction or amusement but a kind of prison, in which women were incarcerated because men feared them.

Minding the Body

When I was a kid, our dad wouldn't let us have dessert unless he could see a space between our chubby adolescent thighs. No space, no fruitcake. We learned to hate sweets. It was a joke to dad, but the importance of space between thighs, firm breasts, and flat tummies wasn't lost on us. The nineteen stories and essays in **Minding the Body** read like the armchair travel of the physical and emotional territory of the female body — a pay-as-you-go journey through the sticky, steamy, aromatic lands of anorexia, bulging thighs, aging, infertility, sexuality, disease and disfigurement. Terribly interesting, frighteningly frank, funny and real. —Laurie Wagner

■ He said, I won't have one of those things in the house. It gives a young girl a false notion of beauty, not to mention anatomy. If a real woman was built like that she'd fall on her face.

She said, If we don't let her have one like all the other girls she'll feel singled out. It'll

become an issue. She'll long for one and she'll long to turn into one. Repression breeds sublimation. You know that.

He said, It's not just the pointy plastic tits, it's the wardrobes. The wardrobes and that stupid male doll, what's his name, the one with the underwear glued on.

She said, Better to get it over with when she's young. He said, All right, but don't let me see it.

She came whizzing down the stairs, thrown like a dart. She was stark naked. Her hair had been chopped off, her head was turned back to front, she was missing some toes and she'd been tattooed all over her body with purple ink in a scrollwork design. She hit the potted azalea, trembled there for a moment like a botched angel, and fell.

He said, I guess we're safe.

■ Not surprisingly, I viewed sex as my salvation. I was sure that if only I could get someone to sleep with me, it would mean that I wasn't ugly, that I was an attractive person, a lovable person. It would not be hard to guess where this line of reasoning



Minding the Body
(Women Writers on Body and Soul)
Patricia Foster, Editor. Doubleday & Co.,
1994; 321 pp. ISBN 0-385-47022-3
\$21.95 (\$24.45 postpaid) from Bantam,
Doubleday, Dell, Fulfillment Dept.,
2451 S. Wolf Road, Des Plaines, IL
60018; 800/323-9872

led me, which was into the beds of a few manipulative men who liked themselves even less than they liked me, and I in turn left each short-term affair hating myself, obscenely sure that if only I had been prettier it would have worked, he would have loved me and it would have been like those other love affairs that I was certain 'normal' women had all the time.

Enterprising Women

Skim the overgeneralized description of the composite female entrepreneur that opens this book and cut to the chase: one hundred pithy portraits of women achievers in action. We've all heard of Mrs. Fields and Mary Kay, Jenny Craig and Donna Karan, but what about Vinita Gupta of Digital Link, Mary Madden of Information America, Gail Koff of Jacoby & Meyers, and June Morris of Morris Airlines? The prose is a bit breathy and PR-ish, but the facts speak for themselves, and the cumulative effect is impressive. —Reva Basch

Sandra L. Kurtzig



[Sandra Kurtzig of The ASK Group]

Kurtzig has always been cash-conscious. Initially, she stashed all her business funds in a shoe box in her closet. If there was more money in the shoe box at the end of the month than at the beginning, her company made a profit. The Silicon Valley venture capitalists would not contribute to her shoe box so Kurtzig had to launch ASK on retained earnings alone.

Enterprising Women

(Lessons from 100 of the Greatest Entrepreneurs of Our Day)

A. David Silver. 1994; 318 pp.

ISBN 0-8144-0226-7

\$21.95 (\$25.70 postpaid) from AMACOM Books, PO Box 319, Saranac Lake, NY 12983; 800/262-9699

Sandy Chilewich and Kathy Moskal

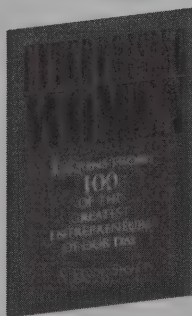


[Sandy Chilewich and Kathy Moskal of HUE, Inc.]

It all began over a glass of wine. Kathy pulled out a pair of black Chinese slippers she had picked up in Chinatown, and they both thought how nice it would be if the slippers came in different colors. That was all it took for this dynamic duo. Moskal remembers: "I had the Clorox and Sandy had the dye." They bleached and dyed a couple of pair of shoes, and when they wore them to the next building meeting, they met with an overwhelming response. Everyone wanted to know where they got those shoes. When one tenant said, "If you make them I'll sell them for you," they both knew that they were on to something.

A thirty-seven-year-old entrepreneur and the forty-two-year-old former corporate manager that she selects are bound to have different views of life. An entrepreneur is more likely to have few assets, live in the city, and drive a European car. The manager has a house in the suburbs and other assets, and drives an American car. They vote differently and have different opinions on marijuana, politics, premarital sex, music, and the use of their leisure time.

The unifying factor is that both members of the team want to build a successful company. The manager's goals are perhaps more capital gains oriented, while the entrepreneur's goal is to do some one thing extremely well. But the partners need each other for several important reasons, the chief of which are: (1) Entrepreneurs need managers around to direct their talents, focus their energies, and orchestrate the increasing number of employees and departments; (2) managers need energetic, innovative, imaginative entrepreneurs to provide them with growing companies to which they can apply their managerial talents.

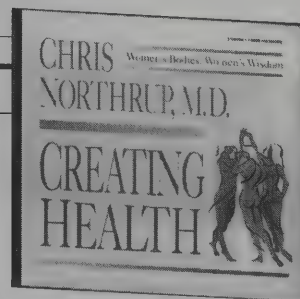


Creating Health

Dr. Chris Northrup blends her extensive medical knowledge with an effective mind-body approach in this program for gaining health and wellness. In her five cassettes she speaks of menopause, PMS, sex drive, kundalini, and many other areas of interest to those who want to achieve wellness through natural means. Northrup believes that the body knows naturally what is best for it, that it knows naturally how to heal. We need to learn to tune into that inner resource of intuitive wisdom. —Evalyn Moore

Session Highlights:

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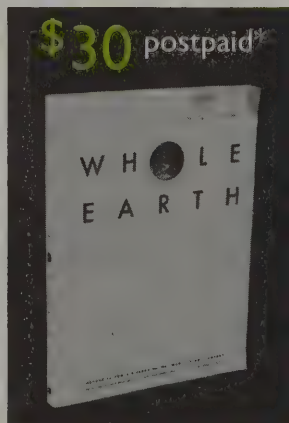
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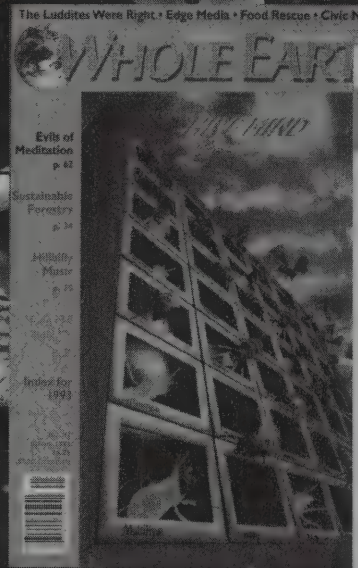
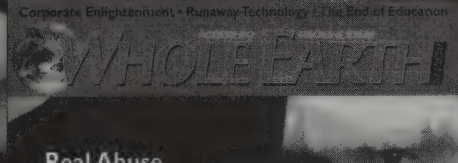
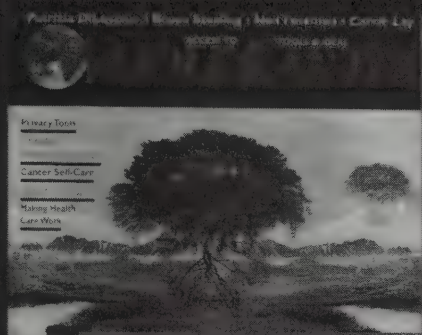
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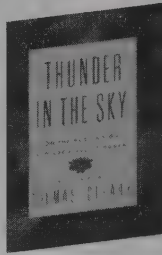
Thunder in the Sky

Shambhala Publications is celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary with some excellent new releases. This one is the first translation of two 2,500-year-old Taoist texts, secret classics in the Chinese arts of strategy and leadership. It's a profound and practical book, and its keen insights into relations of power make sense in everyday life. —Haci Horvath

The reason why the wise and the good do not go even where they are repeatedly invited, hardly advance and easily withdraw, is not that they are so concerned about themselves that they will not die for the public good; it is just that they fear exercising utmost loyalty yet not being trusted by leaders.

Those who know themselves to have talent and perception are outwardly respectful and conscientious; thus inwardly they have no anxieties, their relationship to the masses is correct and not contemptuous. Treated familiarly, they are all the more dignified; alienate them and they leave, yet without resentment. In desperation and danger, they ease their minds by accepting it as fate; in glory and success, they correct themselves by means of the Way. There are those who appear to be wise, and sound as if they are wise, but on examination of their spirit and perception, they may disappoint expectation.

As for people who actually are wise, when they are in office they criticize and command, and when out of office they maintain silence. At work, they are diligent and competent; at home, they are frugal and reserved. When they are not employed in public service, they conceal themselves among the masses, conceal their perception in their eyes, conceal their words in their mouths. Eating to their fill, they walk in peace, taking care of themselves as best they can in private, upright and unembittered.



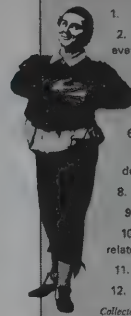
Thunder in the Sky

(Secrets on the Acquisition and Exercise of Power)

Thomas Cleary, Translator. 1993; 161 pp. ISBN 1-57062-027-X \$10 (\$13 postpaid) from Shambhala Publications, Order Dept., PO Box 308, Boston, MA 02117-0308; 617/424-0228

TWELVE WARNING SIGNS OF HEALTH

1. Persistent presence of support network.
2. Chronic positive expectations; tendency to frame events in a constructive light.
3. Episodic peak experiences.
4. Sense of spiritual involvement.
5. Increased sensitivity.
6. Tendency to adapt to changing conditions.
7. Rapid response and recovery of adrenalin system due to repeated challenges.
8. Increased appetite for physical activity.
9. Tendency to identify and communicate feelings.
10. Repeated episodes of gratitude, generosity or related emotions.
11. Compulsion to contribute to society.
12. Persistent sense of humor.



Collected from a bulletin board in Waldport, Oregon—no author's name given.

Sounds True

• New Dimensions

Listening to the right tape-recorded talk by the right wise person at the right time can change your life.

I'm one of those people who always keeps a stack of cassette tapes of lectures and workshops in my car and on my bedside table so I can spend a few moments inside somebody else's mind whenever I have a few spare minutes. These catalogs are two of my favorite places to find interesting tapes. They cover similar terrain: self-help, psychology, spirituality, new science, creativity, healing, awareness.

Sounds True specializes in taped workshop presentations and carries many longer programs (two to six cassettes) as well as a good selection of one-cassette packages. Representative workshop leaders in their current catalog include Matthew Fox, Stephen Levine, Alice Walker and Ram Dass.

Passionate Enlightenment

The role of women in the history of Tantric Buddhism is poorly understood. And small wonder: beyond the systematic erasure of women's history by nearly every culture worldwide, text after scholarly text has proclaimed Buddhism's inherent male-centeredness. Miranda Shaw argues that, in fact, some of early tantra's most creative and influential adepts were women, and that they were never meant to be men's tools in attaining spiritual power. Breaking the years' accretion of male-dominant interpretations, *Passionate Enlightenment* is a beautiful, genuinely useful book that brings long-needed balance to tantric study. —Haci Horvath

Identification with divine female role models gave women an unassailable basis for self-confidence, namely, the "divine pride" that comes from awakening one's innate divinity. The presence of divine female exemplars who openly rejoice in their femaleness, free from shame and fear, seems to have empowered women to speak the truth fearlessly, to be physically and men-

tally adventurous, and to be argumentative and aggressive when it suited them. In the Tantric biographies, women freely and without apology reprimand men who need to be recalled to a direct vision of reality, by challenging his prejudices, shattering a cherished illusion, or puncturing an inflated self-image. Women's sense of freedom from male authority in this movement was reinforced by the fact that women were not dependent upon male approval for religious advancement either in theory or in practice. There was no male clerical body to bar their way and no promise of metaphysical gain by submission to male authority. Women could pursue Tantric apprenticeships on their own initiative. They needed only to be accepted by a guru, and that guru might be male or female.

Tantric Buddhist women's absence of fear and submissiveness is consistent with the nature of Tantric partnerships. The women did not need to seek relationships with men in order to gain self-approval, maintain their social respectability, or uphold the moral order. Psychologically this freed a woman to undertake relationships solely for her own enlightenment. Unlike ar-

anged marriages, Tantric relationships were voluntary. Their basis was a passionate commitment to the same religious goals and ideals. A woman sought companionship for one reason: to achieve the religious ideals of complementarity and harmony that could be perfected in such a relationship. The woman's spirituality could nurture that of a man, but this was not the focus of her religious life, which was her own enlightenment.



Passionate Enlightenment

Miranda Shaw. Princeton University Press, 1994; 291 pp. ISBN 0-691-03380-3 \$29.95 (\$32.95 postpaid) from California/Princeton Fulfillment Services, 1445 Lower Ferry Road, Ewing, NJ 08618; 800/777-4726

By Words
the Spirit
Is Elated.

**Sounds True
Audio:** Catalog
free from 735
Walnut Street,
Boulder, CO
80302; 800/333-
9185.

**New Dimensions
Radio and Tapes:**
Catalog free. Member-
ship \$35/year (includes
quarterly magazine)
from PO Box 410510,
San Francisco, CA
94141-0510;
415/563-8899.

New Dimensions features mostly hour-long interviews (with many of the same people) from the show they do for National Public Radio. Current titles feature Joan Borysenko, Joseph Campbell, Terence McKenna, Jack Kornfield, and Brother David Steindl-Rast. The New Dimensions folks publish an excellent quarterly newsletter as well.
—Tom Ferguson, M.D.

Mastery

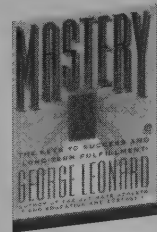
This small book packs a big wallop. It helps you realize that the failures and frustrations inherent in leading a life of action are really only steps along the way to mastery of a chosen skill. You don't lose unless you quit. In fact, Leonard proposes that it's during the times when you're making the least progress that you're learning the most.
—Charlotte Hatch

• Goals and contingencies, as I've said, are important. But they exist in the future and the past, beyond the pale of the sensory realm. Practice, the path of mastery, exists only in the present. You can see it, hear it, smell it, feel it. To love the plateau is to love the eternal now, to enjoy the inevitable spurts of progress and the fruits of accomplishment, then serenely to accept the new plateau that waits just beyond them. To love the plateau is to love what is most essential and enduring in your life.

■ Life is filled with opportunities for practicing the inexorable, unhurried rhythm of mastery, which focuses on process rather than product, yet which, paradoxically, often ends up creating more and better products in shorter time than does the hurried, excessively goal-oriented rhythm that has become standard in our society. Making this rhythm habitual takes practice. The canister vacuum cleaner is a particularly fiendish teacher in the quest of mastery of the commonplace. The snakelike vacuum tube and long power cord seem specifically designed to snag on every available object

in the room. The canister seems obstinately determined either to bump into or get hung up on every piece of furniture. The attachment connected to the vacuum tube invariably seems the wrong one for the next task at hand. The power cord reaches its limit and has to be replugged at the most inconvenient moments.

Those of you who have managed to avoid vacuuming don't know what you're missing: an onerous chore, yes, but also a fine opportunity — no less taxing than balancing your books or getting the footnotes straight on your dissertation or working out a kink in your golf swing — for practicing some of the skills you'll need on the path. The person who can vacuum an entire house without once losing his or her composure, staying balanced, centered, and focused on the process rather than pressing impatiently for completion, is a person who knows something about mastery.



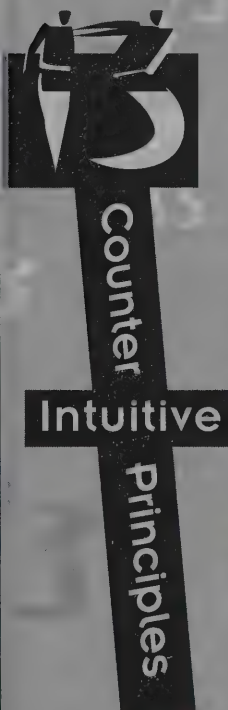
Mastery

George Leonard. Plume Books, 1991;
176 pp. ISBN 0-452-26756-0
\$8 (\$10 postpaid) from Penguin USA,
Consumer Sales, 120 Woodbine Street,
Bergenfield, NJ 07621; 800/253-6476

- 1 Power is born of relaxation.
- 2 Concentration is not an effort.
- 3 Don't work hard. Work easy.
- 4 Practice mentally for physical activities.
- 5 Practice physically for mental activities.
- 6 The greatest learning occurs when you're practicing diligently and seem to be getting nowhere.
- 7 You're likely to make the most progress by practicing not to make progress but simply for the sake of practice.
- 8 A person not on the path of mastery practices in order to achieve

- 9 goals. The people we know as masters have goals in order to enhance their practice.
- 10 Goals are transient. Practice is forever.
- 11 Resistance to change, whether for the worse or better, is a natural tendency of any self-regulating organism.
- 12 Your resistance to change is likely to reach its peak when significant change is imminent.
- 13 Transformation sometimes comes on the winds of grace.
- 14 To raise your sails into the winds of grace is a personal choice.

©George Leonard





Dino Park Tycoon

This program will give you a chance to run a business — a dinosaur park business. The first time I played I didn't have enough money to pay my employees so they all walked out. In this way it is like life, man. When you start off, the bank gives you a loan of \$5000 to buy a dinosaur, dinosaur food, land and fencing. Also I got to hire employees. Who knows, you might become a tycoon or a pauper. —Samuel Medina (age eleven)

Dino Park Tycoon

MECC. 1993; Macintosh System 6.0.7 or higher, 2MB RAM with color display, 4MB RAM for System 7. IBM 386 or higher, DOS 5.0, 1 MB RAM, VGA or VGSA color monitor, mouse. \$59.95 (\$63.95 postpaid) from MECC, 6160 Summit Drive, Minneapolis, MN 55430; 800/685-6322

Kids Shenanigans

This is a fantastic book! It teaches you to do sneaky things you've always wanted to do! If you've ever wanted to sneak around the house without being heard, fake a sneeze, fake a fart with a whoopie cushion, or how to do gymnastics with your tongue, then this is the right book for you. —Caitlin Gibb and Shannon Hottinger (both age eleven)

Tennis Ball Launcher

You'll need a basketball and a tennis ball. Stack them as shown and drop carefully, making sure you're out of the way. The tennis ball will shoot straight up; the basketball will stop dead.

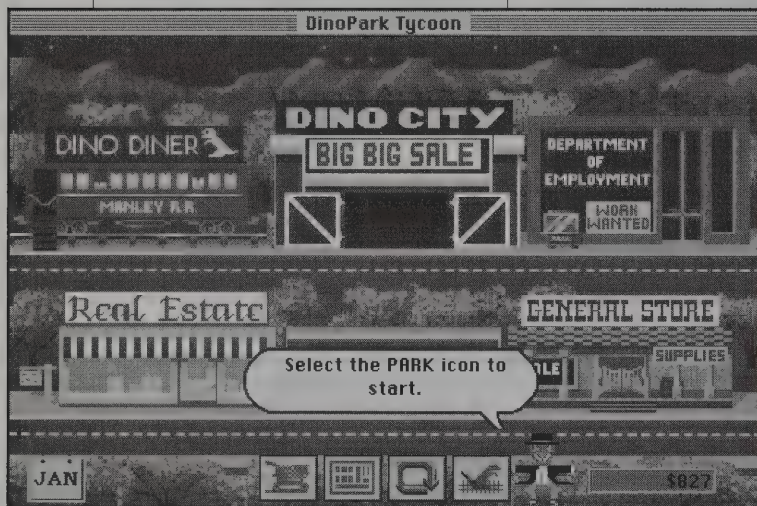
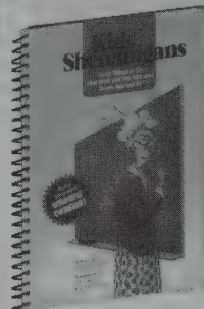
You can do the same thing, with even more impressive results, with a ping pong ball and a super ball (a super ball is one of those super bouncy rubber balls). If the super ball is as large as a tennis ball, place the ping pong ball on top of it and let the two of them go. Don't forget to stand back.

Kids Shenanigans

(Great Things to Do That Mom and Dad Will Just Barely Approve Of)

Klutz Press, editors. 1992; 70 pp. ISBN 1-878257-41-2

\$13.95 (\$17.45 postpaid) from Klutz Press, 2121 Staunton Court, Palo Alto, CA 94306; 415/857-0888



Earth-Friendly Toys

It's been raining for days and you and the kids have run out of new ideas for mutual distraction. Well, here's a little gem that can serve you well, rain or shine. Inside, you will find ideas for dozens of toys made entirely from things you will certainly have

lying around in the recycle bin. From a simple — yet graceful! — paper airplane to masks and homemade puzzles, these toys can be made by kids and adults of all ages in just a few minutes. And the best part is that, when the "new" toys have become old and are tossed aside, they can land right back in the recycling bin from whence they came.

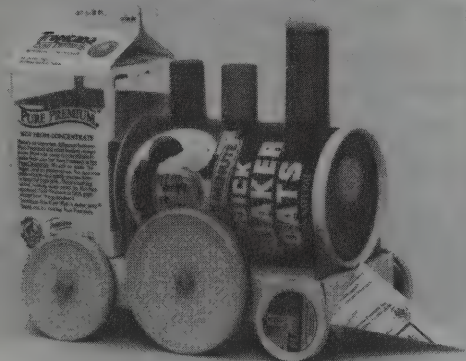
—Betsy Ruth



Earth-Friendly Toys

(How to Make Fabulous Toys and Games from Reusable Objects)

George Pfiffner. 1994; 128 pp. ISBN 0-471-00822-2 \$12.95 postpaid from John Wiley & Sons, Inc., 1 Wiley Dr., Somerset, NJ 08875; 800/225-5945



You Need

- one facial-tissue box, 10 x 4 1/2 x 3 inches (25.4 x 11.4 x 7.6 cm)
- two 12-ounce (355-ml) peanut containers with plastic lids (these must be the kind of containers that have metal bottoms and cardboard sides)
- two 6 1/2-ounce (200-ml) peanut containers with plastic lids
- two plastic and metal lids from 8-ounce (235-ml) peanut jars
- three 6-inch (15.2-cm) bamboo shish-kebab skewers
- two soft pink-rubber erasers
- one 18-ounce (510-g) round oatmeal carton
- two 1/2-gallon (2-liter) milk or juice cartons

Zlata's Diary

This book tells the story of Zlata and her family going through the war in Sarajevo. The way she describes how the shells just hit, and how she spent so much time during the war in her basement with her mom and dad, whenever they heard the soldiers dropping the shells, really made me feel like I was right there with her. Laugh, cry and have fun with Zlata, her family, and her friends. I believe this is a fantastic book for age seven and up!

—Bridget Sumser (age eleven)

Sunday, April 5, 1992

Dear Mimmy,

I am trying to concentrate so that I can do my homework (reading), but I simply can't. Something is going on in town. You can hear gunfire from the hills. Columns of people are spreading out from Dobrinja.

They're trying to stop something but they themselves don't know what. You can simply feel that something is coming, something very bad. On TV I see people in front of the B-H parliament building. The radio keeps playing the same song: "Sarajevo, My Love." That's all very nice, but my stomach is still in knots and I can't concentrate on my homework.

Zlata's Diary

(A Child's Life in Sarajevo)

Zlata Filipovic. Viking, 1994; 200 pp.

ISBN 0-670-85724-6

\$16.95 (\$18.95 postpaid) from Penguin

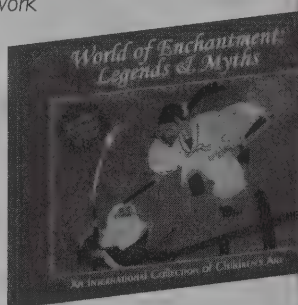
USA, Consumer Sales, 120 Woodbine

Street, Bergenfield, NJ 07621; 800/253-6476

World of Enchantment: Legends and Myths

An interesting book in which teenagers got together and made a book of beautiful paintings by kids and collected by Paintbrush Diplomacy. Children of all ages will enjoy these pictures! The Junior Publishers program teaches kids fourteen to eighteen how to edit books and work together as publishers.

—Caitlin Gibb (age eleven)



World of Enchantment: Legends and Myths

(An International Collection
of Children's Art)

Junior Publishers Program, 1993;

69 pp. ISBN 0-935701-68-0

\$9.95 (\$14.45 postpaid) from Foghorn

Press, 555 De Haro Street #220, San

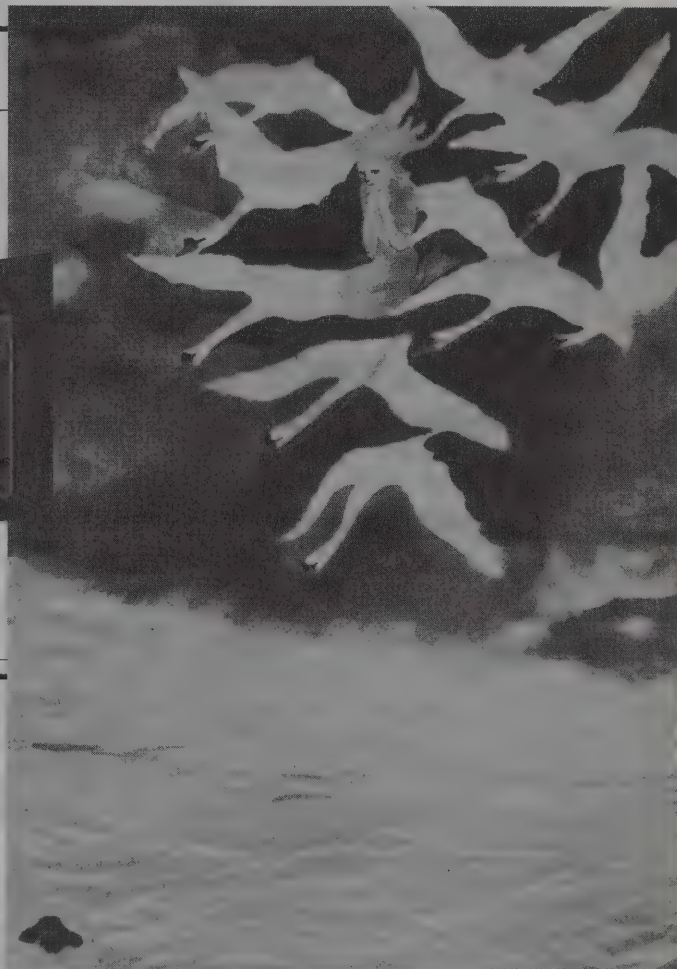
Francisco, CA 94107; 800-FOGHORN

Paintbrush Diplomacy

It's simple. Kids send original artwork and letters to other kids — all over the world — to foster international communication and understanding. It works. Now in its twenty-second year, Paintbrush Diplomacy involves over 14,000 children in eighty countries, and draws from a permanent collection of 3,500 paintings for traveling exhibitions and publications. The current theme is "the Global Family" and the current dream is to establish the first international children's art gallery in the US.

—Daniel Greenberg

Publications for sale by Paintbrush Diplomacy include **The Natural Environment, Your Community and You**, an "interdisciplinary curriculum with a global and local perspective" for students in the first grade through high school.



Paintbrush Diplomacy:

A limited number of copies of *The Natural Environment, Your Community and You* are available from 1717 17th Street, San Francisco, CA 94103; 415/255-7478, fax 415/255-7479.

Michael Tan, Age 15, USA
The Wild Swans

It's the Plutonium Economy,

Meet the diplodocus of Cold War technologies: a plan to reprocess the nuclear waste from Japan's nearly fifty reactors, extract the plutonium, and use it to fire Fast Breeder Reactors.



"Monju says,
'Don't misuse
my name!'"

(Monju [Manjusri]
is the Wisdom Bodhisattva.

"Monju" is also the name given to
the prototype fast breeder reactor.)



Stupid

A CONVERSATION WITH MAYUMI ODA

Mayumi Oda is an internationally known artist with permanent collections in New York's Museum of Modern Art and the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, and more than a hundred one-woman shows.

She is also a Buddhist and a gentle, persistent, unwavering activist and a founder of Plutonium-Free Future and Rainbow Serpent (see p. 74). David Chadwick and Alex Steffen conducted this interview.

David Chadwick is a born wanderer, an ordained Zen priest, and the author of Thank You and OK: An American Zen Failure In Japan (see p. 84). He assembled this issue's lightning tour of Japan with the help of ex-Japan Times reporter Alex Steffen.

David is currently writing a biography of Shunryu Suzuki-Roshi. If you have pertinent information to share, please contact him through Whole Earth Review.

—Ruth Kissane

Alex Steffen: Why should people outside Japan be concerned about the prospect of plutonium-based reactors there?

Mayumi Oda: For two reasons. One is that this technology is crude and dangerous. But also, by stockpiling plutonium for nuclear energy production, Japan is keeping the ability to develop nuclear weapons, and that's promoting a nuclear arms race in Asia.

AS: What's the rationale being put forward in Japan to sell the plutonium economy?

MO: They call it "dream-energy," because we can become energy-independent.

AS: And that's considered Japan's economic weak point — its reliance on foreign oil?

MO: Exactly. And for nuclear power, we relied on imported uranium. We were very fearful of not having enough domestic energy sources, and they thought this would become a domestic energy source.

David Chadwick: Because the reactors make their own fuel.

MO: Yes. This was at the time that enriched uranium was very expensive. Then the world economy changed and the Cold War ended; there was a glut of uranium, so the price went down. . . . But they still think that this is the future for energy. Although now it looks like it'd take ninety years to breed and double the amount of plutonium — and the lifetime of a reactor is only thirty years. So it would take three reactors to make enough plutonium for a new one. And the decommissioning costs of those plants alone makes the whole thing not worth it.

AS: So why stick with it?

MO: Well, partly it's just the inertia in the government, but also there are some other reasons. You see, Japan was late in becoming an industrial country, and we still have this myth of technology — it's like a religion — and somehow hard, technological

energy is better than energy coming from, say, a wind generator. That's the reason, I think, that they called [the prototype breeder reactor] Monju — Monju is the bodhisattva of wisdom.

DC: David Kubiak* says that there's a guaranteed 8 percent return on investment in energy — so there's a lot of profit to be made regardless of the cost-effectiveness to the nation.

MO: Yes, I think that is so. And no faction in the Diet [legislature] opposes it.

DC: I hear one problem is that Japan has strong local groups, but not good national groups.

MO: Very true. The reason is that we don't have money and resources to fund antinuclear work. We don't have the same legal concept of nonprofits, and we don't have the foundations to fund them. So what we're trying to do is make a national network.

AS: Do you think public opinion has changed since the international controversy around Monju and the shipments back from Europe?

MO: Oh, absolutely. The people didn't know anything about plutonium. They had no concept of the danger. They thought plutonium was great — you know, Pluto Boy [the nuclear industry's animated-cartoon "mascot"] — he's so cute: he can't be dangerous. But the shipment was a catalyst. There was enormous publicity outside Japan, and people saw this, and suddenly many people began to have questions.

The people who live near Wakasa Bay knew. They live with fifteen reactors within a thirty-five-mile radius. They study about it. But the other people would rather not know about it. Their attitude was, Why do you tell us all these uncomfortable things without telling us the solu-

* David Kubiak is a contributing editor to *Kyoto Journal*, a longtime resident of Japan, a well-known activist and hellraiser whose mission is essentially subversive.

tion? But I say: Listen, you have to work for the solution. We can be quite effective, even within the Japanese government, which is not so democratic.

A promising sign is that the nuclear industry relied on secrecy. But now that the communication system is opened up, it's very hard for them to keep a secret. They thought they could ship the plutonium without the world

knowing it. But something like 400 press people showed up at Cherbourg when the ship left and Japanese TV news followed the trucks by helicopter to the plant.

DC: What about the link to nuclear weapons?

MO: The nuclear industry has built a myth that nuclear energy is very different from nuclear armaments. For example, last April, the Japanese Atomic Industry Forum held a conference in

Hiroshima to promote nuclear power and advocate the abolishment of nuclear weapons. But the two are absolutely inseparable to my mind. They go together as part of a military-industrial complex.

DC: So what's being done?

MO: Generally people don't like nuclear power at all, even though the Japanese government has spent an enormous amount of money to promote the idea of how safe it is and what a bright future it offers. The Big Five newspapers just aren't reporting

the actual story. Since it is national policy, it's really difficult to fight. There's a lot of pressure from government, a lot of censorship. We have to release the true information. Many groups are doing that, and they're getting linked up now — not just within Japan but internationally.

What we have to do, in addition to making the Japanese people aware of their government's crazy plutonium policies, is to get the word out on alternative energies and conservation, how it is cheap and ready to go. If we put real investment in this direction, we wouldn't need plutonium at all. ☛

We have to release the true information. Many groups are doing that, and they're getting linked up now not just within Japan but internationally.

RENUNCIATION OF WAR

(from Japan's Constitution)

ARTICLE 9. Aspiring sincerely to an international peace based on justice and order, the Japanese people forever renounce war as a sovereign right of the nation and the threat or use of force as a means of settling international disputes.

In order to accomplish the aim of the preceding paragraph, land, sea, and air forces, as well as other war potential, will never be maintained. The right of belligerence of the state will not be recognized.

Japan's Powerful "Self-Defense Forces" (SDF)

Active Duty Personnel	247,000
Reserve Personnel	48,000

Ground SDF

Personnel	156,000
Infantry Divisions	12
Tank Divisions	1
Tanks	1,200
Artillery Tubes	800
Rocket Launchers	70
Attack Helicopters	40

Maritime SDF

Personnel	44,000
Tonnage	242,000
Destroyers	65
Helicopters	104
Submarines	15
Patrol/Mine Craft	61
Amphibious Transports	6
Patrol/Anti-Sub Aircraft	90

Air SDF

Personnel	46,000
F-15 Fighters	120
F-4 Fighters	130
F-1 Bombers	70

Japan is second only to the US in military expenditures, with nearly forty billion dollars spent last year, according to the International Institute for Strategic Studies (23 Tavistock Street, London WC2E 7NQ, UK).

This chart is from the *Defense Monitor* (Vol. XIX, No. 6, 1990) — the publication of the Center for Defense Information.

Started by retired ranking military officers eighteen years ago, the CDI has been a powerful voice for sane defense policies. Look for "America's Defense Monitor," a TV program carried on various PBS stations around the country.

A \$35 contribution will bring roughly ten issues of *Defense Monitor* to your mailbox. The CDI also publishes factsheets, op-ed articles and press releases on security issues. —David Chadwick

CDI: 1500 Massachusetts Avenue NW, Washington DC 20005; 202/862-0700 (fax 202/862-0708).

We've heard reports of nuclear weapons programs in China and North Korea. We've also heard rumbling of potential programs in Japan and South Korea. What is your sense of the nuclear weapons situation in Asia?



AS LONG as the nuclear powers send the clear signal to other nations that the weapons they possess are sources of national power, of prestige, of military value, other nations in the world then, not excluding Asia, are going to insist on having nuclear weapons of their own. The only way to prevent a nuclear arms race in Asia and elsewhere in the world is for the nuclear states to lead the way to mutual and complete nuclear disarmament.

—Rear Admiral Eugene Carroll, Director, Center for Defense Information



THERE IS a debate over whether it would be wise for Japan to forswear nuclear weapons indefinitely if North Korea acquires nuclear capability.

—Japanese Foreign Ministry statement (*Mainichi Shinbun*, 3 July 1993)



PRIME MINISTER Hata has just this June (1994) officially admitted that Japan is capable of making nuclear weapons although it doesn't plan to make them. Other Asian countries are going to plan

their nuclear futures according to capability, not stated intent.

—Aileen Miyoko Smith, of *Stop the Monju (Kyoto)*



THE PRODUCTION of high-purity plutonium cannot be justified as a response to the country's chronic energy shortage. Rather, it is a clear step toward the production of tactical nuclear weapons.

—Atshushi Tsuchida, physicist (see *The Nuclear Arming of Japan*, p. 74)



THE NUCLEAR situation in Asia is very dangerous and it is exacerbated by Japan's free-wheeling with plutonium. . . . Whether North Korea has nuclear weapons or not is important, but Japan's management of plutonium and the unknown direction of Japan's politics and policies creates a frightening specter threatening stability and the hopes of a lasting peace in Asia. The IAEA should pay more attention to Japan's management of plutonium.

—Mitsuhiko Tanaka, nuclear engineer and science writer

NUCLEAR WEAPONS are a political tool that Asia wants to use just like the Western countries do. Since the cold war has ended, everyone's looking for what the new rules are.

—Kenji Muro



IN TERMS of potential, Japan is capable of quickly developing nuclear weapons any time if they want to. . . . The nuclear powers will have to destroy all their nuclear weapons. Otherwise Japan, North and South Korea and others will develop them, too.

—Shin Yoshifuku, translator and writer



US, RUSSIAN, Chinese nuclear threat: "I exist, therefore I target." North Korea's nuclear threat: "I exist, therefore I threaten." South Korea's nuclear threat: "I exist, therefore I rely on the US."

—Peter Hayes, co-founder of the *Nautilus Institute* (p. 74)



AS SOUTH KOREA earlier had a sophisticated nuclear weapons program and as Japan has stockpiled plutonium coupled with the techno-

logical capability to build nuclear weapons, the status of the nuclear weapons capability and intentions of those countries must be fully integrated into discussions leading to creation of a Northeast Asia Nuclear-Free Zone. Additionally, the US must announce that it will cease violating the disarmament provisions of the Non-Proliferation Treaty and decisively demonstrate to North Korea and the world that nuclear weapons are not legitimate and must be abolished.

—Tom Clemens, US Coordinator, Greenpeace International's Plutonium Campaign



WHAT IF THOSE crazy fuckers in Pyongyang are willing to live in caves in a nuclear desert if it means taking out their capitalist regional enemies? Frankly, if I were Korean or Japanese, I would seriously question the will of the US to endanger itself to defend two major economic rivals. They don't have any oil, and smoldering ruins in NE Asia may serve "US interests" more than defending them.

—Jeffrey Shappard, founder of the *Tokyo computer network TWICS*.



IT'S BASICALLY a penis-envy thing, I think.

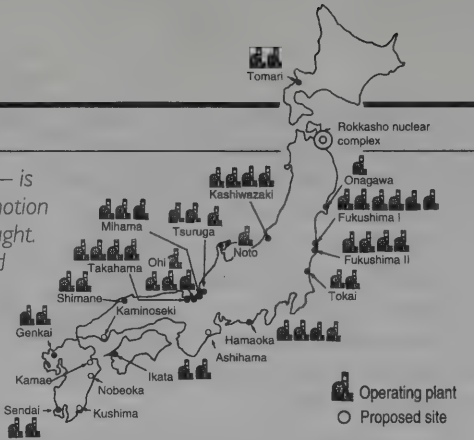
—David Kubiak, contributing editor, *Kyoto Journal*

Earth Ship

Japanese artists Mayumi Oda and Kazuaki Tanahashi, and perennial Bay Area anti-nuclear and environmental activist Claire Greensfelder have teamed up with some friends to try to stop the world from plutoniuming itself to death. For a group of people who would rather be dancing, this publication — a collaborative effort of Plutonium Free

Future and Rainbow Serpent — is surprisingly short on excess emotion and long on concise, clear thought. PFF is a group of Japanese and US citizens trying to change the rotation of the earth toward a no-nuke, safe, renewable-energy future. Rainbow Serpent is by and for the sisters everywhere who care about these things. Give them a \$15 donation and they'll keep you informed with this newsletter.

—David Chadwick



Existing nuclear power plants and proposed sites in Japan.

Earth Ship

Contribution \$15/year (includes newsletter)
Plutonium Free Future and Rainbow Serpent,
2018 Shattuck Avenue, Box 140, Berkeley, CA 94704;
510/540-5917, fax 510/540-6159

Nautilus Bulletin

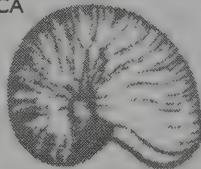
The Nautilus Institute is a public policy organization focused on environmental, economic and security issues in Asia-Pacific. This is a truly sane, sober and well-educated group that works with governments, non-governmental organizations and foundations at the highest levels. They have been focusing on the tense situation in the Korean Peninsula for years and give quite a different story than one gets from KCBS news. The difference is these people go there and speak to the leaders — and with respect. Reading through **Nautilus Bulletins** — about the Koreans, NAFTA, eco-marketing, and missile control — I got a sense that there's a lot more flexibility and possibility for international cooperation and problem solving than I had thought.

Many publications are available through the Nautilus Institute. One can get Nautilus papers, such as "Japan's Plutonium Overhang and Regional Insecurity," which asserts that "the Asia-Pacific region is at a critical crossroads in relation to the spread of weapons of mass destruction."

Nautilus co-founder Peter Hayes says "for more information, readers should consult our email postings. Five new papers have been produced for the Northeast Asia Peace and Security Network. We feel that these papers are extremely relevant to proliferation issues in the region right now." Nautilus papers are free through email and cost between three and seven dollars through snail mail. —David Chadwick

Nautilus Bulletin

Free from Nautilus Institute, 476 Ensenada Avenue, Berkeley, CA
94707; 510/526-9296, fax 510/526-5297, email
npr@igc.apc.org



The Nuclear Arming of Japan

Japanese physicist Atsushi Tsuchida reminds us of the inextricable link between energy and weapons. This one really got my interest up. I used to ask my English students in Japan to try to talk about the nuclear weapons issue without mentioning Hiroshima. They couldn't do it. I felt out of touch with what was happening myself. Here is what we could have talked about. —David Chadwick

When Japan imported a ton of plutonium from France at the end of 1992, it triggered a tactical nuclear weapons race among the nations of Northeast Asia. This is an extremely convenient turn of events for nuclear arms proponents in Japan.

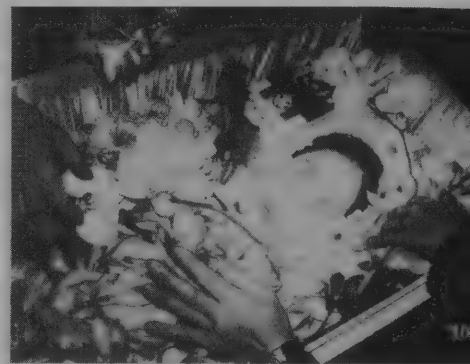
The Nuclear Arming of Japan

(Global Security Study No. 18)
Atsushi Tsuchida. 1994; 10 pp.
\$3.50 postpaid from Nuclear Age Peace Foundation, 1187 Coast Village Road, Suite 123, Santa Barbara, CA 93108;
805/965-3443, fax 805/568-0466

Senchimentaru Tabi: Fuyu No Tabi

In 1989, the year Emperor Hirohito died, photographer Araki Nobuyoshi pioneered the genre of "photo diaries" by publishing **The Year of Heisei**, a record of his daily meanderings through Tokyo's erotic underground. His second book using this format, translated as **Sentimental Journey, Winter's Journey**, is a loving homage to his wife. The book opens with a portfolio of images Araki took during their honeymoon, then jumps to the day his wife is diagnosed with cancer; the book focuses on the month prior to her passage. Certain images recur with increasing foreboding: their cat *Chiro*, the rooftop of Araki's house, a neighborhood signboard of a girl holding a cat, which reminds him of his sick wife. We visit her in the hospital, and finally one photograph — a large white flower blooming in the night — announces her death. The photographs, and Araki as well, must, and do, continue. In the end, this is a powerful, personal statement on

the transitory and fragile nature of life. Very moving. Preface and captions in Japanese. —John Einarsen



Senchimentaru Tabi: Fuyu No Tabi

(Sentimental Journey: Winter's Journey)
Ariki Nobuyoshi. 1991; unpaginated
\$30 postpaid from Kabushiki-giasha Shinchosha, 71 Yakita-cho, Shinjuku-ku, Tokyo 162, Japan

Kyoto Journal

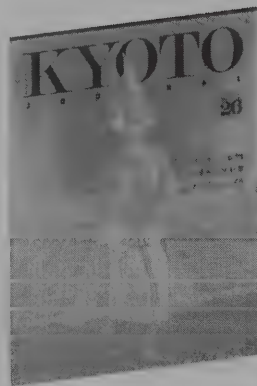
The tri-annual **Kyoto Journal** seeks out "thought-provoking articles on Japan or Asia, is entirely volunteer and pays contributors with a one-year subscription." John Einarsen is both the editor and art director, and both aspects of this superb publication are professionally rendered and delightful to consume. —David Chadwick

Kyoto Journal has recently embarked on publishing one "bookzine" on a special topic a year, included with subscription. The following are some of the previous bookzines that are available:

#22, "The Radicalism of Cultural Continuity," explores the forgotten indigenous peoples of Asia: the Ainu of Japan, the Toraja of Indonesia, the Rukai of Taiwan, the Yi of China. The reading can get depressing: horror stories of genocide in Burma told by Rohingya refugees; the Penan's rain forest home disappearing within the decade due to logging by Mitsubishi and Sumitomo; and Japan's savage colonial era in Korea and China. Also included is a deconstruction of Indonesia's transmigration program, a mass relocation of ethnic Javanese to New Guinea and outlying islands at the expense of the original inhabitants. This much is clear: the world view of indigenous peoples is in conflict with our own, and indigenous peoples are being systematically eradicated.

#25, "The Sacred Mountains of Asia," is much more uplifting. The mountains of Asia were never seen strictly as wilderness, but as ground for arduous spiritual practice. This 156-page volume examines a wide range of traditional practices: pilgrimages to Tibet's Mt. Kailas, the "world mountain"; the marathon

monks of Kyoto's Mt. Hiei, who run one thousand twenty- to thirty-kilometer marathons over a seven-year period; a Korean shaman's initiation rites; the manmade mountain in Shinto; and Gary Snyder on Yamabushi, Japan's mysterious mountain men. Two monochrome photo essays on Himalayan monks and the Yellow Mountains of China will take your breath away. You won't see mountains in the same light after reading this. —Alex Steffen



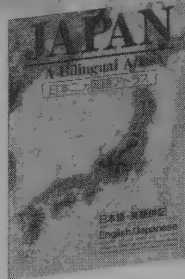
Kyoto Journal
John Einarsen, Editor
\$30/year surface,
\$45/year airmail (3
issues) from 35
Minamigoshō-machi,
Okazaki, Sakyo-ku,
Kyoto 606, Japan; in
North America:
Kampo Cultural
Center, 31 Bond
Street, New York,
NY 10012;
212/228-3063

Japan: A Bilingual Atlas

One of the first obstacles to navigating in Japan is the idiosyncratic nature of Japanese place names. Even for fairly advanced students of Japanese, trying to pronounce the name of a town by reading the Japanese characters can be next to impossible. (Just try asking directions when you can't pronounce your destination.) The farther one wanders from the center of cities in Japan, the less likely it is that one will encounter romanized signs; therefore an accurate, clear, convenient set of bilingual maps is indispensable. The companion volume to Kodansha's bilingual atlas for Tokyo (see review, WER #69) includes useful regional maps, tourist maps of major cities, and transportation maps for all of Japan. —Richard Jaffe



Japan: a Bilingual Atlas
Kodansha International, 1991;
ISBN 4-770-01536-4
\$17 (\$19 postpaid) from Putnam
Publishing Group, Order Dept., PO
Box 506, East Rutherford, NJ 07073;
800/631-8571



How To Take A Japanese Bath

This book is a physical work of art — as it should be, because the Japanese bath is an aesthetic event. To appreciate Japan requires the ability to take a Japanese bath. Some public baths are so extraordinary they are national monuments. This book explains the formalities of bathing as well as the pleasures awaiting the bather. —Michael Phillips



Ease back into the tub and enjoy a good long soak. Feel your body relax and any stress dissipate. Pure bliss!

In Japan, clean and dirty are absolute and irreconcilable notions. Thus the Japanese logic of cleanliness dictates two parts to the bathing ritual: first washing and then soaking. Body washing involves soaping, scrubbing, and rinsing body dirt away. Soaking consists of doing nothing except sitting quietly and enjoying the moment.

Mirror, Sword and Jewel

Kurt Singer, a German economist working among the great bureaucratic bodies of 1930s Japan, wrote one of the most durable and prophetic meditations on that nation's rising on the horizon of international affairs. While addressing the culture with erudite respect, he portrays the single-mindedness and organic self-synchronization of Japan's suited classes with poetry, awe, and contagious foreboding. —David Kubiak

In his everyday existence the Japanese acts, feels, thinks, decides, as if Japan would act through him; if asked to what extent his acts emanate from himself, and to what extent from his group, he would not only be unable to give a rational account but he would also be unwilling to admit the validity of the question. He stands to his group in a relation in which we imagine the life of

a cell stands to the life of an organism; or at the very least, it approximates to that relation in a degree observable in no other civilized nation.



Mirror, Sword and Jewel
(The Geometry of Japanese Life)
Kurt Singer. Kodansha International,
1975; 174 pp. ISBN 0-87011-460-3
\$6.95 (\$8.95 postpaid) from Putnam
Publishing Group, Order Dept., PO
Box 506, East Rutherford, NJ
07073; 800/631-8571



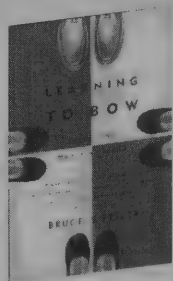
How to Take a Japanese Bath
Leonard Koren. 1992;
36 pp.
ISBN 0-9628137-9-6
\$7.95 (\$9.70 postpaid)
from Stone Bridge
Press, PO Box 8208,
Berkeley, CA 94707;
800/947-7271



Learning To Bow

As an American invited to teach in the Japanese secondary schools for a year, Bruce Feiler is torn between respect and aversion for the system. **Learning To Bow** is a book of interconnected essays that takes you from a laser-tech wedding to the crowded slopes of Mt. Fuji. Feiler transcends the fumbling gaijin stereotype, developing an intimacy with his students, administrators and friends, that he shares eloquently with us. With the addition of colorful historical perspective, this book becomes both a lesson and a holiday. —Melissa White

● The crowd hushed. The master of ceremonies announced into his microphone, "This is the climax." The bride and groom brought down the knife together with all the ardor of an aspiring samurai, and suddenly the stage began to rotate, the cake began to shake, and pink smoke came billowing out from beneath the lowest tier. As the tape-recorded violins soared to the crescendo of "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing," white spotlights drowned the stage and the entire platform began to rise on the shoulders of three hydraulic beams, like a UFO taking flight. I held my breath, thinking for a moment that the cake was going to lift into the air on a web of red and white laser beams. Yet the crowd could contain itself no longer. Roaring their approval, the guests jumped to their feet in riotous applause and swarmed the swiveling cake with an arsenal of flashbulbs and dessert forks. So much for the myth that Japan is a land of understated elegance.

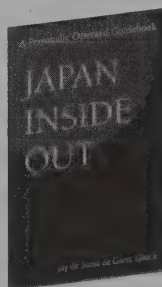


Learning to Bow
Bruce S. Feiler. Ticknor & Fields, 1992; 321 pp.
ISBN 0-395-64726-6
\$10.95 (\$12 postpaid) from Houghton Mifflin Co., Order Dept., Wayside Road, Burlington, MA 01803; 800/225-3362

Japan Inside Out

Jay Gluck came to Kyoto as a student back in 1951. His forty-plus years here, together with those of his wife and son, make the heart and soul of this book. First published in 1964, this latest incarnation was put together by a family who loves to travel, has been to every odd nook and corner of Japan, and has a persistent and limitless curiosity about every aspect of Japanese culture. Hence its advantage over the slick guides put out by large publishers.

Japan Inside Out
Jay Gluck, Sumi Gluck & Garett Gluck. 1992;
1344 pp.
ISBN 4-89360-035-4
\$19 (\$23.50 postpaid) from Weatherhill, Inc., 41 Monroe Turnpike, Trumbull, CT 06611; 800/437-7840



食 喫 寿 生 巴 庫 堂 茶 し ば ー ラ グ 庄

Restaurant (Shokudo) Tea Parlor (Kissa) Sushi Shop (Sushi-ya) Noodlery (Soba-ya) Bar (Bah) Club (Kurabu)

The anecdotes from forty years ago are more than amusing; demonstrating just how much this culture has changed. Another strength of the guide is its emphasis on understanding the history of places. The abbreviated style takes some getting used to, but it was obviously chosen to pack more in. The information is as accurate as can be for ever-changing Japan and includes 135 maps. This is the guidebook to choose, whether for general reference on things Japanese or for traveling around this amazing archipelago on your own. —John Einarsen

Japan: An Illustrated Encyclopedia

This is the first and best English-language reference in which to look up any subject related to Japan. *Japan: An Illustrated Encyclopedia* is a comprehensive two-volume encyclopedia containing much of Kodansha's excellent earlier nine-volume *Encyclopedia of Japan*, updated and condensed. It is packed with both color and black-and-white illustrations, as well as photo essays. —Richard Jaffe



Osaka Castle, with the towers of the Twin 21 buildings behind. In the last several years the area near the castle has become a new business center.

Japan: An Illustrated Encyclopedia
Kodansha International, 1993; ISBN 4-06-931098-3
2-volume set \$250 (\$256.50 postpaid) from Putnam Publishing Group, Order Dept., PO Box 506, East Rutherford, NJ 07073; 800/631-8571

Furyu

Some of us have found the physical and philosophical practice of ancient Japanese budo fascinating and rewarding in all aspects of our lives. Wayne Muramoto shares his and others' explorations of budo in *Furyu*.

This new martial arts magazine does not have a single article about Bruce Lee's life or a new way to use nunchaku. But it does have articles on a variety of traditional martial arts: Shin Shin Toitsu aikido, Matsubayashi Ryu karate, Hontai Yoshin-ryu jujutsu, and Takeuchi-ryu jujutsu. This first issue also has a useful article on how to choose a martial arts dojo for your child.

Furyu features other traditional arts, such as Japanese wood-working and Yagyuyaki ceramics. I particularly enjoyed "Da Buddhahead's page" — the editor's cranky Hawaiian humor is great reading, and cuts right to the point. I'm looking forward to many more issues from this new, honest magazine. —Jennifer Gates

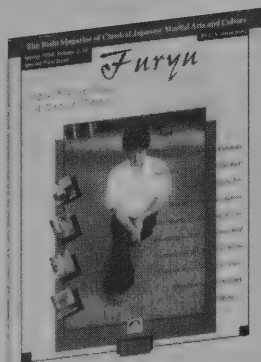
• While the buke lifestyle is certainly in the past, a student stepping through the dojo threshold is willingly making a commitment to learning the ryu's methods and philosophy. In so doing, the student is acknowledging that part of budo training is learning humbleness and respect, spiritual characteristics that are developed by a practice of reigi saho. And, by inculcating these forms into his spirit, the student is also learning not only proper etiquette, but also preparedness in daily life, perhaps not for a battle, but for simply being better prepared, sensitive and attuned to other people.

Furyu

(The Budo Magazine of Classical Japanese Martial Arts and Culture)
Wayne Muramoto, Editor. \$30/year (6 issues)
from Furyu, c/o
Muramoto, 1662
Lewalani Dr. #303,
Honolulu, HI 96822



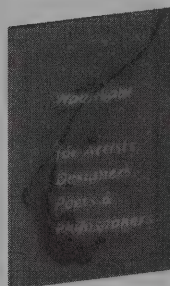
A young brown belt student of karate concentrates as she practices her kata form.



Wabi-Sabi

One measure of a book is how many copies you buy for your friends. I bought ten copies of this book.

An important element that attracts many Americans to Japan is the Japanese aesthetic. Some think of rock gardens, others think of austere ink drawings, or rice paper lamps. Many refer to this as a Zen aesthetic. It is related to Zen but actually has its origins in tea ceremony. It is called wabi-sabi in Japanese. This book covers it concisely. —Michael Phillips



Wabi-Sabi for Artists, Designers, Poets & Philosophers

Leonard Koren. 1994; 96 pp.

ISBN 1-880656-12-4

\$14.95 (\$16.70 postpaid) from Stone Bridge Press, PO Box 8208, Berkeley, CA 94707; 800/947-7271

• "Greatness" exists in the inconspicuous and overlooked details.

Wabi-sabi represents the exact opposite of the

'Western' ideal of great beauty as something monumental, spectacular and enduring. Wabi-sabi is not found in nature at moments of bloom and lushness, but at moments of inception or subsiding. Wabi-sabi is not about gorgeous flowers, majestic trees or bold landscapes. Wabi-sabi is about the minor and the hidden, the tentative and the ephemeral: things so subtle and evanescent they are invisible to vulgar eyes.



wabi refers to

- a way of life, a spiritual path
- the inward, the subjective
- a philosophical construct
- spatial events

sabi refers to

- material objects, and literature
- the outward, the objective
- an aesthetic ideal
- temporal events

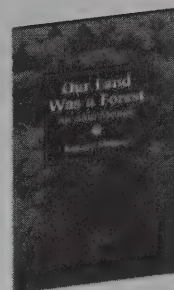
Our Land Was a Forest

For centuries, the Japanese advance into northern Japan has been destroying the lifestyle, culture and forest-land home of the Ainu, the area's indigenous people. In this book, Kayano, himself an Ainu, recalls fondly and in simple terms how his people used to live — hunting and farming, hearing the voices of gods in all of nature — and describes his battle to revive and preserve that cultural, linguistic and economic heritage. The Ainu's sorrow and rage at their loss are presented in a touchingly personal way, but resonate profoundly when we think how universal this experience has been for indigenous peoples.

—Kyoko Furuhashi

• If in my excitement I slid down too steep a hill, my kimono would flap open. The snow would come in through the slits of my long underwear, leaving me gasping for breath as it fell onto my penis. As I forgot myself in our games, my hands would shrink to the size of a kidney bean. That was when I would finally miss home. Then I would run with all my might, warming my hands by putting them in my mouth or blowing on them. The moment the house came into sight, I would burst into tears. My mother, hearing me blubbering, would come out of the house and brush off the snow frozen onto my rear end or the hem of my kimono. She would then take my bright red, icy hands inside her robe and warm them between her breasts.

• Mainland Japanese had crossed the strait to our national land hundreds of years earlier, but it was in the early Meiji era that they began a concerted, all-out invasion. Laws like the former Hokkaido Aborigine Protection Act restricted our freedom first by ignoring our basic rights, as a hunting people, to hunt bear and deer or catch salmon and trout freely, anywhere and any time, and then by compelling us to farm on the inferior land the Japanese "provided." In "providing" land, the Japanese also legitimated their plunder of the region. The mountains around Nibutani, among others, became the Japanese nation's "national forests" before we realized it and later were sold off to a big financial combine.



Our Land Was a Forest (An Ainu Memoir)

Kayano Shigeru. 1994; 172 pp.
ISBN 0-8133-1880-7
\$14.95 (\$17.45 postpaid) from
Westview Press, 5500 Central
Avenue, Boulder, CO 80301;
303/444-3541

The author's grandfather and grandmother, with their daughter Umon and granddaughter Haruno, 1911.

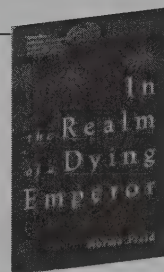
In the Realm of a Dying Emperor

Japan is often described as a consensus society — "the Land of Wa (harmony)." Such characterizations obscure the struggles that occur daily in Japan. Norma Field illustrates the price of "harmony" with the stories of three Japanese — an Okinawan grocer who burned the Japanese flag, a Christian woman who is fighting the deification of her dead soldier husband, and the mayor of Nagasaki, shot by rightists for openly holding Emperor Hirohito responsible for the Pacific War. There is a Japanese expression: "The nail that sticks out gets hammered down." This book gives the nail's perspective. —Richard Jaffe

• To take an unpopular stance (such as objecting to an updated version of folk custom) is bad enough, but to assert it as a right (freedom of religion guaranteed by the constitutional separation of religion and state) makes things much worse. People greet such arguments with suspicion, and understandably so. The recognition of rights compels a community to counte-

In the Realm of a Dying Emperor

(A Portrait of Japan at Century's End)
Norma Field. Vintage Books, 1993;
ISBN 0-679-74189-5
\$12 (\$14 postpaid) from Random House,
Order Dept., 400 Hahn Road, Westminster,
MD 21157; 800/733-3000



nance uncustomary behavior. Where the understanding of custom is broadly and intensely shared, or rather, purported to be so, as is the case in Japan, to assert a difference of view in the form of a right is at the very least to create awkwardness. It is preferable simply to do or not to do something and hope that it will either escape notice or be deliberately ignored.

Japan Through American Eyes

Francis Hall was a New York bookseller who traveled to Japan in 1859. He became a tea-and-silk merchant, as well as correspondent for the *New York Herald-Tribune*. The period in which he visited Japan, the late Tokugawa, was extremely turbulent, as Western economic powers fell all over each other forcing access to the markets and resources of an officially xenophobic Japan. Francis Hall's journal gives an American's view



Detail of 1860 map showing an aerial view of Tokaido.

it is almost impossible to remain in the house a moment, the beauty of earth, air, and skies so calls and demands one to go abroad. Just now, too, soft moonlit nights add their charm to the pleasure of this Japanese

of these political and economic tensions, but also touches on everyday life: housing, education, health, children, theater, sports, flowers, animals, and much else come into his view. Interesting observations — and not seen in a century. — Hacsí Horvath

■ Sunday, March 24, 1861

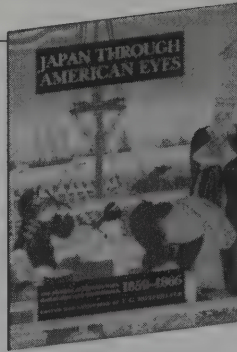
The spring weather this season is peerless. It is al-

Japan Through American Eyes (The Journal of Francis Hall, Kanagawa and Yokohama 1859-1866)

F. G. Notehelfer. Princeton University Press, 1992; 652 pp. ISBN 0-691-03181-9 \$55 (\$58 postpaid) from California/Princeton Fulfillment Services, 1445 Lower Ferry Road, Ewing, NJ 08618; 800/777-4726

spring. The spring does not burst out with the suddenness and over warmth of inter-tropical regions, neither does it linger with the heavy tardiness of our northern climes. But it comes gently tripping along like a bride to her long-expected lover's arms, neither too formal nor yet too easy, still with a shy confidence, wreathing herself with wreaths of orange and camellia blossoms and the double sweet scented blossoms of peach, plum, and apricot. It is one long beautiful glorious May morning and so abundant are the evergreen leaves that we have already forgotten there has been any winter.

Fresh rumors of Mito and his men are again rife. The old man is said to be indeed alive and to have been living during all the time of his reported death with shaven head and disguised as a priest. His followers are reported as making forced loans at Yedo with the view of a descent on Yokohama. We have had so much of this wolf cry that we pay little heed to it any longer.



Mickey Mouse memorabilia are evident even at traditional religious festivals.

Re-Made in Japan

The adaptation of Western consumer culture in Japan, ranging from Disneyland to Johnny Walker to McDonald's, will give any Western visitor pause: how can a McDonald's be so familiar and yet so Japanese? By exploring the ways the Japanese are creatively domesticating Western culture, the essays in this book explode the myth that Japan is an imitative culture, and liberate the reader from the trap of viewing Japanese culture as a parody of our own. —Richard Jaffe

■ Plastic food, sweatshirts with mangled English slogans, group honeymoon tours — there is a thin line between studying Japanese material culture and ridiculing it. I am not saying that there is nothing funny about

Kwaidan

An American who emigrated to Japan at the end of the nineteenth century, Lafcadio Hearn wrote a number of engaging works based on Japanese folklore in which he indulged in his taste for the strange and bizarre. The ghost stories and other weird fables in *Kwaidan*, perhaps his most noted book, are full of unexpected twists, and could have been models for the best of the early "Twilight Zones." Also included are Hearn's whimsical essays about insects. —Dan Leighton

● He flung himself down at the feet of the

soba-seller, crying out. "Aa! — aa! — aa!!!" . . .

"Koré! koré!" roughly exclaimed the soba-man. "Here! what is the matter with you? Anybody hurt you?"

"No — nobody hurt me," panted the other — "only . . . Aa! — aa!" . . .

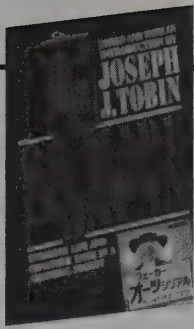
"— Only scared you?" queried the peddler, unsympathetically. "Robbers?"

"Not robbers — not robbers," gasped the terrified man. . . . "I saw . . . I saw a woman — by the moat — and she showed me . . . Aa! I cannot tell you what she showed me!" . . .

"Hé! Was it anything like this that she showed you?" cried the soba-man, stroking

his own face — which therewith became like unto an Egg. . . . And, simultaneously, the light went out.

■ The most startling discovery in relation to this astonishing civilization is that of the suppression of sex. In certain advanced forms of ant-life sex totally disappears in the majority of individuals; and appears to exist only to the extent absolutely needed for the continuance of the species. But the biological fact in itself is much less startling than the ethical suggestion which it offers — for this practical suppression, or regulation, of sex-faculty appears to be voluntary!!!



Re-Made in Japan

(Everyday Life and Consumer Taste in a Changing Society)

Joseph Tobin, Editor. 1992; 264 pp. ISBN 0-300-05205-7

\$30 (\$33 postpaid) from Yale University Press, Order Dept., PO Box 209040, New Haven, CT 06520; 203/432-0940

an electronic toilet seat. I am saying that the humor and ridiculousness we find in the consumer behavior and material culture of contemporary Japan suggest a continued orientalizing condescension even as, or especially as, we find ourselves being eclipsed economically by the Japanese. In the arenas of money and things, Japan has become for us the most important Other. Once the inscrutable antipode, our would-be colony, our fierce enemy, and our eager apprentice, Japan has now become our ally, competitor, and secret sharer. We too easily project onto Japanese consumers our embarrassment, shame, and uneasiness about the allocation and meaning of goods in our own society. We see in Japanese consumer behavior both where we have been and where we fear we are headed. We see in Japanese weddings, with their plastic, reusable cakes and matching his-and-her honeymoon aloha wear, a parody of our customs and domestic paraphernalia. But to read Japanese consumption as meaningless, ridiculous, or parodic is to engage in a smug orientalist discourse. Are our wedding customs less ridiculous, more authentic, more genuine? Are any culture's?



Kwaidan

(Stories and Studies of Strange Things) Lafcadio Hearn. 1968; 113 pp.

ISBN 0-486-21901-1

\$3.95 (\$6.95 postpaid) from Dover Publications, Order Dept., 31 E. 2nd Street, Minneola, NY 11501; 516/294-7000

deja-vu

This quarterly, more book than magazine, is Japan's — possibly the world's — finest publication on photography. What makes it so is the generous space given to images, its design, exquisite printing and state-of-the-art production standards. This is also why it is so expensive. It concentrates on Japanese photography, but also includes international work, as in the recent eye-arresting portfolios of Emmet Gowen and Frederick Sommer. Issues are often thematic: "The New Documentary Photography," "Landscape and Silence," "Tokyo Photo Diaries," and one that is already a collectors' item, the issue on Japan's most prolific, irritating and perversely erotic photo-artist, Araki Nobuyoshi. While mostly in Japanese, it does have short summaries of articles — history, optics, taidan, and print technology — in English. —John Einarsen



deja-vu

\$110/year surface, \$150/year air-mail (4 issues) from Deja-Vu, Photo-Planete Col, Ltd., 3-21-14-402 Higashi, Shibuya-ku, Tokyo 150, Japan



Kinokuniya Book Stores of America

Most books and periodicals published in Japan can be special ordered in North America from the folks at Kinokuniya. You can visit their stores in San Francisco, San Jose, Los Angeles, and New York. For telephone orders, English speakers call 800/595-2726, Japanese speakers call 800/456-7828, or fax 213/621-4456. —David Burnor

Emmet Gowen.

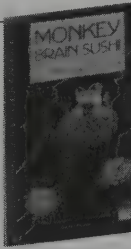
Aeration pond, toxic water treatment facility, Pine Bluff, Arkansas, 1989.

Monkey Brain Sushi

You'll find shrinking men, fiendishly baffling exam questions, future sex, gods created, and Elvis rediscovered in this collection of pop short stories from Japan. It might have been titled "Penises, Penises and More Penises," as this (t)issue figures prominently (or diminutively) in nearly all the stories. Especially recommended for an eye-opening interior tour of Japan are Murakami's "TV People," Shimada's "Momotaro in a Capsule," and Shimizu's "Japanese Entrance Exams for Earnest Young Men." Don't be fooled by the hoopla and genitalia — many of these stories transcend their plots to deal with the big issues of staying alive, body and soul, in Japan, and in the modern world.

—Elin Chadwick

Kurushima and Inonaka, however, had grown up sheltered in their housing-development capsules, never directly encountering any cold walls. For them, the walls of control were covered in velvet, beckoning them to come rub their cheeks against the soft surface obediently. They'd been utterly fooled by smiling parents and teachers, and confined, de facto, to their cells. Once a good boy, always a good boy, they thought.



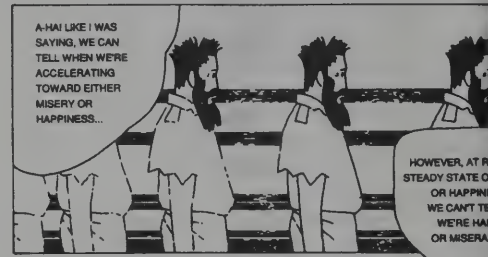
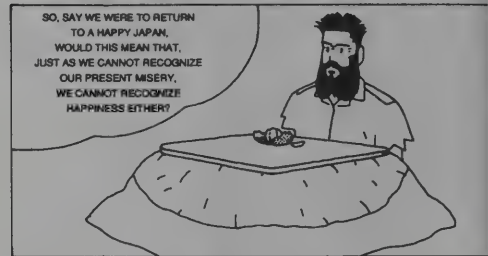
Monkey Brain Sushi

(New Tastes in Japanese Fiction)
Alfred Birnbaum & Elmer Luke, Editors.
Kodansha International, 1991; 304 pp.

ISBN 4-7700-1688-3

\$9.95 (\$11.95 postpaid) from Putnam Publishing Group, Order Dept., PO Box 506, East Rutherford, NJ 07073; 800/631-8571

For if they turned into bad boys, they'd have to bear the responsibility. Until they figured out this thing called responsibility, they preferred to be good boys. Good boys got their perks. As a result, they grew up with bodies incapable of rebellion. They tried, but they couldn't flex any arm muscle. Their genitals recoiled into tight little balls. At times, the anxiety made Kurushima choke: "What if these aren't my genitals? What if I was castrated and this harmless penis-for-masturbation-only was sewn on?"



"Japan's Junglest Day" by Michio Hisauchi

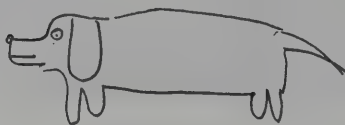
Dave Barry Does Japan

Random House paid humorist Dave Barry to visit Japan for three weeks. The result is infuriatingly good.

—David Chadwick

I don't know if it's possible to justify what happened to Hiroshima — I certainly wouldn't try to justify it to the victim's families. But I found myself wanting to shout to the other museum visitors: Do you know WHY my country did this? Do you wonder what would make a civilized country do such a thing?

If the character for "dog" looked like this:



And "bird" looked like this:



And "politician" looked like this:



Then you could form a simple sentence like this:



"The bird smiled when the dog ate the politician."

The only Westerner I met in Japan who had actually learned to read Chinese/Japanese characters was Tom Reid, who works for the *Washington Post*. He was always trying to explain it to me. He'd write down something that looked like this:



Dave Barry Does Japan

Dave Barry. Fawcett Columbine, 1993; 224 pp. ISBN 0-449-90810-0
\$10 (\$12 postpaid) from Random House, Order Dept., 400 Hahn Road, Westminster, MD 21157; 800/733-3000

Then he'd say, "OK, this character means 'library infested with vermin.' See, this line here" — here he points to a line that appears identical to all the other lines — "looks like a tree root, right? And books are the root of knowledge, right? Get it? And this line" — he points to another random line — "looks like the whisker of a rat, right? You see it, right? RIGHT?"

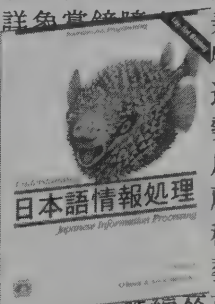
考肯航荒行衡講頁購郊醉鉞鋼降項香高剛号台拷豪克刻告国穀酷黑
腰骨込今困墾婚恨懇昆根混紺魂佐唆左差查砂詐鎖座債催再最妻宰
才採栽歲濟災碎祭齋細菜栽載際劑在材罪財坂咲崎作削搾昨策索錯

Understanding Japanese Information Processing

刺司史
視詞詩

This book extends and complements Ken Lunde's famous JAPAN.INFO (Electronic Handling of Japanese Text) document, which he continues to update and make available through anonymous FTP (ftp.ora.com) on the Internet. **Understanding Japanese Information Processing** lays out the basic principles in a well-organized and illustrated reference form that will remain useful. Taken together, these resources are the definitive source of information on handling Japanese computer text. While oriented especially toward those involved in software development or Japanization, **Understanding Japanese Information Processing** thoroughly uncovers the mysteries to lay users as well. Now into its second printing, with a Japanese translation on the way. —Jeffrey Shapard

慈持時次滋治璽磁示耳自辞式識軸七
斜煮社者謝車遮蛇邪借勺尺爵酌积若
儒受寿授樹需囚収周宗就州修愁拾秀
從柔汁洪獸縱重銃叔宿淑祝縮肅塾熟
巡遵順処初所暑庶緒署書諸助叙女序
少尚床彰承抄招掌昇昭晶松沼消涉燒
訟証詔詳象嘗餘曉 乘冗剩城場壤
殖織職 唇娠寢審心慎
辛進針 迅陣酢凶吹垂
枢据杉 勢姓征性成政
誓請逝 斥昔析石積籍
絕舌仙 扇栓泉浅洗染
漸然全 租粗素組訴阻
曹巢槽 葬藻裝走送遭
束測足 替泰滯胎袋貸退逮隊代台大第題滝卓

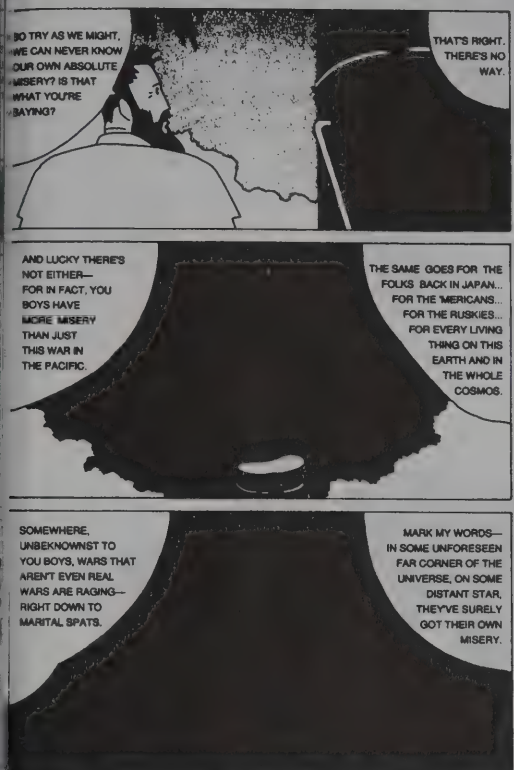


Understanding Japanese Information Processing
Ken Lunde. 1993; 435 pp.
ISBN 1-56592-043-0
\$29.95 (\$32.95 postpaid) from O'Reilly & Associates, 103A Morris Street, Sebastopol, CA 95472; 800/998-9938, fax 707/829-0104

● Much mystique surrounds how Japanese is handled on computer systems — too much, in my opinion. Much of the mystery is due to a lack of information, or simply a lack of information written in a language other than Japanese. Nevertheless, many people, like yourself, would like to know how this all works. To confirm some of your fears and speculations, Japanese text does require special handling on computer systems. You need only to break the one-byte-equals-one-character barrier — most Japanese characters are represented by more than a single byte.

Below I list several issues that make Japanese difficult to process on computer systems:

- The Japanese writing system is a mixture of four different, but sometimes related, writing systems.
- The Japanese character set contains over 10,000 characters, many more than used in the West.
- There is no universally recognized Japanese character set standard such as ASCII for writing English.
- There is no universally recognized Japanese encoding method such as ASCII encoding.
- There is no universally recognized input device such as the QWERTY keyboard.
- Japanese text can be set horizontally or vertically.



ANOTHER GREAT RESOURCE
You Gotta Have Wa: Robert Whiting. Vintage Books, 1990. This unremittingly entertaining history of American ballplayers' misadventures in Japan brilliantly illuminates the practical differences between Japanese and American psyches and societies; must reading for anyone dealing with Japan. —Dan Leighton

段男談值知地恥池痴稚置致遲
注虫衷鏗駐著貯丁兆帳序弔張
勅直朕沈珍賃鎮陳津墜追痛通
抵提程締艇訂通邸泥摘敵滴的
電吐塗徒斗渡登途都努度土奴
灯当痘等答筒糖統到討膳豆踏
德特督篤毒独誦凸突届屯
忍認寧猫熱年念燃粘惱濃
鬚配培培媒梅買壳賠陪伴
罰拔闕伴判半反帆搬板版
悲扉批披比必疲皮碑秘罷
票票表評描病秒苗品浜貧
符廢薦譜負賦卦附侮武舞部封

Tokyo Style

This book is absolutely fascinating. No amount of academic expertise or theory can explain as much about life in Tokyo as these photographs. Kyoichi Tsuzuki set out to show how Tokyoites really live: how ingeniously small spaces are used, how neighborhoods function as extensions of home for many, and how living space is being engulfed by a seemingly limitless variety of commodities. The private dwelling is perhaps the most inaccessible space for a foreign visitor to penetrate. But here those spaces are (minus dwellers) in all their lived-in messiness, in sharp, large-format color photographs, over fifty of them. Poring over the detail in these photos reveals so much about lifestyle in the nineties in this megalopolis. An image of a vast hive emerges, each cubbyhole crammed with both treasure and junk, secrets and

dreams. Captions in both Japanese and English add to each image. Archeology of the present at its best. —John Einarsen



Tokyo Style
Kyoichi Tsuzuki. 1993; 385 pp.
\$135 postpaid from Kyoto Shoin, Sanjo agaru, Horikawa, Nakagyo-Ku, Kyoto, Japan; fax (0081) 75-841-9127

Jenglish and Englese



An excerpt from *Thank You and OK!*

BY DAVID CHADWICK



IT'S RAINING!"

Okamura-san called out to me in the kitchen where I was sitting studying Japanese at a deep brown wooden table.

"Thank you!" I responded, opening the sliding screen door. She was outside taking the clothes off the line and putting them in the basket that was under the overhang. I walked out apologizing and started helping her help me.

"I'll get this. You'll get wet."

She picked up an umbrella that was leaning in the corner and held it over me as I got the last of the laundry out of wet's way. We stood under the overhang talking. Gray-haired Okamura-san was in a small-patterned white floral dress protected by a light blue apron with a ruffled edge. Like most Japanese she is not a bit overweight. She comes up to my shoulder and is about the same age and build as my mother. She lives with her husband behind our house in a large two-story home with a walled-in flower garden.

"I've been bothering you," she said, taking her leave.

"Here, take this river (*kawa*)," I said, handing her the umbrella.

"Kasa," she responded softly, with a twinkle in her eye.

"Oh, of course," I said. "Take this umbrella (*kasa*)."

"No, thank you. I only have to walk to the door and it's not raining so hard."

But I insisted so she took it, thanking me and apologizing for being rude. I went back inside

thinking what an idiot I am — always getting even the simplest words confused.

I had the morning to myself and was using the time to study Japanese. Before returning to the books I put brown rice and water into our rice cooker and turned it on. "Neuro-fuzzy" is printed across the front of the machine. Words like that — Japanese-English — attract our attention as much as the Japanese we are always studying and trying to figure out. A lot of it is quite creative. We have a tall white plastic wastebasket in the kitchen that we bought new at a local *homu sutoru* (home store) that says:

This expresses our life vision

LET'S

Supreme Can

("Let's" is the brand name)

Jenglish 2

While riding the bus to town Elin and I have made a mental list of interesting names of commercial establishments along the way. Some of the names are cool, like Niagara Moon, a coffee shop. Some are uncool, like Infect, a lady's dress shop, and a bicycle rental store at the train station called Shity Cycle (that's "city"). There's a coffee shop named Guns and Coffee, a barber shop named Cut and Bro, a beauty parlor called Haircutter Freak

and, at the busiest intersection downtown, a men's clothing store called Brains Organic Matter. I copied a message written in large letters on the wall of the video rental store nearby. It says:

This is the space where we can be willing to coming so it gives a lot of good amenity and rental A&V for you.

Sometimes I surprise my teen-age English students when I ask if I can write down the messages on their tee shirts. Here is a sampling:

Pay close attention to various objects and be calm

Doc Holiday stokes his chin and regards you through hooded, hostile eyes, You stare at your head or hand
SENSATIONAL

HAIL TO THE QUEEN
He spokes as if to say in that low cautious tone of voice, "you Bastards."
INFORMATION

Advanced Program Poison Gas Specialist Spats

(I copied that one off of the back of a motorcyclist's jacket)

New Basic & Trendy Fashion,

Good Feeling Life for Young Mind

Sleep With Me Tonight for the player who demands the ultimate best sensitive comfortable fat fashion good things exist throughout time

Princess Cat

There is something graceful about cat. Cats represent cute, cooing, sweet, everything is oh, so nice love.

I looked down at my notebooks, full of idiomatic Japanese phrases and useful words. The cover of one notebook says, "White Superior Note — always be along with you." Another reads, "NOTEBOOK — please use this note book politely, and use up the last sheet. And then please use your brains everyday." A third that I use for random thoughts in English is more apropos. It pictures three kittens with bat and ball and says, "SHOWING OFF," then on each page at the top, two cats dressed like the Bowery Boys walk along arm in arm and it

says, "a couple of crooked priests that you just can't seem to dislike."

Jenglish 3

Okamura-san was calling my name again. I was staring at the table at the time — the one that she and her husband had loaned us for the duration of our stay. At first her voice seemed to come from beneath the table's surface, but then I caught her in the corner of my eye standing out on the driveway. The rain had never really gotten going and the sun was out. She started putting the clothes back up on the line. I told her to stop but she wouldn't, so we

Thank You and OK!

I knew that David Chadwick was ass-kicking crazy when he organized a group to meet President Reagan at San Francisco airport. Dressed in black-tie, swilling champagne and celebrating, the group hoisted banners that read PRESIDENT REAGAN, THE WORLD SUICIDE CLUB SALUTES YOU. Chadwick's brilliance has made my jaw drop for twenty years and he hasn't disappointed me with this book.

No one I have ever met could be less Japanese than Chadwick. Maybe that's why after reading his book I felt like I'd been in Japan myself. His cultural collision with that country through stumbling Zen practice, free-wheeling English classes and nitty-gritty daily life in the sticks is funny, insightful, revelatory, and intriguing as hell. The irreverence was also a relief.

The scenes are full of texture and the characters brim with life. And rising from



Thank You and OK!

(An American Zen Failure in Japan)
David Chadwick. Arkana Books, 1994; 454 pp. ISBN 0-14-019457-6
\$13.95 (\$15.95 postpaid) from Penguin USA, Consumer Sales, 120 Woodbine Street, Bergenfield, NJ 07621; 800/253-6476

it all, god-awful real in its innocence, is a Buddhist tale, full in its humanity, curious in its charm, and not without the sadness of decay and death. Don't let the fantastic cover fool you — this is a book that goes to the core. —Peter Coyote

did it together. I looked for something timely to say. Of course — her cherry tree. It's a late-bloomer with double flowers. A lot of the cherry blooms in this area were all rained out and blown away by mid April, but hers still looked pretty full. As I pinned a shirt to the line a breeze came up and a flurry of petals took to the air and wafted gently, circuitously to the ground. Aah — they use the word "snowing" for that.

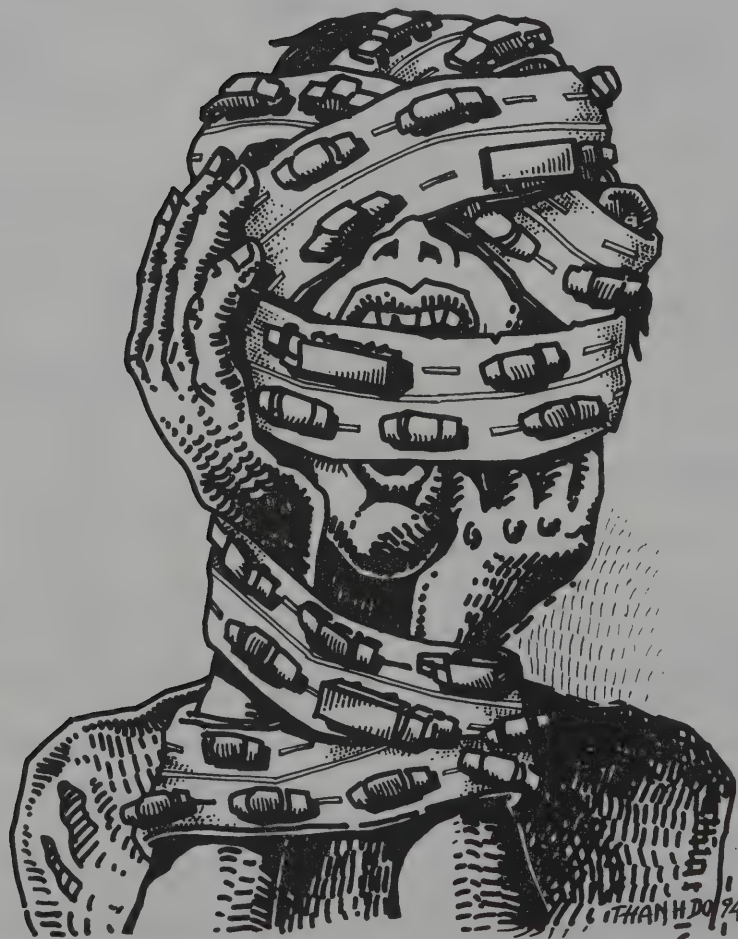
"The fish (*sakana*) are snowing," I said.

She looked at me, smiling. "Sakura (cherry blossoms)?" she asked.

"Yes, yes, how stupid of me — the cherry blossoms are snowing." I pulled a clothespin from my teeth and grimaced. ☹

SMART HIGHWAYS!

YOU MAY HAVE NOTICED the increasing media attention being lavished on the topic of Smart Highways. They are a potential goldmine for smart insiders, but what makes the proposed highways “smart” is the installation of electronics in or near the pavement to guide, space, pace, and brake autos equipped with matching control technology.





BY J. BALDWIN

The idea is touted as a safety boon: with a computer at the controls, driver error is unlikely. Sideswipes and rear-enders would be impossible even with cars closely packed and going fast. The system would adjust to weather conditions, too — no chain collisions in the fog.

The thinking thoroughfares are also being boosted as an environmental boon: by eliminating congestion — usually caused by accidents (ineptitude) and traffic waveforms (also ineptitude) — a smart highway could carry many more cars per hour, faster, thus reducing the need for more highway construction. Moreover, autos moving at a steady speed are more efficient, and consequently pollute less.

Add economics to all of the above: the implementation of Smart Highways would mean many new long-term jobs in engineering, materials supply, and construction. And, of course, a vigorous demand for new cars equipped with the necessary devices. Faster, easier commutes would make possible affordable new housing developments on cheaper land away from urban centers.

With all of these advantages, how could anyone oppose Smart Highways? What could such an opponent say against them?

Let's start with the claim of faster, easier commutes. Freeway-building has always encouraged land-eating urban sprawl and its

unfortunate side effects. It's inevitable. It's irrefutable. We know better than to do more of that, don't we?

It is also well known that adding capacity (in the past by adding lanes; now by adding Smartness) does not reduce congestion for long. Facilitating auto commuting has always encouraged more auto commuting — one of the worst contributors to pollution and unpleasant demographic trends. As congestion relief, Smart Highways are merely another empty promise. They will increase environmental and social degradation. Added capacity always has.

What about safety? A Smart Highway is no better than the reliability of its design and the quality of its hardware and software. "The system is down" — A bug or virus could have horrendous results. The big problem would be maintenance. Smart Highway hypesters blandly refer to the good record of complex air traffic control systems. But those systems are operated by skilled, well-trained personnel. Their high-quality hardware is less vulnerable to the planned-obsolescence strategies typical of the auto industry. Air traffic control equipment is (at least supposedly) inspected and maintained to a very strict standard; the same is true of the receiving hardware aboard the aircraft. The aircraft themselves are subject to federally mandated periodic inspections and parts replacement

schedules performed by federally licensed technicians.

The auto industry has never worked to anything approaching aircraft standards. Why should they, when most failures result in nothing worse than an annoying walk or a wait for the towtruck? As the shining new Smart Cars aged, there would be a high likelihood of decrepit clunkers infesting the Smart Highway. How are they to be controlled? What (and whose) freedoms will be nibbled away in the process?

The same problems with standards apply to highway contractors accustomed to solving problems with a shovel and a bit of asphalt. But a Smart Highway would have to be built and consistently maintained at a very high level of reliability. If the hardware were built into the pavement, construction quality would be even more critical. Repairs and upgrading could be drastically expensive.

Indeed, expensive is a key word in any discussion of Smart Highways. The money, of course, will come from us, but how will it be extracted — will Smart Highways be toll roads? Will they and the special cars be too expensive for ordinary working folk? Will vast scandals accompany their construction? Are Smart Highways the road of the future?

Yes. Yes. Yes. No! — Smart Highways are a stupid idea. As a Smart Citizen, nip them in the bud whenever you can.

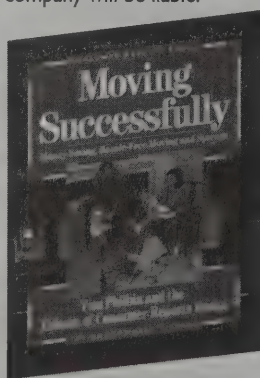
Moving Successfully

You'd think it'd be simple to have someone come in, pack your stuff (without forgetting anything) and load it into a truck (carefully, so nothing breaks), drive it (smoothly, so that nothing breaks) to the new place (arriving at the time agreed), unload it into all the proper rooms, unpack the boxes (still being careful so nothing breaks) and, um, well, sheesh. If that was easy to do, you'd be doing it yourself, right? There are tricks to the enterprise (especially if moving abroad) whether you do it or hire it done. They're all right here in this unbreakable book. (Be sure not to pack it!) —J. Baldwin

Incidentally, truck rental companies may claim that their vehicles can get more than 5 miles per gallon. Their estimates, however, are based on the mileage of empty trucks. Since your truck will be loaded with furniture, 5 miles per gallon is more realistic.

Phone books are also heavy, but you might want to hold on to your local telephone directory — the one you depend on most for numbers. In your new home, you may find yourself in need of your old town hall or health department number.

Incidentally, since a lot of your goods will already have been packed in boxes when the movers arrive, it would not be practical for them to open each box and examine the contents. Instead, the movers mark the boxes "PBO", meaning "packed by owner." Ostensibly, this would make you liable if damage occurs, but in fact, if the movers take the box on the truck and the contents are damaged, the company will be liable.



Moving Successfully

(Money-Saving, Hassle-Free Moving and Storage)

Tom Philbin. 1994; 106 pp.
ISBN 0-89043-536-7

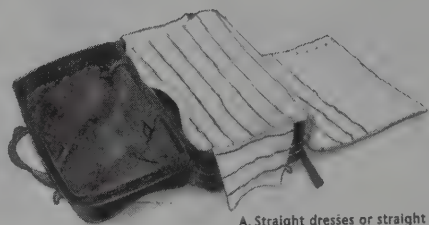
\$14.95 (\$17.45 postpaid) from Consumer Reports Books, 9180 LeSaint Drive, Fairfield, OH 45014; 513/860-1178

The Packing Book

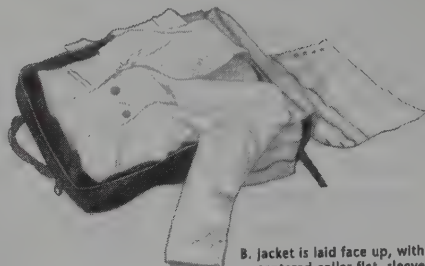
Wad it, stuff it and run, isn't reliable — something important always gets left behind, or terminally wrinkled. Corpulent check-through bags may get lost or stolen. Here's the antidote: Judith Gilford proves that you can pack for three weeks in two climates, in one carry-on bag, without getting everything all wrinkly — a skill she has taught for six years. Her advice includes checklists and suggested wardrobes for men, women, kids and teens. Lots of savvy travel tips, too. As a longtime one-carry-on-bag traveler, I can vouch that her techniques work very well. —J. Baldwin

Tips to Lighten the Load

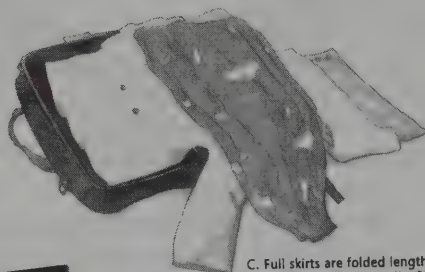
- Wear your heaviest, or bulkiest clothes on the plane.
- Take old underwear and socks and discard them as you go.
- Wear old walking shoes and discard them on the last day of your trip.
- Pack old clothes and give them away as you go to make room for your souvenirs and new purchases.
- As a last resort, and to concentrate your resolve, pack your bag and walk a mile carrying it. If you can handle it, well and good. If it is too heavy, be ruthless.



A. Straight dresses or straight long skirts, if any, go in first. Otherwise start with your jacket.



B. Jacket is laid face up, with centered collar flat, sleeves and hem draped (method 1).



C. Full skirts are folded lengthwise and packed horizontally. Place hem first, draping the waistband.



The Packing Book

(Secrets of the Carry-On Traveler)

Judith Gilford. 1994; 166 pp.

ISBN 0-89815-599-1

\$7.95 (\$11.45 postpaid) from

Ten Speed Press, PO Box 7123, Berkeley, CA 94707; 800/841-2665

Workamper News

Boomers; Snowbirds; Workampers — all names for folks who live on the road. I've seen estimates that there may be as many as six million of 'em. Because they and their motor homes or travel trailers tend to get grumpy at temperatures much below freezing, such folks tend to follow pleasant weather. They constitute an eclectic, mobile labor force, increasingly recognized as a prime source of seasonal workers. *Workamper News* gets the work and the itinerant workers together — seventeen thousand matches, so far. —J. Baldwin

WANTED: EXPERIENCED MGMT

COUPLE. 175-site busy campground resort in central Massachusetts near historic Old Sturbridge Village. Resort is located on a 420-acre lake w/championship fishing and a 5-mile canoe trail. Benefits include a 2-bedroom year-round apartment if desired, utilities, salary & insurance package plus bonus. Must be honest, people-oriented, experienced. Primary season April 15-Oct 15. Please send resume, picture & references to V. Van Fleet, RFD 2, Box 56, Brimfield, MA 01010

Workamper News

Greg Robus & Debbie Robus, Editors.

\$23/year (6 issues) from 201 Hiram Road, Haber Springs, AR 72543; 800/446-5627

EARTHSICK

(heard in Willits, California)

I NEVER got carsick as a kid.

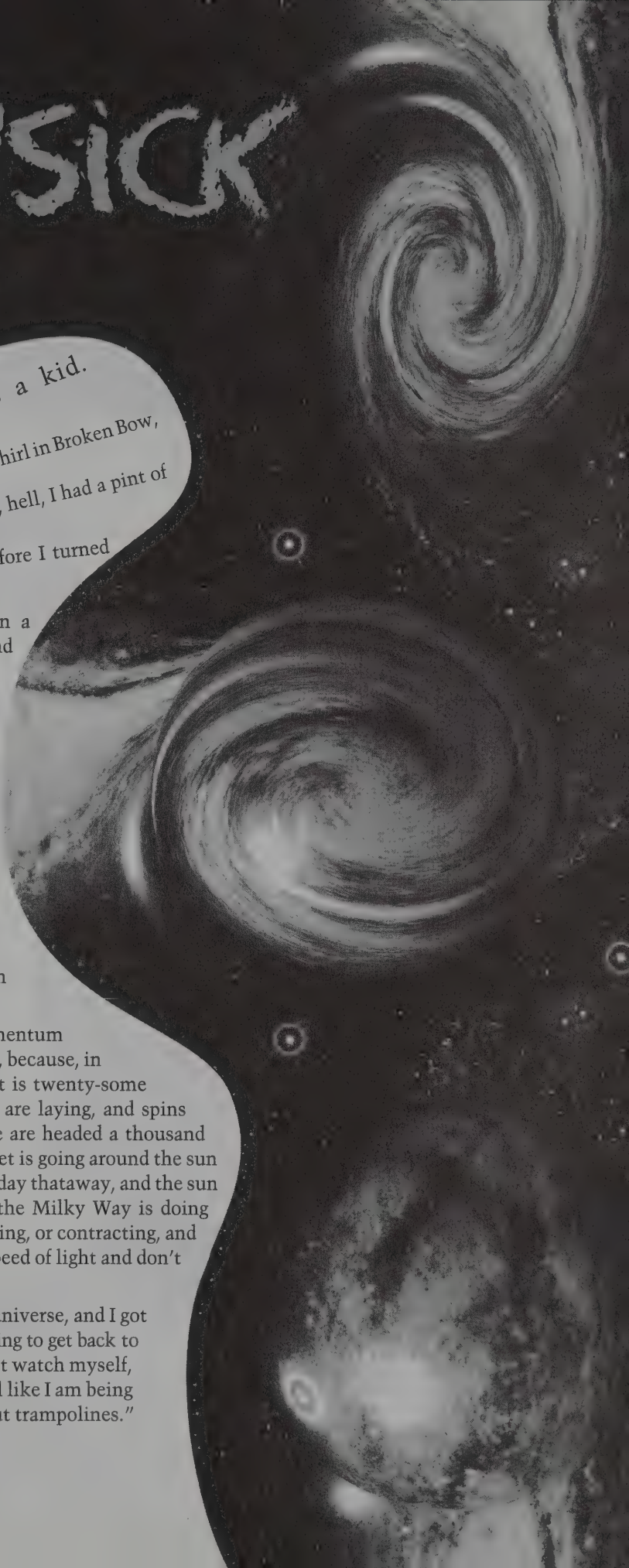
I did blow chunks on the Tilt-a-whirl in Broken Bow, Nebraska when I was sixteen, but, hell, I had a pint of sloe gin in me when I started. A month before I turned twenty-nine, though, I spent one night on a Sonoma County hill with Jenny Dupree, and contracted planet sickness so bad that I've been getting the spins for twenty years.

"There were eight of us on that hill, doing windowpane, laying there with the giggles running up our backbones, waiting for falling stars during the Perseid meteor showers, or something, when Jenny tells everybody to lay real still, get one with the earth, smell the wind. Being calm ain't that easy with a couple of hits of acid fighting with your memory for room in your head, but I tried, and got my bootheels dug through the sod far enough to quiet down most of the cosmic shudders.

"Then Jenny starts in with this angular momentum rap about how being still is a relative concept, because, in fact, we are hooked to a rotating planet that is twenty-some thousand miles in circumference where we are laying, and spins around once every twenty-four hours, so we are headed a thousand miles an hour east, at the same time the planet is going around the sun once a year, so we are going a million miles a day thataway, and the sun is whirling around in the Milky Way, and the Milky Way is doing something, and the whole universe is expanding, or contracting, and maybe we are already going faster than the speed of light and don't know it, or can't know it.

"I mean, I puked. I looked out there into the universe, and I got real sick, real fast, and wasted a good trip trying to get back to zero. I'm not sure I ever made it back. If I don't watch myself, I'll be walking along at night, look up, and feel like I am being launched into the void. I have nightmares about trampolines."

—JD Smith



City Comforts

The term *Urban Village* rolls easily off the tongue, and many of us are ready to hear it. It sounds so hopeful. We want it to be possible. Many recipes have been offered by a small army of visionaries. The work of Christopher Alexander — especially his book *A Pattern Language* — is probably the most familiar.

City Comforts shows many design features that can engender a village feel in an urban scene. It's not: we could, we should, or we must; it's: we've done this and it works. Photographs of the design schemes in action are convincing proof that many of the dehumanizing aspects of a city can be alleviated without the need for provincial isolation. Not much that's utopian here, but it's understandable, realistically do-able, and good to see. After you've read your copy, send it to your city supervisors. —J. Baldwin



Build Close to the Sidewalk

One of the benefits of smaller scale is that conversation is encouraged simply by the greater ease of propinquity. People don't have to raise their voices if they are sitting close to the sidewalk.

One of the most useful definitions of 'human scale' is functional and to this point. For example, a human-scale apartment building is one in which (at the very least) a person on the sidewalk (say a small child)

can converse with a person (perhaps a mother) at a window up above. That is human-scale: a place where the ability to have a conversation is encouraged and allowed by the very size of the space. Not coincidentally, it's good for business because the passerby can see and get recommendations from happy customers enjoying what they have bought.



City Comforts

(How to Build an Urban Village)
David Sucher. 1994; 176 pp.
ISBN 0-9642680-0-0
\$16.95 (\$19.95 postpaid)
from City Comforts,
5605 Keystone Place N.,
Seattle, WA 98103



Buckminster Fuller, Black Mountain College, 1949

After you discover what sort of human being is being tried with your particular genetic make-up, then you should drive that just as far as you can to see what it's good for. That's your responsibility. It is the responsibility of designers to carry out their ideas all the way, even to the point of living in them. You don't hire somebody else to do your living for you. —J. Baldwin

Ecological Design

(Inventing the Future)

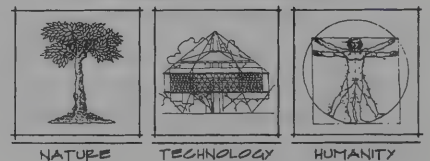
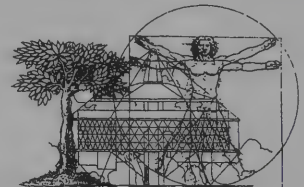
64 minute video. \$75 postpaid from The Ecological Design Project, 6 E. 23rd Street, New York, NY 10010; 212/505-0655.

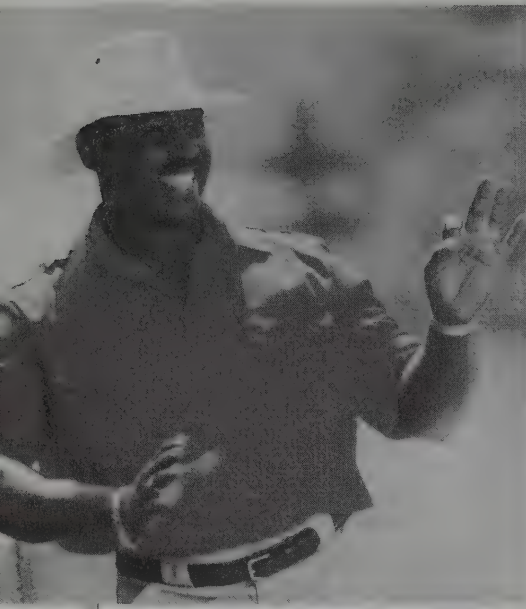
Ecological Design

While Frank Lloyd Wright-inspired suburbs sprawled across the landscape, a scratchy-voiced radical named R. Buckminster Fuller said: "Optimize the way we use the world's resources. Do more with less. Don't wait for the politicians. See what needs to be done and do it."

John Todd didn't wait for acceptance. He turned Fuller's notions into "living machines" — buildings and whole city blocks that process waste into resources. Jamie Lerner used Fuller's ideas to clean up his city of one million, using the economic throughput of recycling to feed and shelter its homeless people. And Stewart Brand published a catalog of tools for similarly inclined "design outlaws": *The Whole Earth Catalog*.

Ecological Design celebrates the spirit and achievements of these and a dozen other emergent leaders in designing as if nature matters. As we peer into the next millennium, the tools they've developed give hope for a positive future. —Digger





Tilley Hats

A genuine Tilley Hat sits loose on your head, held hurricane-proofly in place by a chin and/or back-of-head strap that rides out of sight; a tight fit isn't necessary. The waterproof crown is insulated (and rendered floatable) by a foam rubber insert. Big grommets let out the heat (mosquito screens optional). Three brim widths are available — the wider ones will snap up, Aussie style, on the sides.

Waddable and washable without damage. "Comes in every human size," in natural (dark green underbrim optional), navy, or brown. Lifetime guarantee against wearing out. I've had mine for many years and like it a lot. Fakes just don't do the deed. (Tilley also makes high-end travel clothes of impeccable quality.)
—J. Baldwin

Tilley Hats

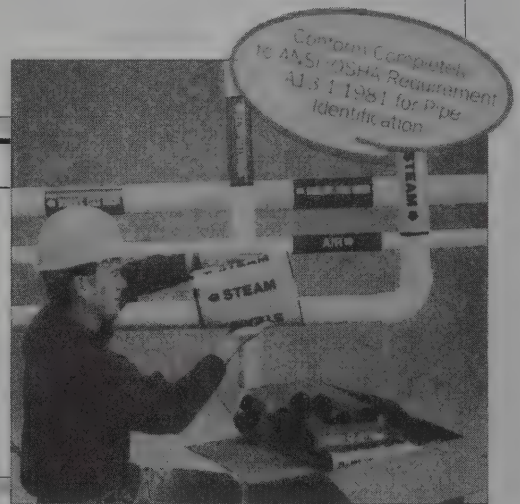
Catalog free from Tilley Endurables, Inc.,
900 Don Mills Road, Don Mills, Ontario
M3C 1V8, Canada; 800/338-2797 or
716/675-8650, fax 716/675-8655

D&G Sign and Label

You need a sign? They got signs. OSHA safety signs, yellow line paint, truck door signs, wire and pipe ID markers, Restroom signs, No Parking signs, sappy safety reminders — every kind of sign you can think of and then a few, pre-lettered, custom-made (some in Braille or bilingual), or just makin's. The catalog is instructive. (I have not dealt with this particular company; it seems typical of the breed, with prices lower than most.)
—J. Baldwin

D&G Sign and Label

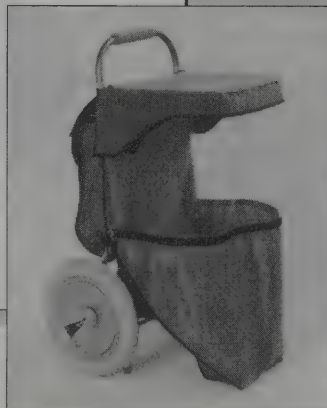
Catalog free from PO Box MH-157,
Northford, CT 06472; 800/356-9269



Our special needs model has an open front design for easy placement. Special accessories include footplate andommel for carrying children with a variety of physical challenges.

Stroller-Pack®

Well, when I wuz a tad, people had 'nuff sense to put great big wheels on a perambulator (stroller, to you whippersnapperous modems), because many roads were gravel, sand, or worse. The sturdy Stroller-Pack's big wheels make light work of the real world's still-unmanicured terrain, and when the going gets really tough, they can be shed, converting the rig into a respectable backpack. Options include a sunbonnet that converts into a rain cover (with windshield), and a freight bag that accommodates 100 lbs. of non-kid. A one-minute ritual whups things down to fit an airline overhead bin. To reduce waste, the company even deals in reconditioned Stroller-Packs. Perhaps the best news is the adaptable Special Needs model that fits kids who might otherwise have to stay home. —J. Baldwin



Stroller Pack

\$259 (\$284 postpaid, 3-day delivery);
Special Needs model \$450 (\$470 post-
paid, Priority mail). Information from
PO Box 707, Juneau, AK 99802; 907/
463-4843, fax 907/463-4889

**Rain Fly. Gives head-to-toe protection.
Turns Stroller-Pack into kid's own spaceship!**

The Pedal Pusher Bike-Pro Buyer's Guide

It took me nearly two hundred hours of reading, interviewing, weighing and measuring, and yakking up a dozen patient bike shops to specify a state-of-the-art suspension mountain bike for myself. Had this guide been available, I could have chosen and ordered everything but the custom stuff in an evening. Many of the best available components are measured, weighed to one-fourth of a gram, chatily described, and photographed. Charts permit easy comparisons. Basics are discussed; unworthy models are dissed. This is the sort of information-honing that improves the breed and inspires excellence. Would that other fields besides bicycles had such a resource! —J. Baldwin

Pedal Pusher 800-BIKE-PRO Buyer's Guide

1994; 272 pp.

\$8 cash, \$10 check, \$12 credit card from
Bike-Pro Publications, 442 Steele Lane,
Santa Rosa, CA 95401-3149



KORE Lite Mountain Post

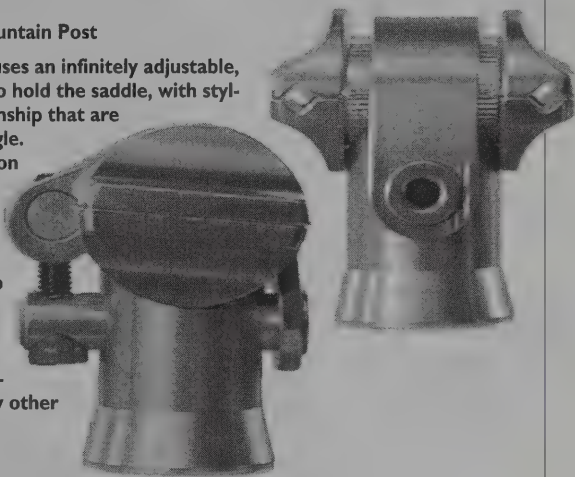
The KORE lite is a new high tech twist on the micro-adjusting clamp style of seatpost. The post is made from heat treated 6061-T6 aluminum. The vertical mast has the same diameter from the bottom to within an inch of the plate that cradles the clamp pieces. The last inch is swaged, a process that reduces the diameter of the tube while making the tubing wall thicker and more stable. 18-97-1: \$59.99

Ringle Moby Mountain Post

The Moby post uses an infinitely adjustable, revolving head to hold the saddle, with styling and workmanship that are distinctively Ringle.

The tubing section of the post is made of Easton EA70 aluminum tubing that is said by Easton to be twice as strong as the conventional 6061-T6 or 6063-T6 used by many other makers.

18-39-6: \$79.99



HelMufs

No more chilly-morning earache! Adjustable (by Velcro), funnyfeeling HelMufs fit over the straps of most bicycle helmets, keeping your earbones snug and cozy. Almost absurdly simple, they work well, don't get sweaty, and even look pretty good in some wild colors that look mighty like the latest Patagonia jackets. —J. Baldwin

HelMufs

\$9.99 (\$4.25 shipping) from The Colorado Cyclist, 3970 E. Bijon, Colorado Springs, CO 80909; 800/688-8600

Veritas Woodworking Tools

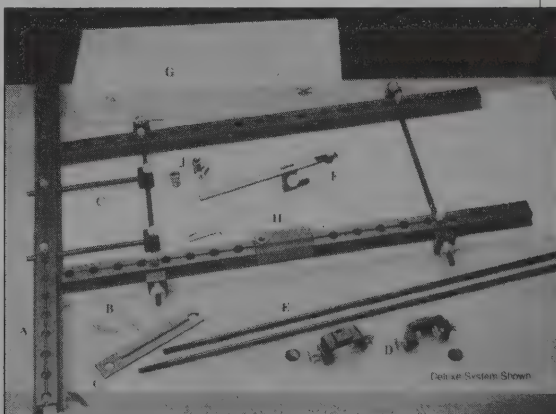
Professional tools of notable quality and utility, many of them uncommon. The illustration shows one of their best, a cabinet-making jig that enables a reasonably skilled (e.g., can make a passable bird-house) amateur to make elegant, European-style cabinetry confidently. A kitchen's worth of custom cabinets for half-price is a reasonable expectation. The rest of the catalog offerings are equally useful. —J. Baldwin

Deluxe Veritas 32 System

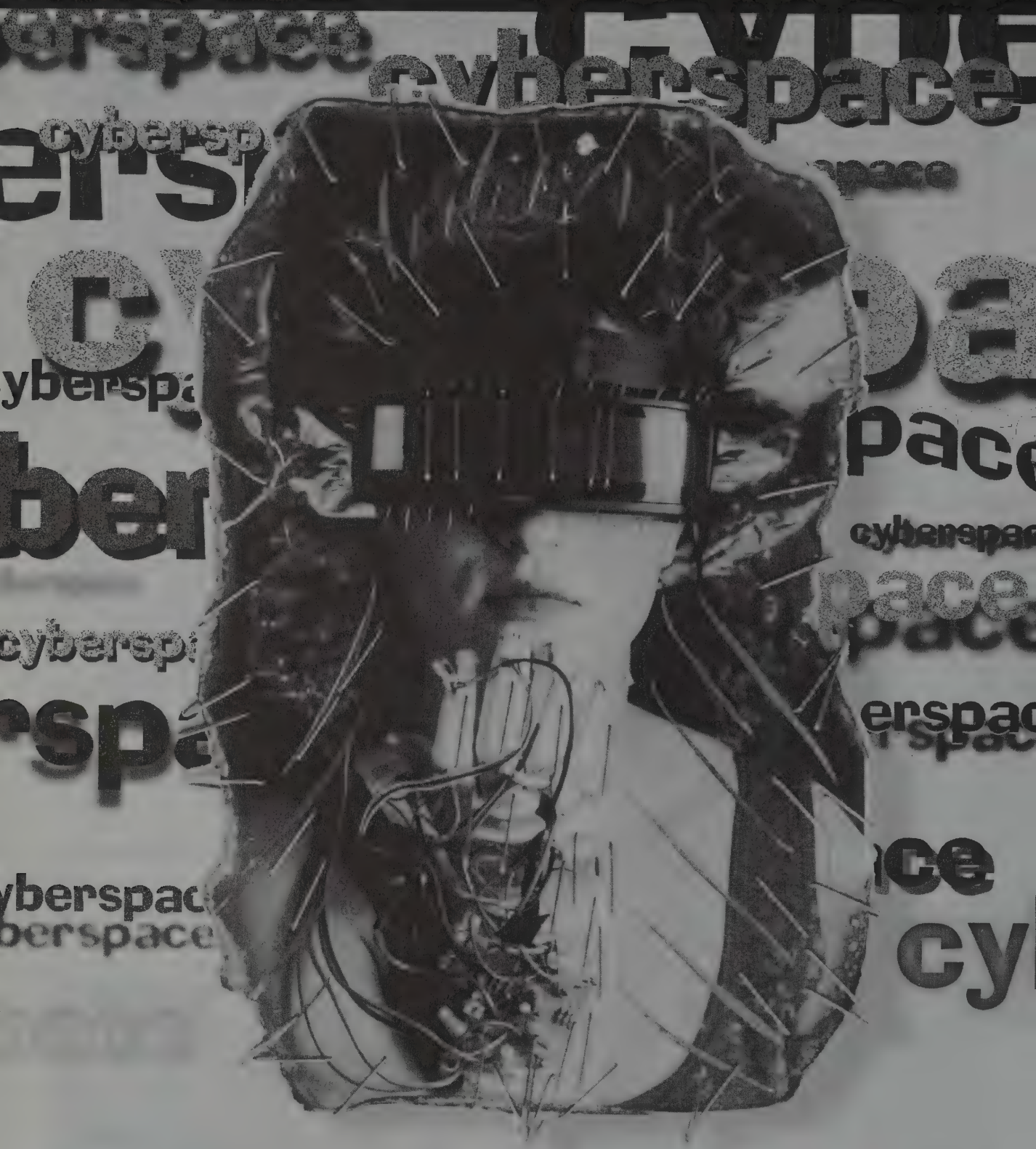
Includes all items in the Basic System plus 2 extra rails, 2 long rods (for work up to 24" wide), a gauge head, doweling jig bases, connector rods and plate, extra register pin, plus a fitted wooden box to store all parts.

Veritas Woodworking Tools

Catalog free from PO Box 1720,
Ogdensburg, NY 13669-1720;
800/667-2986, fax 800/668-1807



05J06.02 Deluxe System \$249.95

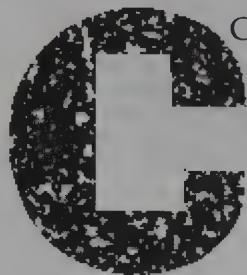


Futility in Cyberspace

Why Attempts to Censor the Net are Doomed



By Howard Rheingold



COMMUNICATIONS TECHNOLOGY

exposes us, and our children, to a vast assortment of words and images. Inevitably, we will find some of them repulsive. As this realization has dawned, the clamor for censorship of cyberspace has grown.

"And if anybody asks if you are home alone, or says something to you that makes you feel funny about answering, then just don't answer until you speak to me."

Of course we have to think of ways to protect our children and our society from the easy availability of abhorrent information. But censoring the Net is not just morally misguided: it is becoming technically impossible. As Net pioneer John Gilmore is often quoted: "The Net interprets censorship as damage and routes around it."

The Net's technological foundation was built to withstand nuclear attack. The RAND Corporation designed the network as a thoroughly decentralized command-and-control communications system, one that would be less vulnerable to intercontinental missiles than a system commanded by a centralized headquarters.

This decentralization of control means that the delivery system for salacious materials is the same worldwide one that delivers economic opportunity, educational resources, civic forums, and health advice. If a hacker in Helsinki or Los Angeles connects to the Internet and provides access to his digital porno files, anybody anywhere else in the world, with the right kind of Internet connection, can download those steamy bits and bytes.

This technological shock to our moral systems means that we are going to have to teach our children that the locus of control must be in their heads and hearts — not in the laws or machines that make information so imperviously available. Before we let our kids loose on the Internet, they'd better have a solid moral grounding and some common sense.

I BOUGHT AN INTERNET ACCOUNT for my daughter when she was eight years old, so we could exchange email when I was on the road. But I didn't turn her loose until I filled her in on some facts of online life. "Just because someone sends you mail, you don't have to answer unless you know them," I instructed her.

The worldwide virtual communities that provide users with companionship, personal support, enlightenment, and entertainment can also contain impostors and worse. Your fourteen-year-old may look like he is doing his homework when he is actually joining a hot chat session with lecherous strangers. (The same dangers exist with the telephone — ask parents who have had to pay hefty bills for their kids' 976 habits.)

You should have the right, and the ability, to restrict the massive information flow into your home, to exclude subject matter that you don't want your children to see. But sooner or later, your children will be exposed to everything. The way they deal with these shocking sights and sounds will depend on the moral strengths you helped them to cultivate.

Teach your children to be politely but firmly skeptical about anything they see or hear on the Net. Teach them to have no fear of rejecting images or communications that repel or frighten them. Teach them to have a strong sense of their own personal boundaries, of their right to defend those boundaries physically and socially. Teach them that people aren't always who they present themselves to be in email, and that predators exist. Teach them to keep personal information private. Teach them to trust you enough to confide in you if something doesn't seem right.

Yes, pedophiles and pornographers use computer networks. They also use telephones and the mail, but nobody would argue that we need to censor or shut down these forms of communication. The relevant question now is: How do we teach our children to live in an uncensorable world? 🐟

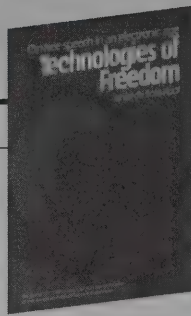
(This essay originally appeared, in a slightly abridged form, in the San Francisco Examiner.)

Technologies of Freedom

This is my choice for the single most important book for understanding the interplay of media, the First Amendment, and government in a democracy. Pool outlines the ways in which different communications have been treated differently by government over the years, and warns of the hazards of narrowly interpreting the First Amendment as applicable only to traditional print media. Communications technologies play a critical role in empowering individuals in a democracy, and Pool spells out what is necessary to keep freedom of speech and publication alive in the 21st century. —Mike Godwin

• A process called “convergence of modes” is blurring the lines between media, even between point-to-point communications, such as the post, telephone, and telegraph, and mass communications, such as the press, radio, and television. A single physical means — be it wires, cables, or air-waves — may carry services that in the past were provided in separate ways. . . .

Technology-driven convergence of modes is reinforced by the economic process of cross-ownership. The growth of conglomerates which participate in many businesses at once means that newspapers, magazine publishers, and book publishers increasingly own or are owned by companies that also operate in other fields. Both convergence and cross-ownership blur the boundaries which once existed between companies publishing in the print domain that is protected by the First Amendment and companies involved in businesses that are regulated by government. Today, the same



Technologies of Freedom

(On Free Speech in an Electronic Age)
Ithiel de Sola Pool. Belknap Press, 1983;
299 pp. ISBN 0-674-87233-9
\$14.95 (\$17.95 postpaid) from Harvard
University Press, Customer Service,
79 Garden Street, Cambridge, MA 02138;
800/448-2242

company may find itself operating in both fields. The dikes that in the past held government back from exerting control on the print media are thus broken down.

The key technological change, at the root of the social changes, is that communication, other than conversation face to face, is becoming overwhelmingly electronic.

• Not only is electronic communication growing faster than traditional media of publishing, but also the convergence of modes of delivery is bringing the press, journals, and books into the electronic world. One question raised by these changes is whether some social features are inherent in the electronic character of the emerging media. Is television the model of the future? Are electromagnetic pulses simply an alternative conduit to deliver whatever is wanted, or are there aspects of electronic technology that make it different from print — more centralized or more decentralized, more banal or more profound, more private or more government dependent?

Controlling Technology

Debate on the use and abuse of technology is a dynamic and ongoing exchange. As principles and paradigms are bandied about, people easily forget that every situation involves decisions by individuals working on the front lines and in trenches of technology — the engineers.

A rigorous examination of the ethical climate within which the practicing engineer works, **Controlling Technology** looks in detail at the causes of some of the greatest technological disasters in recent history — Chernobyl, Bhopal, Three Mile Island. He presents case studies of individual engineers who acted in exemplary ways to avert disaster, and examples of successful engineering projects.

What makes this book stand out is that Unger does more than offer a litany of

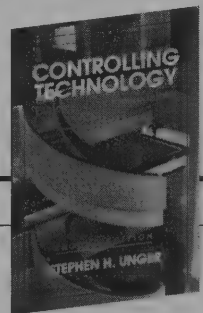
disasters or a hand-wringing admonition; he proposes real solutions to the working engineer facing ethical dilemmas. This is an essential book for the working engineer, or anyone interested in the intersection of technology and social issues. —Daniel Marcus

• Given the power of modern technology, the consequences of wrong choices or errors in execution can be massive in terms of damage to the environment and the loss of life, liberty, and property. The responsible practice of engineering is a vital element in preventing such mistakes — a necessary, though not sufficient, condition for humanity to best utilize its marvelous technological capabilities.

• In the pursuit of their professions, engi-

The electronic transformation of the media occurs not in a vacuum but in a specific historical and legal context. Freedom for publishing has been one of America's proudest traditions. But just what is it that the courts have protected, and how does this differ from how the courts acted later when the media through which ideas flowed came to be the telegraph, telephone, television, or computers? What images did policy makers have of how each of these media works; how far were their images valid; and what happened to their images when the facts changed?

In each of the three parts of the American communications system — print, common carriers, and broadcasting — the law has rested on a perception of technology that is sometimes accurate, often inaccurate, and which changes slowly as technology changes fast. Each new advance in the technology of communications disturbs a status quo. It meets resistance from those whose dominance it threatens, but if useful, it begins to be adopted. Initially, because it is new and a full scientific mastery of the options is not yet at hand, the invention comes into use in a rather clumsy form. Technical laymen, such as judges, perceive the new technology in that early, clumsy form, which then becomes their image of its nature, possibilities, and use. This perception is an incubus on later understanding.



Controlling Technology

(Ethics and the Responsible Engineer)
Stephen H. Unger. 1993; 300 pp.
ISBN 0-471-59181-5
\$34.95 postpaid from John Wiley & Sons,
Inc., 1 Wiley Dr., Somerset, NJ 08875;
800/225-5945

neers and scientists should use their skills and knowledge to enhance the quality of life for all and should conduct themselves in an honorable and ethical manner so as to merit confidence and respect. This code is a guide to the balanced discharge of their responsibilities to society, to their employers and clients, to their coworkers and subordinates, to their professional colleagues, and to themselves.

The Naked Consumer



The Naked Consumer

(How Our Private Lives

Become Public Commodities)

Eric Larson. Penguin Books, 1992;

275 pp. ISBN 0-14-023303-2

\$10.95 (\$12.95 postpaid) from Penguin

USA, Consumer Sales, 120 Woodbine

Street, Bergenfield, NJ 07621; 800/253-6476

In an attempt to understand their target markets, marketers have developed tools and techniques that, with computer technology, can paint a frighteningly detailed portrait of almost any individual. Almost any detail of your life — height, weight, gender, sexual orientation, race, religion, voting record, medical record, DMV record, income — is now a commodity that companies can buy and sell without your consent or control.

Erik Larson posed as CEO of a direct-mailing company in order to study the technology used to target individuals for advertising. *The Naked Consumer* gives an account of his discoveries, discusses the dangers of the misuse of information and the commoditization of our lives, and examines how the glut of information has changed our society. It is a fas-

cinating and frightening book, guaranteed to raise your paranoia level.

—Wade Fox

■ Someone out there was observing my little family and gauging its progress through time. But who? And how? The more I thought about it — and clearly you're not supposed to think about it, you're supposed to whip out your checkbook and start writing — the more intriguing the letter became. Somewhere a company not only noticed the fact of my daughter's birth, but had made a little note to check back again in a year with a birthday letter chock full of consumer offerings.

■ "Through psychographics," he crowed, "we become the friend who knows them as well as — perhaps better than — they know themselves."

ZAP! How your computer can hurt you — and what you can do about it

Don Sellers has provided us with a clear, concise and easy-to-use guide on how to prevent or minimize computer-related injuries. He also discusses the current scientific controversy about the possible health effects of computer-generated VLF and ELF electromagnetic fields. ZAP! is well researched, and Mr. Sellers' down-to-earth attitude is refreshing. —Jennifer Gates

Zap!

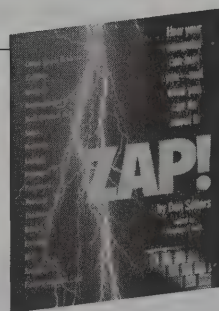
(How your computer can hurt you — and what you can do about it)

Don Sellers. 1994; 150 pp.

ISBN 1-56609-021-0

\$12.95 (\$16.95 postpaid) from

Peachpit Press, Inc., 2414 6th Street, Berkeley, CA 94710; 800/283-9444



● Most computer users don't know what can injure them. And most people often work on computers until their body is so injured that a return to good health proves difficult or impossible.

● ZAP!'s tone expresses a reasoned concern about computer-health issues — far from the hysteria often found in the general computer press. There's a good reason for this choice: Psychological stress exacerbates most of the physical problems associated with computer use. Worry is counterproductive. Read ZAP! with a positive attitude, figure out what you need to do, and then take action.

● **Computer sorcery:** Being transformed into a mindless service drudge by the instant gratification provided by your computer. Characterized by transfixed vision, static posture, and long periods without breaks, it results in anxiety, eyestrain, repetitive strain injuries, and other complaints.

Sound familiar? A proper computer work schedule, exercise program, and health-conscious attitude are sometimes not enough; you may need to shatter your computer's spell before you can exercise your eyes, get up and take a break.

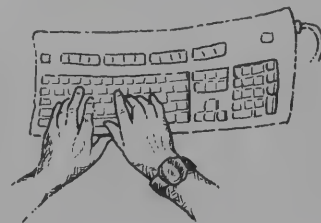
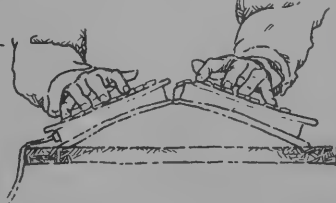
The Dangerous Keyboard

A standard keyboard can force your wrists into three unnatural positions. Exactly how and to what degree these positions contribute to injury is not known, but it has been suggested that by using less force in your typing (most people hit the keys far too energetically) you may lessen the potential damage to your body.

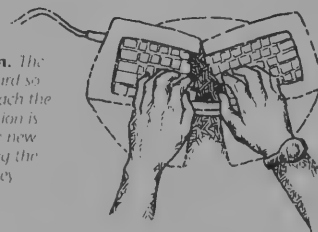


Pronation. The wrists rotate the hands so they face downward, so the fingers can rest on the keys. Pronation is alleviated in some new designs by splitting the keyboard and raising the middle.

Extension. The wrist tilts up (extends) to reach the keyboard. Use a wrist pad, adjust the keyboard's angle, or adjust your workstation so your wrist doesn't bend up or down. Make sure your wrist doesn't jab into any hard edges (see Shoulders to Hands).



Ulnar deviation. The wrists bend outward so the fingers can reach the keys. Ulnar deviation is alleviated in some new designs by splitting the keyboard so the key layout forms a V.



What the Bible Really Says

If centuries of commentary are put aside and the unadorned text looked at anew, what does the Bible really say? This volume addresses that innocuous yet difficult question in a way certain to displease ideologues and pet-theorists of all stripes.

These essays guide the reader through the text of the Bible relating to certain themes — such as government, women, war, and the future — with minimal commentary and interpretation. One senses the strain these authors — scholars all — must have endured to avoid slipping in the occasional footnote or learned aside. Not all are able to resist the temptation, but none transgress to the point of obfuscation. The book is quite accessible to the layperson.

Contrasts and surprises, significant silences, and outright contradictions are revealed in these restrained and thoughtful chapters. **What the Bible Really Says** shows that what we may believe about the Bible, based on dimly remembered religious instruction, opinions about what is good and true, or our political predilections, may not stand up to a close reading of the text.
—William Rolf Knutson

• If the writers here represented have anything in common, it is their rejection of the idea that the spectacles of faith render the text plain and accessible. We have chosen to read and report without the aid of spectacles because we believe that the text is, on the whole, clear, and our eyes — given proper training in what to look for and adequate knowledge of the languages required — pretty good. As biblical scholars and historians, we are also aware that unaided sight and clear meaning have had little part to play in the development of the art of biblical criticism. Only through a powerful magnification of self-interest — not to say distortion in vision — does St. Augustine make the ark of Noah the church of Christ, or Luther the church of Rome the whore of Babylon. "Eisogesis" — the skill of reading out of a text the interests we read into it — is a well-developed habit in theological circles: And in the habit the fundamentalist who sees the Bible as an inspired and inerrant document is no better off than the liberation theologian who must spend half his time apologizing for the cru-

dities of biblical religion and the other half invoking its authority in support of his program. Both must do grave injustice to the text to do justice to their agendas.



What the Bible Really Says

Morton Smith & R. Joseph Hoffman.
HarperSanFrancisco, 1993;
256 pp. ISBN 0-06-067443-1
\$15 (\$17.75 postpaid) from HarperCollins
Publishers, Direct Mail, PO Box 588,
Dunmore, PA 18512; 800/331-3761

The Show Starts on the Sidewalk

Pre-television movie-going was a glamorous fantasy that started when you stepped from the sidewalk into a graceful art deco or grandly historical lobby, felt your road-weary feet sink into plush carpet and your nostrils fill with the aroma of warm popcorn. Servant-like ushers then escorted you to upholstered seats in the screening hall. Pure escape. This architectural history of the movie theater, America's most flamboyant architectural form, celebrates that sensual joy. —Digger

• Cinema was an industry that sold an experience and a memory, not a product. The psychological environment had to be part of the successful sale, offering the patron an event worth remembering and repeating. The architecture thus shaped the experience and reinforced one's memory of it. Lee was a master of manipulating space and form to create an atmosphere that was profitable for the client, comfortable for the user, and distinctive in setting.

• Entrepreneur Richard Hollingshead patented the idea and built the first drive-in, which opened 3 June 1933, in Camden, New Jersey. He predicted the last two things Americans would give up were the car and the movies. With that idea in mind, he

developed ramps, studied angles, and perfected sight lines and traffic patterns to accommodate four hundred cars in a field with a screen situated so that it was clearly visible through the windshield of every car.



The Show Starts on the Sidewalk

(An Architectural History of the Movie Theatre, Starring S. Charles Lee)
Maggie Valentine. 1994; 231 pp.
ISBN 0-300-05527-7
\$35 (\$38 postpaid) from Yale University
Press, Order Dept., PO Box 209040,
New Haven, CT 06520; 203/432-0940



Academy Theatre, 1939

Tune In Tomorrow

Under the pen name (and X-Acto knife) of "Tom Tomorrow," Dan Perkins treats us to another collection of his penetrating musings on the state of American social and political cultures.

Perkins seems to take a special pleasure in pricking the inflated egos of TV newscasters, radio talk show hosts and pompous politicians. While no subject or political viewpoint escapes his bombsight, his favorite targets seem to be all things ultra-conservative. He diabolically uses their own artwork (a pastiche of 1950s advertising art) to form the basis of his commentary. In the world of generic cartoon art where a chuckle and a paycheck are the cartoonist's only goal, Perkins stands out for his scathing wit and insight.

—Phil Frank



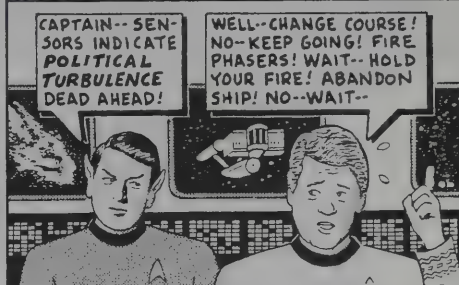
THIS MONTH, *TUNE IN TOMORROW* EXAMINES THE QUESTION ON EVERYONE'S MIND: IF THE CLINTON ADMINISTRATION WERE AN OLD TV SHOW, WHAT SHOW WOULD IT BE?



OR HOW ABOUT *BATMAN*--THOUGH IN THAT CASE, WE'RE NOT QUITE SURE WHO WOULD PORTRAY *ROBIN*...



MAYBE THE ORIGINAL *STAR TREK*, FOR INSTANCE... AL GORE WOULD MAKE A *TERRIFIC MR. SPOCK*--THOUGH BILL CLINTON DOESN'T EXACTLY SEEM TO HAVE CAPTAIN KIRK'S--WELL--DECISIVENESS...



PERHAPS MOST APPROPRIATE WOULD BE *THE MOD SQUAD*--IN WHICH, IF MEMORY SERVES, A TRIO OF BABY BOOMERS SPOKE OF *CHANGE* AND *IDEALISM*--WHILE WORKING DILIGENTLY TO UPHOLD THE *STATUS QUO*...



Tune in Tomorrow

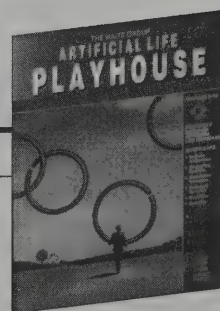
Tom Tomorrow. St. Martin's Press, 1994;
128 pp. ISBN 0-312-11344-7
\$8.95 (\$12.95 postpaid) from Publishers
Book & Audio, PO Box 070059, Staten
Island, NY 10307; 800/288-2131

Artificial Life Playhouse

Ever wonder what life's about? Create your own world in cyberspace and find out! But once you create your synthetic world you may feel morally obligated to never turn off your computer again. This book describes in simple terms the theory, ethics, and practices used to create artificial life. It comes with eight programs, each designed to probe a different aspect of artificially generated living systems. You will learn about cellular automata, Conway's Game of Life, multistate automata, biomorphs, emergent behavior, and more.

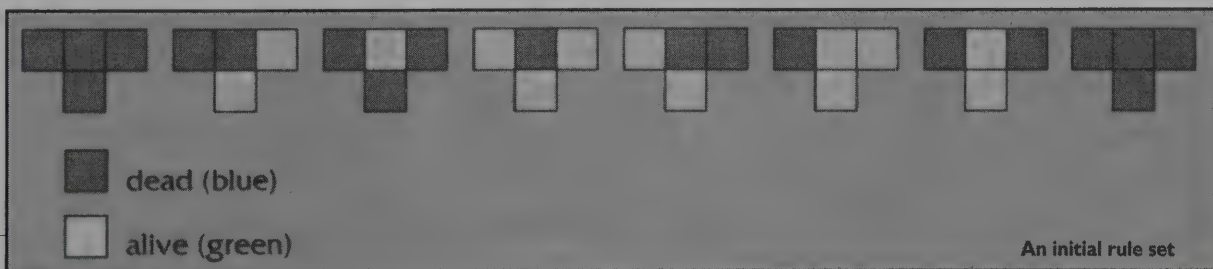
—William Mook

- Conway's Game of Life is a two-state cellular automaton, so it is a Finite State Machine. You can think of the Game of Life as being expressed by a genotype and the various Game of Life forms as expressions of the phenotype.
- The LINE-CA program demonstrates emergent behavior. In particular, it shows that simple rules can lead to complex behavior. Behavior depends both upon the rules and the initial configuration you set up, just as the development of living creatures depends both upon heredity and environment.



Artificial Life Playhouse

(Evolution at Your Fingertips)
Stephen Prata. 1993;
150 pp. ISBN 1-878739-32-8
\$23.95 (\$28.95 postpaid) from Waite
Group Press, 200 Tamal Plaza, Corte
Madera, CA 94925; 800/368-9369,
fax 415/924-2576

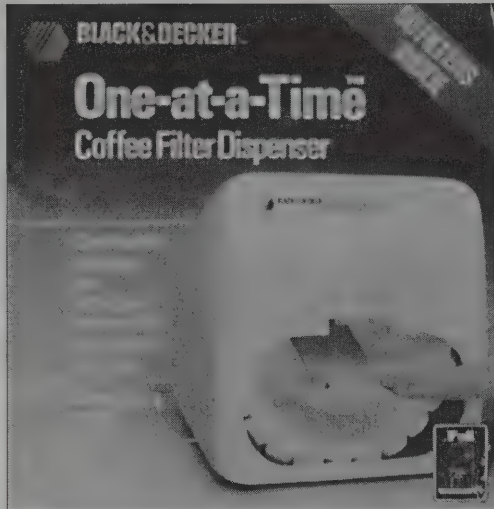


The Edge of the Millennium

Derived from a 1992 symposium of the same name, *The Edge of the Millennium* assembles a diverse group to delineate possible futures in design, architecture and communication. Often irreverent and darkly humorous, the book defines with scholarly enthusiasm the complexities of life on the Edge. Includes a stellar conversation with science fiction writer Bruce Sterling, and an examination of graphic design in the former East Germany by Erik Spiekermann. —S. Gutermuth



The Edge of the Millennium
 (Critique of Architecture, Urban Planning,
 Product and Communication Design)
 Susan Velavich, Editor. 1993;
 256 pp. ISBN 0-8230-0254-3
 \$30 (\$32 postpaid) from Watson-Guptill
 Publications, 1695 Oak Street, Lakewood, NJ 08701;
 908/363-4511



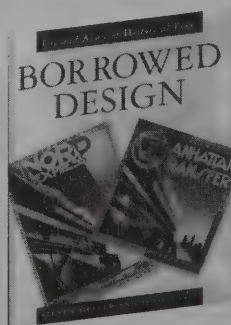
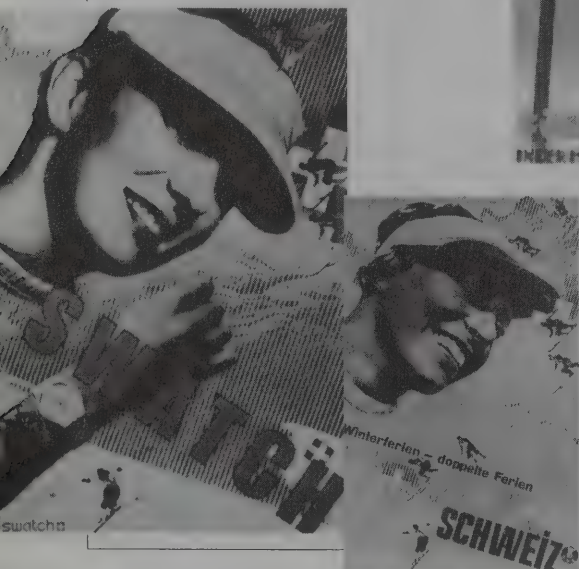
Designers say they're professional problem solvers. Here are some problems:

1. In 1991, 6,019 people were wounded or killed by gunfire in New York; 530 were children.
2. The number of U.S. welfare recipients increased more in 1990 and 1991 than in the previous 16 years combined.
3. One of every 53 New Yorkers is infected with the HIV virus.
4. Each day some 137 species become extinct mostly because of rain forest destruction.
5. Coffee filters are often a hassle to pull apart.

Which one of these looks like a design-sized problem?

Borrowed Design

With the advent of digital reproduction, "borrowing" has become commonplace in all art forms. But graphic designers are more blatant than most. This is a compelling look at how historical design styles are constantly recycled with varying degrees of success. —S. Gutermuth



Borrowed Design
 (Use and Abuse of Historical Form)
 Steven Heller & Julie Lasky. 1993;
 182 pp. ISBN 0-442-00840-6
 \$29.95 postpaid from Van Nostrand
 Reinhold, Order Dept., 7625 Empire Drive,
 Florence, KY 41042; 800/842-3636

Working with Graphic Designers

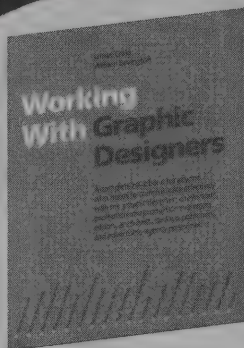
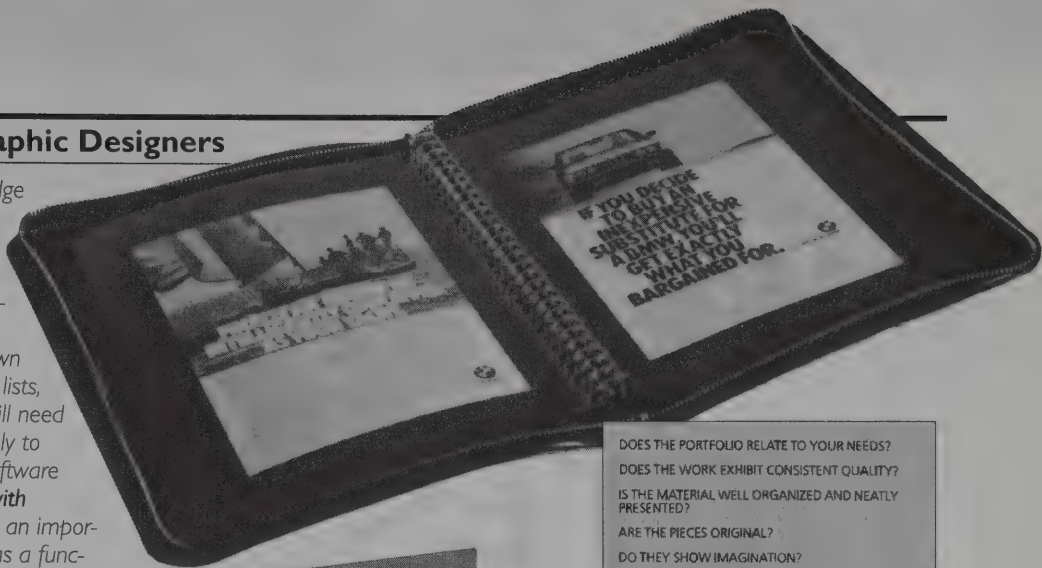
This book is a wonderful bridge for the many people who, due to the revolution in computer software, are now doing their own graphic-arts work. Simply put: if you are, like me, creating your own letterheads, brochures, price lists, invitations, and so on, you still need to know the vernacular, if only to understand the computer software you already own. **Working with Graphic Designers** serves as an important diagnostic tool as well as a functional graphic arts index.

—Harlan G. Hoffman

Working with Graphic Designers

James Craig & William Bevington. 1989; 160 pp.
ISBN 0-8230-5867-0

\$22.50 (\$24.50 postpaid) from Watson-Guptill Publications, 1695 Oak Street, Lakewood, NJ 08701; 908/363-4511



DOES THE PORTFOLIO RELATE TO YOUR NEEDS?
DOES THE WORK EXHIBIT CONSISTENT QUALITY?
IS THE MATERIAL WELL ORGANIZED AND NEATLY PRESENTED?
ARE THE PIECES ORIGINAL?
DO THEY SHOW IMAGINATION?
IS THERE ENOUGH WORK TO MAKE AN ACCURATE APPRAISAL?
DO THE DESIGNS SOLVE THE PROBLEMS THEY ADDRESS?
ARE THE PIECES REALISTIC, THAT IS, CAN THEY BE REPRODUCED COMMERCIALY?

Fine Artist

With this drawing program you can make all kinds of things, like buttons, pins, comic strips, and picture shows. You can draw your own pictures, choose from stickers, add sounds, and even make your pictures look 3-D.

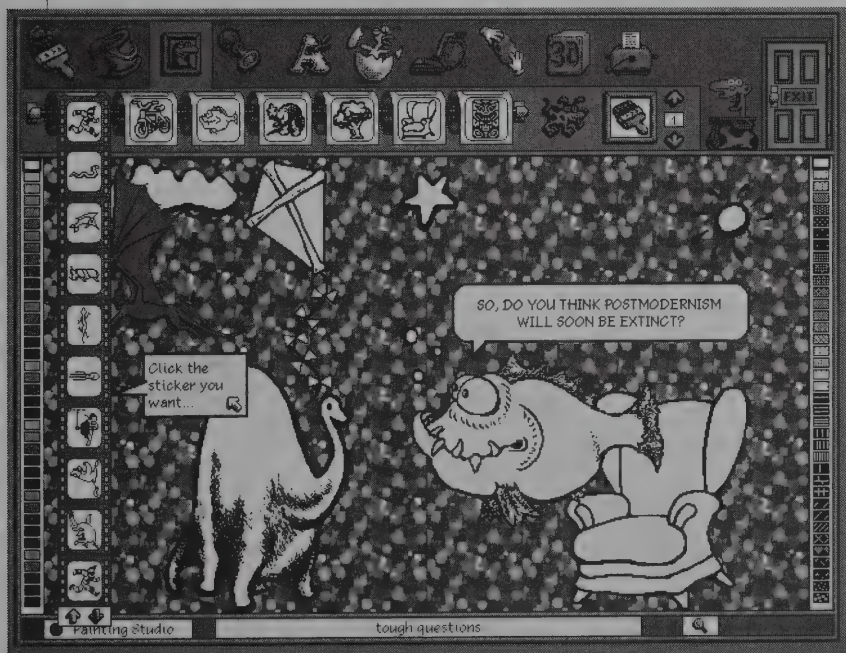
I drew a piranha on a button, with the sound of a tyrannosaurus rex. I also made my name look like a car, a triangle, and other shapes. —Phouthai Khamvanhthong (age twelve)

Fine Artist

Microsoft Corp.

Macintosh version: System 6.0.7 or later, 4 MB RAM for color, 10 MB hard disk space, \$45.95 (\$48.95 postpaid) from MacWarehouse, 800/255-6227.

Windows version: Windows 3.1 or later, DOS 3.2 or later, 4 MB RAM, VGA, 8 MB hard disk space, \$39.95 (\$42.95 postpaid) from MicroWarehouse, 800/367-7080. The mailing address for both is 1720 Oak Street, Lakewood, NJ 08701

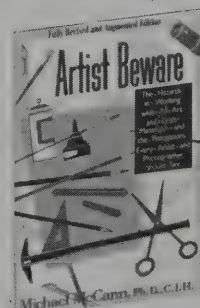


Artist Beware

In a practical, non-alarmist tone Dr. McCann teaches you about the dangers associated with art materials you work with every day and guides you to practical ways to avoid exposing yourself to their hazards. A great resource.

—Jennifer Gates

In recent times physicians have speculated that some of the illnesses of famous artists might have been the result of poisoning by their materials. For example, Dr. Gertram Carnow has suggested that Van Gogh's insanity might have been caused by lead poisoning and has theorized that the blurring of stars and halos around lights in Van Gogh's later painting might have been the effect of lead poisoning. There is documentation of instances of Van Gogh swallowing paint and of his very sloppy painting technique. He was known to use the lead-containing Naples yellow as well as several other highly toxic pigments.

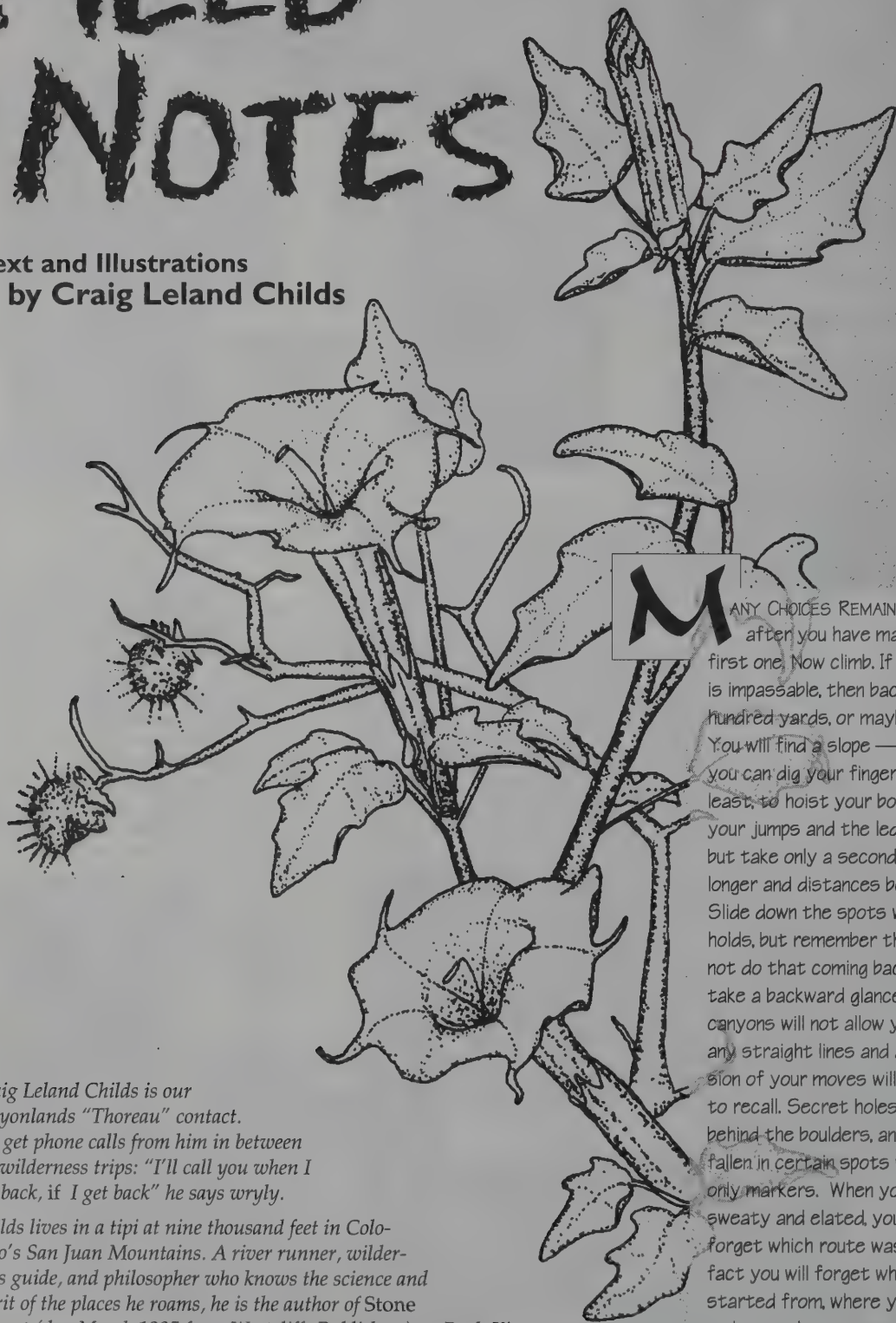


Artist Beware

(The Hazards in Working with All Art and Craft Materials)
Michael McCann. 1992; 564 pp.
ISBN 1-55821-175-6
\$29.95 (\$32.45 postpaid) from Lyons & Burford Publishers, 31 W. 21st Street, New York, NY 10010; 212/620-9580

FIELD NOTES

Text and Illustrations
by Craig Leland Childs



Craig Leland Childs is our canyonlands "Thoreau" contact.

We get phone calls from him in between his wilderness trips: "I'll call you when I get back, if I get back" he says wryly.

Childs lives in a tipi at nine thousand feet in Colorado's San Juan Mountains. A river runner, wilderness guide, and philosopher who knows the science and spirit of the places he roams, he is the author of *Stone Desert* (due March 1995 from Westcliffe Publishers). —Ruth Kissane

MANY CHOICES REMAIN TO BE MADE after you have made the first one. Now climb. If a dryfall is impassable, then backtrack a hundred yards, or maybe a mile. You will find a slope — something you can dig your fingernails into, at least, to hoist your body up. Judge your jumps and the ledges carefully, but take only a second to do so: any longer and distances begin to skew. Slide down the spots without footholds, but remember that you cannot do that coming back. Always take a backward glance, because the canyons will not allow you to move in any straight lines and all the precision of your moves will be difficult to recall. Secret holes, dark spaces behind the boulders, and junipers fallen in certain spots will be your only markers. When you come back, sweaty and elated, you will suddenly forget which route was which. In fact you will forget where you started from, where you were going, and even who you were.



Each canyon will open a new world. You won't understand it; keep moving. If there is snow, leave footprints like breadcrumbs. If there is only soil, each footprint will take a day from your life. But it will be the bare stone that will lose you. The canyons will branch into more canyons even when you think the possibilities have been exhausted. If far away the open roof of the Maze appears, it will be so more by chance than accomplishment.

Take the ledges and the climbs where your panicked face is pressed to the wall. Taste the rock while you're there. Never let your momentum fall, it is necessary to keep your boot soles firm on the slick rock. But do glance outward. You will see arches and caves, rounded domes rising out of flood-cut perplexities. Somehow this will make sense. If it makes too much sense, you have gone too far. Keep going then.

If your partner has left exploring and doesn't return by dusk, don't bother making dinner for two. Accept it as part of the Maze.

If you are easily obsessed, make the choice now. Either come to this place or never even entertain the thought. It may fascinate you until you can no longer think. Avoid this fascination when you are struggling to keep your grip on the ledge you think might be the one you struggled on earlier. If you are caught, you may cry. Trust that your tears will be carried away by the crows and that when the heavy water comes next, it will send you back to the place you started. ☹



The Chocolate Drops
Above the South Park of
Horse Canyon - the Maze

The Secret Garden

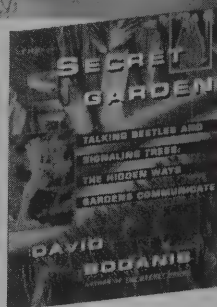
The microscopic world is as complex and mysterious as the outer reaches of the universe. David Bodanis paints a vivid picture of what goes on in the garden, under our very noses and feet. Delving into new microbiological research, he uncovers how members of the microscopic world coexist, communicate and sometimes cooperate with each other.

Fantastically colored electron micrographs of these fabulous tiny beasts and beauties accompany two parallel narratives: the play within the play; a couple spends the day sprucing up their garden, unaware of their effect on the microscopic world around them. The most far-fetched science fiction is not so far off, after all. —Karen Van Epen

• Yet as with all the doings in our garden, what we're seeing here is not something that just began recently or even just a few centuries ago, but rather something that has evolved over many millions of years. Think of every adult in a city the size of Atlanta being given a full lifetime to work on a complex puzzle, and then when each had done his or her best, passing it on — with their best partial solutions attached — for the next person to try. A group of outer-space explorers landing in Georgia at a date 60 million years in the future would be amazed at what the humans have come up with. So it is with the trees and other plants — only in this case we're the voyaging expedition that landed in these beings' distant future.

• There are also the tiny optical spiders again, which greeted the human on the lawn surface before. If conditions are at all crowded, and there isn't enough food for their optical microhunting, then the youngest of them roll out great trailing silk lines now. On a cool day the lines just collect in clumps on the ground. But if it's hot out, and there's a good microstorm blowing, the silk lines stretch, and tauten, and billow upward in the invisible gale. Soon the microscopic baby spiders lift off in formation through the air beside your house: a miniaturized parachute regiment in reverse, also soaring up to the beckoning blue vault of the sky, to land, hours or days from now, where they can get a chance at life over The Great Fence, in the distant and perhaps more promising domain of other lawns.

Pond skating beetles are small enough that they don't burst through the taut "skin" of surface tension on water and so can run on the surface.



The Secret Garden

David Bodanis. Touchstone Books, 1993; 187 pp. ISBN 0-671-86861-6
\$14 postpaid from Simon & Schuster, Order Dept., 200 Old Tappan Road, Old Tappan, NJ 07675; 800/223-2336



Inside a rebuilding chickweed flower. The female parts are growing out of the middle; leaning in from outside are the male parts. Pollen dots are visible being transferred; the larger drops near the bottom corners are nectar for attracting bees.



Psychopyge elegans



Trilobites

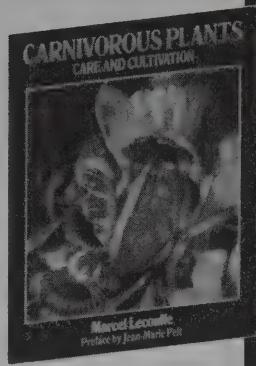
Riccardo Levi-Setti. University of Chicago Press, 1993; 320 pp. ISBN 0-226-47451-8
\$45 (\$48 postpaid) from Chicago Distribution Center, 11030 S. Langley Avenue, Chicago, IL 60628; 800/621-2736

Carnivorous Plants

Blurring the distinction between the plant and animal worlds, these bizarre and beautiful rooted critters can thrive in your home, like pets. World-renowned nurseryman Marcel Lecoufle demystifies their very specific requirements, explaining how these plants function and how to make them happy. Every page is illustrated with the author's clear color photos. —Karen Van Epen

Why have some plant species, often biologically quite distinct from each other, developed this extraordinary property called carnivorousness? In order to grow and reproduce, plants require certain essential elements — oxygen, carbon dioxide, water, various mineral salts (principally constituents of nitrogen, calcium, potassium, and phosphorus) — as well as vitamins and hormones. To satisfy these needs, plants have perfected strategies related to the very varied environments that they have been able to colonize.

In particular, we often find carnivorous plants growing on acid soils (peat bogs) or in acid waters that are poor in mineral salts. In order to survive in these impoverished habitats, the carnivorous plants have devised traps that are the result of several thousand years of evolution. The prey cap-



Carnivorous Plants

(Care and Cultivation)
Marcel Lecoufle.
Cassell Publishers Ltd., 1993; 144 pp.
ISBN 0-304-34330-7
\$17.95 (\$19.70 post-paid) from Sterling Publishing Co., 387 Park Avenue S., New York, NY 10016; 800/367-9692

tured and assimilated by these traps supply vitamins and proteins that plants living in richer soils take in through their roots in the form of mineral salts. Experiments with carnivorous plants have shown that fertilizers of whatever sort can in no way replace the nutrition contributed by the captured insects, if one wants to obtain vigorous, flowering plants.

- Cultivation of *Nepenthes alata*.

Compost A variety of composts can be used and they all give excellent results. Peri-

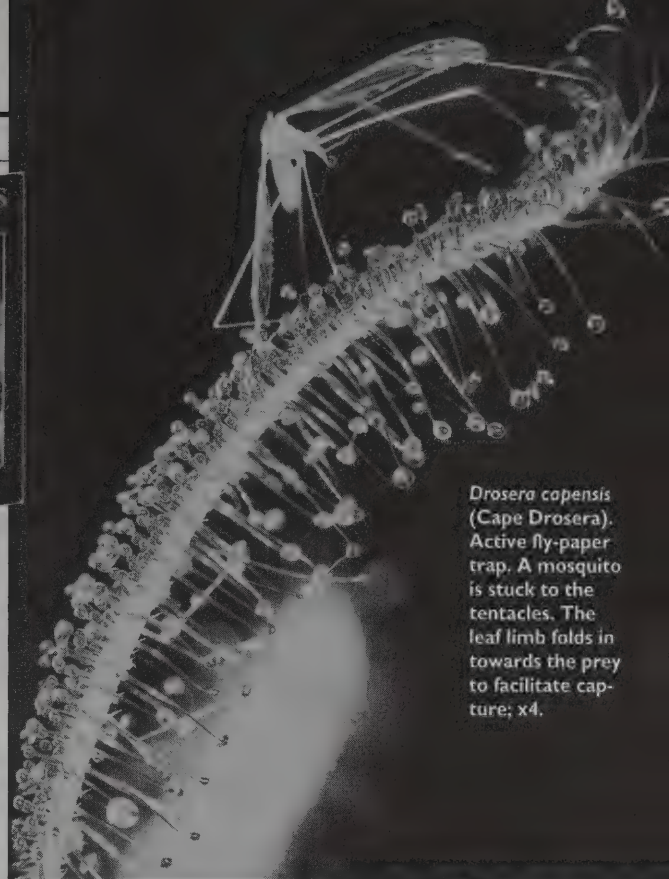
odically the plants need to be repotted; take care not to damage the roots during this operation.

Watering Keep the compost damp.

Light Full sun is acceptable only in outdoor cultivation and after exposing the plant gradually to it. Generally, and especially under glass, it is advisable not to give more than 50% sunlight, or 14,000 lx of artificial light.

Temperature *N. alata* lives naturally at high altitudes and therefore in relatively harsh temperatures. Consequently, it is quite happy in rather cooler temperatures of between 10 and 25 degrees Celsius.

Rest Although no natural rest period has been observed, it is advisable to reduce the water supply in winter.



Drosera capensis (Cape Drosera). Active fly-paper trap. A mosquito is stuck to the tentacles. The leaf limb folds in towards the prey to facilitate capture; x4.

Trilobites

Who would expect to find a treatise on eyes in a book of fossils? Surprise! While I generally decry overspecialization, this book is a good example of the sort of concentrated attention that opens new territory. There's love in it. The extraordinary photographs opened some new territory in me, too: an increased appreciation of evolution and the subtle complexity of seemingly simple creatures. The author (a physician!) has the rare knack of satisfying both academicians and the merely curious. —J. Baldwin

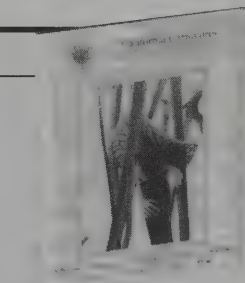
The right eye of *Phacops rana milleri* Stewart, from the Devonian Silica Shale of Sylvania, Ohio. The design of the trilobite's eye lens could well qualify for a patent disclosure. Prior art would mention the Schmidt plate of modern telescopes, a Cartesian surface performing function similar to that of

the wavy interface of the trilobite's eye lens.

California Carnivores

Hundreds of varieties of carnivorous plants are available from this fascinating nursery. They welcome visitors and photographers, and ask that you BYOB (bring your own bugs) if you wish to feed the plants. Open daily April through October; in winter you should call ahead to make sure the greenhouse will be open.

If you can't arrange a visit, don't fret: they now conduct sales through the mail, too. Their informative growing guide details the necessities of life for the plants they sell. —Karen Van Epen



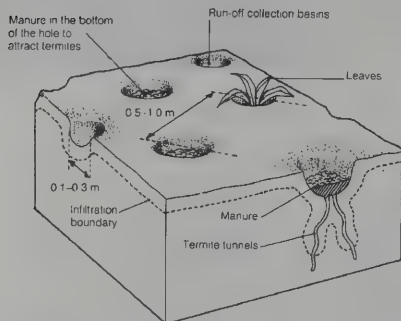
Carnivorous Plant Growing Guide

Peter D'Amato. 1994; 26 pp.
\$2 postpaid from California Carnivores, 7020 Trenton-Healdsburg Road, Forestville, CA 95436; 707/838-1630

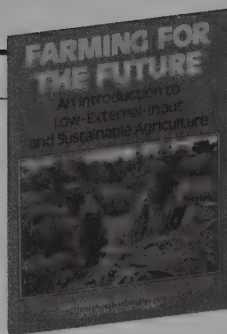
Farming for the Future

An elegant combination of the theoretical and the practical, this book is an indispensable tool for those who work in international development, or for anyone who wants to better understand issues of small-scale farming in the tropics. The authors make a unique and valuable contribution with hundreds of examples and practical explanations of techniques used by farmers in a wide range of settings, focusing on farmers who, for reasons of cost or non-availability, operate with few off-farm supplies. **Farming for the Future** includes one of the best definitions of sustainable ag I have seen and, with lots of solid information on farmer-to-farmer communication and experimentation, does a great job of outlining how farmers integrate tradition and innovation in technology development.

—David Katz



Nutrient harvesting in soil depressions in which manure and cereal are deposited to attract termites, practiced in Yatenga region, Burkina Faso.



Farming for the Future

(An Introduction to Low-External-Input and Sustainable Agriculture)

Coen Reijntjes, Betus Haverkort & Ann Waters-Bayer. ILEIA, The Macmillan Press UK, 1992;

250 pp. ISBN 0-333-57011-1

\$29.95 (\$33.95 postpaid) from

AgAccess, PO Box 2008, Davis, CA

95617; 916/756-7177, fax 916/756-7188

- **Cases of experimenting farmers**

Farmers in Chiapas, Mexico, found velvet bean (*Mucuna pruriens*) growing wild in the nearby jungle and noticed that it shaded out all other weeds. They tried planting it together with their maize and, in essentially jungle conditions together with judicious use of chemical fertiliser, harvested 4 t/ha of maize in the same fields year after year without the benefits of either crop rotation or fallowing.

Also farmers in northern Honduras tried growing velvet bean as a ground-cover crop together with maize. They now obtain maize grain yields of 2.7-3.3 t/ha, more than double the national average, without using chemical fertiliser. As ploughing was substituted by a no-till system and the ground



Much of the *daddawa* sold in Nigerian markets is now made of soybean, a result of technology developed by local women.

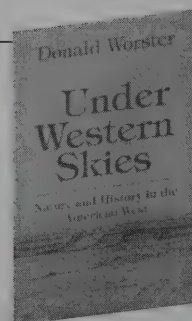
cover reduces erosion, costs for land preparation and weeding could be considerably reduced. This technique spread rapidly without being promoted by any private or government agency.

Under Western Skies

Whether in the immense openness of the Nebraska prairie or the looming presence of a sequoia grove, Americans have sought freedom in western space. Donald Worster examines the effects of "civilization" and "progress" on the West's fragile natural structure. Life in the West has created a paradox between our freedom and nature's subjection. Worster believes that to develop a healthy biome, we must reappraise our secular humanist tradition of progress and conquest, looking instead toward the eternal and chaotic needs of nature. Abused, nature inevitably subverts its controllers. In **Under Western Skies**, Worster strives to develop western identities and ethics that will not result in the collapse of the people and land.

—Andrew Needham

- The environmental historian has to conclude that, contrary to Frederick Jackson Turner, we Americans have not been triumphing over the wilderness "little by little." Such an image suggests a steady linear progression to some ultimate point called civilization. The real history we have made is rather one of cycles — rises and falls, victories and defeats, neither humans nor nature ever gaining a complete, final mastery. Only in a carefully restricted span, say, a period of a few decades or a century or two, and by carefully specified criteria, can one find more or less straight lines running one way or the other through time. The entire history of the westward movement has to date been written from a highly selective view, enabling us to tell and believe a story that ends in epic success — but the real story is not over, will never be over, and we will



Under Western Skies

(Nature and History in the American West)

Donald Worster. 1992;

304 pp. ISBN 0-19-508671-6

\$12.95 (\$14.95 postpaid) from Oxford

University Press, Order Dept., 2001 Evans

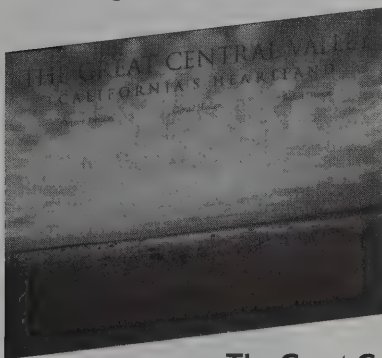
Road, Cary, NC 27513; 800/451-7556

have lots more tragedies and failures to record as it goes on.

The Great Central Valley

California's Central Valley is where one quarter of America's food is produced. The Valley is heavily managed: plowed, leveled, diked, irrigated, sprayed, loved, hated and fought over. What was it like before agriculture changed it so? Author Gerald Haslam contrasts the descriptions of surveyor William Henry Brewer (*Up and Down California 1860-1864*) with what's happening today. Stephen Johnson and Robert Dawson's magnificent photographs illuminate the valley's many moods.

The authors used modern techniques of desktop publishing to produce this high-quality book. See the review of his *Making a Digital Book*.
—Mollie Rights



The Great Central Valley (California's Heartland)

Stephen Johnson, Gerald Haslam & Robert Dawson.
University of California Press, 1993; 252 pp. ISBN 0-520-07777-6
\$35 (\$38 postpaid) from California/Princeton Fulfillment Services,
1445 Lower Ferry Road, Ewing, NJ 08618; 800/777-4726

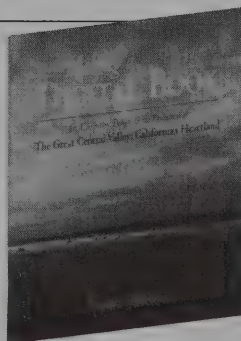
Making a Digital Book

The author of *The Great Central Valley*, the consummate regional book, shows us how he did it. It is up to us to extrapolate for our regions.

Stephen Johnson used Adobe's Photoshop to acquire and manipulate photographs, and Illustrator to draw maps. He gives us brief, clear lectures on the essentials of his design process, scanning and image editing options for black and white, duotone, and color — the section I found most informative — and how he restored faded and damaged photographs. Several more slim chapters describe project organization, setting costs, and equipment. The chapters are well illustrated with examples from the larger book.

As well as being a showcase of the author's work as talented photographer and able teacher, this book, emblazoned with the logos of the companies who freely gave or loaned hardware and software, is testament to his consummate salesmanship.

Emulate that and you, too, will have it made. —Don Ryan



Making a Digital Book

Stephen Johnson 1993; 48 pp.
\$15 postpaid from Stephen Johnson Photog-
raphy, PO Box 1626, Pacifica, CA 94044

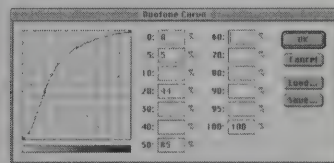
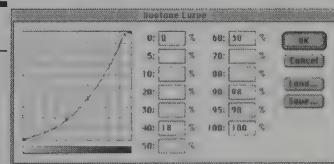
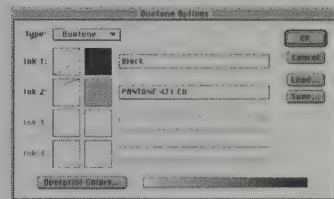


Man in Field, Merced County, circa 1925.

But, as social ecologist Michael Black suggests, it was the reinvention of the tomato that most dramatically demonstrated the best and worst results of U.C. Davis's research. "U.C. altered the genetic structure of the tomato so that it could withstand mechanical picking," Black points out. "Unfortunately, as folks who grow their own know, that also eliminated the taste. Apparently, if you want 'em to bounce well, they can't taste worth a darn . . . Designer tomatoes came with the invention at U.C. Davis of the mechanical harvester."

The facts are that since the mechanical tomato harvester became available in 1974, it takes only six harvesters and a handful of workers to reap a crop that a few years back might have required six hundred.

Productivity is impressive; in 1940, California's acre yield was eight tons; in 1960 it had grown to seventeen tons; today it averages twenty-four tons. Economic forces have concentrated tomato farming, so that not only are fewer laborers employed, but fewer farmers do the employing; in 1940 tomato farms averaged 45 acres; today the average is 350. That is, the human crop grows smaller as the yield of hard, flavorless tomatoes grows larger. "Do you want to know what has gone wrong with technology and science in America?" Black asks. "Eat a California tomato."

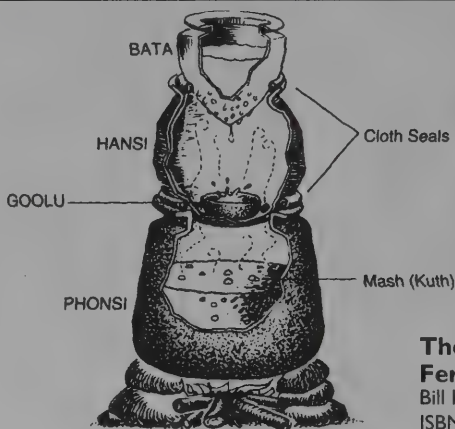


The image used a heavy application of the PMS 421 gray, carrying all of the highlight and most midtone values, with black only in the shadows.

The Permaculture Book of Ferment and Human Nutrition

Visionary Bill Mollison has roamed the world teaching his eclectic Permaculture design: creative ways to combine food production and human settlements. This fascinating book reflects the raconteur's keen interest in traditional food processing techniques, many of which are endangered by the quickening pace of modern life.

We humans have developed thousands of ingenious ways to store and preserve fresh foods and to enhance their nutritional value. In the developed world we are all familiar with the use of bacteria and yeasts to create cheeses, breads and alcoholic beverages. Many of these recipes for drinks, pastes, doughs, syrups, extracts, pickles, mashes, preserves, sauces, and dried foods will seem quite surprising, but they are all daily fare somewhere, and worth a try elsewhere. Mollison's collection is almost unbelievably varied, as is his refreshing, iconoclastic commentary. He emphasizes that there need be no such thing as dependency upon a staple food, since so many options are open to us omnivores. —Karen Van Epen



Distilling ferments of grain, fruits and cane sugar to Raksi in Nepal.

▪ Hundred year eggs. China.

Fresh duck or chicken eggs are coated with a paste made sticky with water mixed with salt, ash from grain stems or straw, tea leaves, lime (burnt, powdered) and sodium carbonate. The coated eggs are then rolled in rice hulls or de-natured (oil-free) bran and carefully packed in earthenware jars, the lid sealed with paraffin wax or a mud-salt mix.

The Permaculture Book of Ferment & Human Nutrition

Bill Mollison. 1993; 288 pp.
ISBN 0-908228-06-6
\$29.95 (\$33.95 postpaid) from AgAccess,
PO Box 2008, Davis, CA 95617;
916/756-7177, fax 916/756-7188

The eggs ripen over 15-60 days (summer-winter) at 68-86 degrees F, but can be kept in a cooler place for months or years, when the egg solidifies to green-black and is eaten as a delicacy. These eggs are 45% protein and rich in retinol, carotene, calcium and phosphate.

If eaten at 18-20 days, the eggs are boiled, but after 60 days they are eaten without cooking.

Look to the Mountain

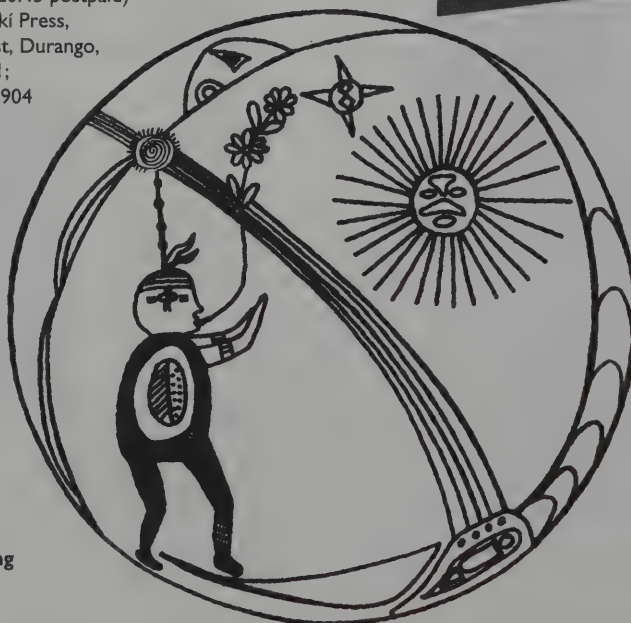
What would true environmental education look like? How should it relate to our lives and our lives relate to it? Gregory Cajete shows how the traditional Indian model of education can be used to create a new educational model more meaningful and useful than those our children are now experiencing. Whether or not you agree that Indians were "good environmentalists," there is no doubt that education was completely integrated into the lives of their children, family and culture, and not a thing apart as it is for our children today. —Mollie Rights

▪ The telling of story is such a universal part of human communication and learning that it may be that story is one of the most basic ways the human brain structures and relates experience. Everything that humans do and experience revolves around some kind of story. The predominance of television and the other mass media in modern life is largely because they are vehicles for storytelling, i.e., the transfer of information to relate a message or convey a meaning. Story is the way humans put information and experience in context to make it meaningful. Even in modern times we are one and all

storied and storying beings. At almost every moment of our lives, from birth to death and even in sleep, we are engaged with stories of every form and variation.

Look to the Mountain

(An Ecology of Indigenous Education)
Gregory Cajete. 1994; 243 pp.
ISBN 1-882308-65-4
\$16.95 (\$20.45 postpaid)
from Kivaki Press,
585 E. 31st, Durango,
CO 81301;
800/578-5904



The Asking

Large Quantity Recipes

Congratulations! You have been selected to fill in for the absent YMCA camp cook. No problem. Just take 12 lbs Fish Fillets, 8 lbs Broccoli Spears . . . These 1000 recipes are batched for 50 people,

but you can divide or multiply as required. Amounts are given in both weight and volume, US and metric. Big-kitchen equipment is assumed, as is a modicum of cooking savvy. We are inevitably talk-

ing institutional food here (I recognize some dishes from my high school cafeteria), but that doesn't preclude adding a pinch of imagination. Much of it beats takeout any day. —J. Baldwin



Large Quantity Recipes
Margaret E. Terrell & Dorothea B. Headlund. 1988; 524 pp.
ISBN 0-442-20486-8
\$46.95 postpaid from Van Nostrand Reinhold, Order Dept., 7625 Empire Drive, Florence, KY 41042; 800/842-3636

Applesauce Cookies

50 Cookies
Bake, 375°F/190°C, 15 min

Metric		Ingredients	U.S.	
Weight	Volume		Weight	Volume
227 g	237 ml	Butter or Margarine	8 oz	1 cup
454 g	474 ml	Sugar	1 lb	2 cups
681 g	711 ml	Applesauce, sweetened	1 lb, 8 oz	3 cups
	10 ml	Soda		2 tsp
605 g	1.26 l	Flour, all-purpose	1 lb, 5 1/2 oz	5 1/2 cups
	10 ml	Cinnamon		2 tsp
	2 1/2 ml	Cloves		1/2 tsp
	7 1/2 ml	Salt		1 1/2 tsp
170 g	237 ml	Raisins	6 oz	1 cup
114 g	237 ml	Walnuts, chopped	4 oz	1 cup

Procedure

1. Cream butter or margarine and sugar until light and fluffy.
2. Add applesauce in which soda has been dissolved.
3. Sift flour, salt, and spices together. Add to creamed mixture (reserving a little flour for raisins and walnuts). Add raisins and walnuts. Chill.
4. Drop on greased baking sheets with a No. 30 scoop.
5. Bake at 375°F/190°C for 15 minutes.

In Good Hands

This video shows that "primitive" Mayan culture has a great deal to teach western civilization about the preservation of our last remaining tropical forests. The farmers of Lacandon have been practicing sustainable agroforestry for hundreds of years, without depleting the rain forest that is their home. They are living proof that a hardwood forest can yield more benefits when it is left standing, than it does when converted to lumber. Step by step, the Lacandones demonstrate why theirs is one of the most successful traditions of rain forest agriculture on our planet. The Lacandon farmers are beautifully portrayed, underscoring the intimate bond between the forest and Lacandon culture.
—Victor Perera

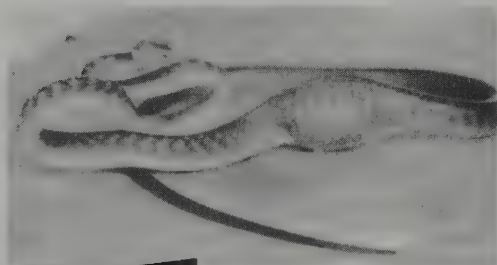
In Good Hands

(Culture and Agriculture in the Lacandon Rainforest)
Jaime Kibben & Steve Bartz. VHS video
\$39.95 (\$44.90 postpaid) from The Video Project, 5332 College Avenue, Suite 101, Oakland, CA 94618; 800/475-2638



And No Birds Sing

A clearly written account of perhaps the most spectacular biological invasion in recent times: the appearance on the island of Guam of the brown tree snake and the subsequent disappearance of that island's bird life. *Washington Post* journalist Mark Jaffe weaves together other crucial stories here: the massive effort by international aviculturists to save the rare and endemic bird species; the outright resistance by the scientific community to accept explanations for the disappearance that appeared obvious to native people; and the indomitability of one woman — Julie Savidge — in pursuing the truth in the face of official scorn. The book is instructive and mortifying. Guam is an island, a large, natural, laboratory of tragedy. But note: this story is real, it's here, it's now and it's soon to be more and more. —David Schneider



A brown tree snake swallowing a bird's egg.



And No Birds Sing

Mark Jaffe. 1994; 283 pp.
ISBN 0-671-75107-7
\$23 postpaid from Simon & Schuster, Order Dept., 200 Old Tappan Road, Old Tappan, NJ 07675; 800/223-2336

He would pull into a village, knock on doors and pose questions like:

When did you first notice a snake near your home? Have you seen rats near your home? Have snakes, rats, iguanas, cats, dogs, or pigs ever eaten your birds or eggs? Have your birds ever been sick? When did native birds start declining near your home?

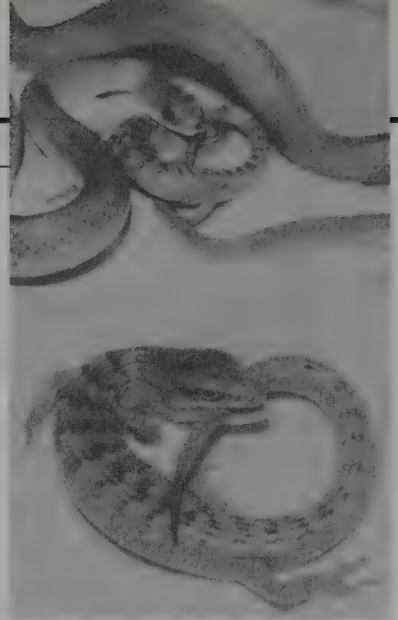
In response, Muna gathered a spate of stories about the snake and remarkably many interviewees could virtually pinpoint the time they first remember seeing it. "It was the day of Carlos's baptism. I had gone into the garden to cut some mangoes and there was a snake on the tree." Carlos was now ten, so that was February 1972. It was that simple. Incredibly, guided by fiestas, holy days, weddings, and birthdays, most recollections in a village actually tallied.

But when it came to the questions about rats and disease, most people were nonplussed. Why were they asking about rats and illnesses? There was no problem. The snake was the problem.

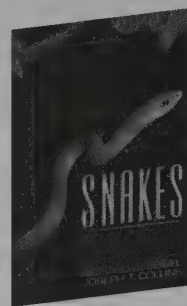
Snakes

For folks charmed by slithery beasts, this book gives the scientific facts behind why Canadian garter snakes gather in writhing balls of a hundred or more, why tree snakes are skinny, and how some snakes raise their body temperature like an incubator to hatch their eggs internally. There are snakes that use heat-sensing (infrared) pits to find food. Others follow faint chemical trails. Some rattlesnakes spend hours in "ritualized dance" before mating. Short of reading the scientific literature directly, you won't find a more comprehensive or accurate source of wonder about these complex, cleverly adaptive critters. —Digger

Snakes generally do not attract human attention unless a person is bitten or a snake decimates an endangered bird community. When it comes to bad things happening to snakes, few supportive resources are available. The loss of the earth's biological diversity has attracted much attention, yet discussions of biodiversity in the mainstream conservation literature rarely mention amphibians and reptiles, much less snakes.



An anguid lizard thwarts ingestion by holding its tail in its mouth.

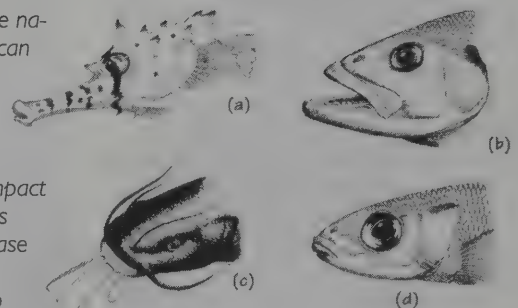


Snakes

(Ecology and Behavior)
Richard A. Seigel & Joseph T. Collins. 1993; 414 pp. ISBN 0-07-056056-0
\$27.95 (\$31.95 postpaid) from McGraw-Hill Publishing Co., College Division Order Services, PO Box 545, Blacklick, OH 43004-0545; 800/722-4726

The Fascinating Fresh Water Fish Book

These fascinating fish are native American ones you can collect yourself. John Quinn tells you how to collect them, how to keep them healthy, and how to minimize your impact on the environment. He's strong on keep and release (observing a fish for the summer and letting it go before winter sets in) and feels that learning about fish and their habitats is a first step to wanting to preserve and protect them. This book is written for kids, but anyone interested in keeping native American fish will find it useful and fun. —Mollie Rights



A fish's mouth will tell you something about what and how it eats. (a) The seahorse waits for small prey to swim near and then "vacuums" them in with its small, toothless mouth. (b) The bass chases down prey and grabs it with its powerful jaws and sharp teeth. (c) The catfish prowls the dark bottom and finds food with its sensitive barbels, or whiskers. (d) The shiner eats tiny animals that live in the water and doesn't need powerful jaws and teeth.



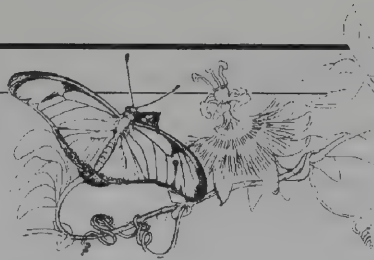
Naturalist

Why does a child grow up to be a naturalist? Edward O. Wilson invites us to look back at his life and explore the events and people who influenced him. His remarkable candor about his innermost thoughts and feelings as he worked to develop his ideas is refreshing. The stories of his admiration for and work with the foremost biologists of our time give an insider's view of the development of modern biogeography, population ecology and related disciplines. If you want to understand why biologists do what they do, where they get their ideas, and how their theories develop and change, read this book.

—Mollie Rights

Water snakes abounded at abnormally high densities around the ponds and along the outflow streams, feeding on schools of blood-gorged fish and armies of frogs. Mr. Perry made no attempt to control them. They were, he said, no more than a minor source of goldfish mortality. Although neither of us had the vocabulary to express such things, we shared the concept of a balanced ecosystem, one in which man could add and take out energy but otherwise leave alone without ill consequences. Mr. Perry was a natural-born environmentalist. He trod lightly upon the land in his care.

A swamp filled with snakes may be a nightmare to most, but for me it was a ceaselessly rotating lattice of wonders. I had the same interest in the diversity of snakes that other fifteen-year-old boys seemed auto-



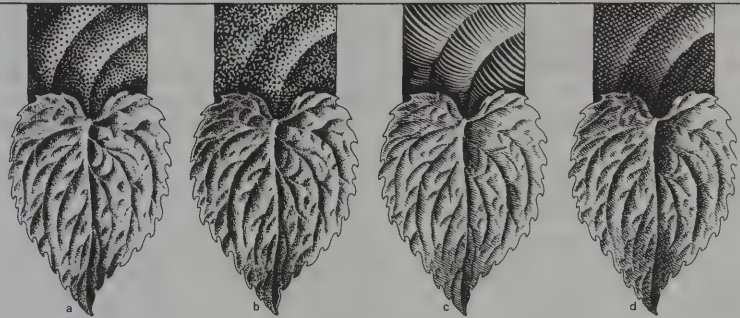
matically to develop in the years and makes of automobiles. And knowing them well, I had no fear.



Naturalist

Edward O. Wilson.
1994; 352 pp.
ISBN 1-55963-288-7
\$24.95 (\$29.20 postpaid) from Island Press,
Box 7, Covelo, CA
95428; 800/828-1302

How to Draw Plants • Painting Plant Portraits



Drawing a plant is really about learning to see. To sit with a living plant and observe how veins map a leaf, how each petal is connected to its base, requires a fine degree of attention, which serves any student of nature, beauty or art. These two books offer a wealth of techniques and attitudes about how to see, and how to render what you see in relatively accurate detail.

How to Draw Plants provides a short history of botanical illustration, a wonderfully succinct lesson in plant structure, and valuable recommendations for tools,

Shading: a) stipple; b) modified stipple; c) lines following leaf surface contours; d) lines following leaf surface contours plus hatching

paper, pencil, ink, watercolor, scratch-board, acrylics, and gouache. I've relied on this book for years in my own work. *Painting Plant Portraits* minutely profiles Keith West's watercolor process for a dozen common flowering species.

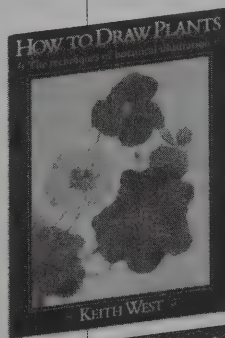
Take these books at whatever level you find your skills and powers of observation. Don't be daunted by the excellence of the author's work and the sometimes technical tone; even a novice can learn a great deal from his instruction and the opportunity to look through the open eyes of a true nature lover.

—Kathleen Harrison



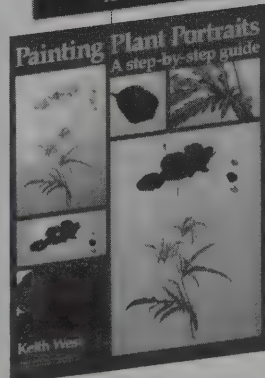
The Fascinating Freshwater Fish Book

(How to Catch, Keep, and Observe Your Own Native Fish)
John R. Quinn. 1994; 122 pp.
ISBN 0-471-58601-3
\$10.95 postpaid from John Wiley & Sons, Inc., 1 Wiley Dr., Somerset, NJ 08875; 800/225-5945



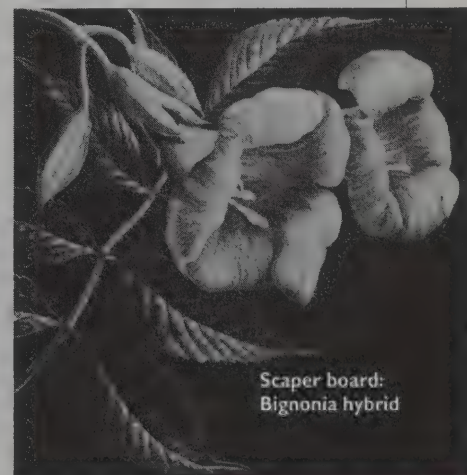
How to Draw Plants

(The Techniques of Botanical Illustration)
Keith West. 1983; 152 pp.
ISBN 0-8230-2356-7
\$16.95 (\$18.95 postpaid) from Watson-Guption Publications, 1695 Oak Street, Lakewood, NJ 08701; 908/363-4511



Painting Plant Portraits

(A Step-by-Step Guide)
Keith West. 1991; 112 pp.
ISBN 0-88192-199-8
\$32.95 (\$35.95 postpaid) from Timber Press, Order Dept., 9999 SW Wilshire, Portland, OR 97225; 800/327-5680



Scraper board:
Bignonia hybrid

The Earth As Transformed by Human Action

The Graduate School of Geography at Clark University instigated this global inventory of the long-term changes wrought by humanity on the biosphere. The project documents the major global transformations since the late seventeenth century, addressing some of the immediate social causes of these changes. The objective was not to provide the final word but rather to "catalyze and capture" synthetic thinking on the human transformation at a time when concern and understanding of global environmental change are rapidly expanding.

The Earth As Transformed is tightly organized, extremely coherent, and highly readable — even entertaining in places — though it is buttressed with notes, lore, generous references, and a multitude of clearly drawn maps, diagrams and tables.

Some things I think I learned: Our situation in some areas such as population growth, habitat loss, and maldistribution of wealth and opportunity is as bleak as I thought it was, but not more so; solutions to some crises, such as the safe disposal of nuclear waste, are closer to hand, and the processes of achieving them more reasoned, than I had been led to believe; and over the long-term

and on a societal level we've all been through this before — the precipitous economic deflations, vast population displacements, deadly pollution at horrific scales. —Don Ryan

■ During the past 50 years, the woodlands have thickened and matured, and are now closing in over vineyard furrows, abandoned fields, and crumbling terraces. The cycle of environmental transformation has been reversed and agriculture has become a secondary occupation. Population has declined to the level of 1730. Ain's environment can no longer support its people, but the care that they have expended on its maintenance over almost four centuries remains apparent in the almost unscarred scenic beauty that now attracts vacationers. There is a lesson here: that socioeconomic circumstances can force people to alter, even transform, their environment; such changes, however, are not necessarily detrimental, and the complete replacement of a quasi-natural landscape by an agricultural one need not impair productivity, stability, or the capacity of the ecosystem to rebound to a more pristine state. The intensive, nineteenth-century land management of Ain probably could have been maintained indefinitely.

■ There are several important issues involved in adaptive social change. There is a need to make institutions more responsible; that



The Earth As Transformed by Human Action

(Global and Regional Changes in the Biosphere over the Past 300 Years)
B. L. Turner II, et al., Editors. 1993;
713 pp. ISBN 0-521-44630-9
\$39.95 (\$43.45 postpaid) from Cambridge University Press, 110 Midland Avenue, Port Chester, NY 10573; 800/872-7423 (outside NY) 800/227-0247 (NY only)

is, to reduce their ability either to obtain hidden subsidies or to externalize major costs of their operation. This requires both better ways to assess the environmental consequences of their proposed actions and also a more general challenge to economic modes of thought that neglect environmental and other informal systems. Along with this, there is a need to challenge the myth of the neutrality of technology, which has become an ideology protecting the power of large institutions and resource regimes.

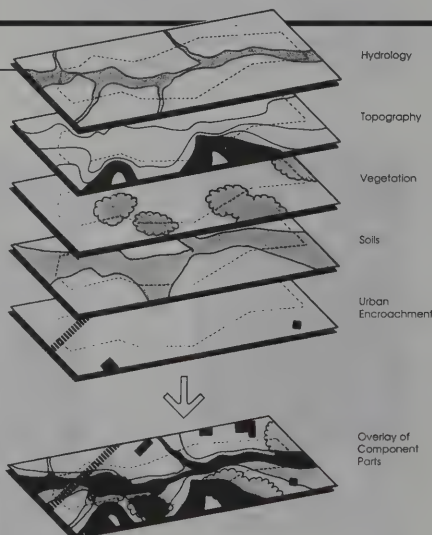
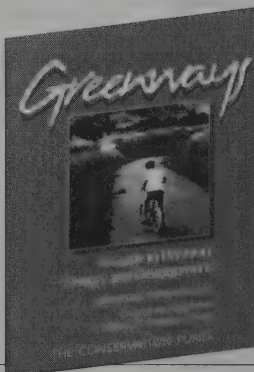
Greenways

This book provides the practical, time-proven tools you need to make these open-space corridors a reality in your neighborhood. Although it speaks specifically to those connections we call "greenways," it could also be used to plan and preserve parks, nature preserves, historical sites, and other public facilities. It has great ideas, useful references, and a host of good examples from all over the country.

—Mollie Rights

● Within the developed landscape, greenways serve a dual function: they provide open space for human access and recreational use, and they serve to protect and enhance remaining natural and cultural resources. In a broader sense, the word *greenway* is a generic term for a wide variety of linear open spaces that provide connections and thereby pristine wildland corridors that guide migrating wildlife in their seasonal travels; from revitalized urban waterfronts to tree-shaded footpaths along a stream, far from the city.

● In her book, *The Granite Garden*, Anne Winston Spirn described how Stuttgart, Germany, benefits from a giant natural air-conditioning system. At night, cool, clean air flows down from wooded hillsides that surround the city, lowering summertime temperatures and removing air pollutants. The city's inhabitants save on air-conditioning costs and benefit from verdant wooded corridors. Recognizing the value of air flow corridors, the city has passed legislation that limits development in them. A hundred-meter minimum flow corridor width has been adopted in which trees and grasses are planted.



Greenways

(A Guide to Planning, Design, and Development)
Loring LaB. Schwarz, Charles A. Flink & Robert M. Searns. 1993;
320 pp. ISBN 1-55963-136-8
\$29.95 (\$34.20 postpaid) from Island Press, Box 7, Covelo, CA 95428; 800/828-1302

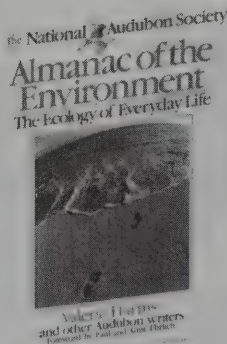
The National Audubon Society Almanac of the Environment

Your guide to making environmentally friendly decisions about practically everything. Stick this great reference and good read in your bathroom or on your breakfast table and enjoy. —Mollie Rights



- The Rainforest Alliance has begun giving "Smart Wood" certificates to tropical wood from timber that has been cut responsibly. The designation is based on whether the harvester has maintained watershed stability and erosion control, has practiced sustainable-yield forestry, and has had a positive impact on the local community. The initial list includes plantation-grown teak, mahogany, rosewood, and pine harvested by the State Forestry Corporation in Java.

- William Rathje, an archaeologist, has spent recent years excavating America's landfills and has found that less than one tenth of 1% of the total was made up of fast-food packaging, diapers less than 1%, plastics about 12%, and that the greatest part was paper — above all, newspapers.



The National Audubon Society Almanac of the Environment

(The Ecology of Everyday Life)
Valerie Harms. Grossett/Putnam Books, 1994; 290 pp. ISBN 0-399-13942-7
\$16.95 (\$18.95 postpaid) from Putnam Publishing Group, Order Dept., PO Box 506, East Rutherford, NJ 07073; 800/631-8571

Wildlife Survivors

While causing the decline and extinction of many plants and animals, escalating environmental changes also favor the spread and success of others. *Wildlife Survivors* is about those favored others: who they are and why they are successful. John Quinn covers more than 100 species that show great success in adapting to the changes taking place. Not many compared to the more than 30,000 considered to be in trouble worldwide, but something. And our hope for maintaining diversity in the future lies in understanding the successful as well as the imperiled.

—Mollie Rights

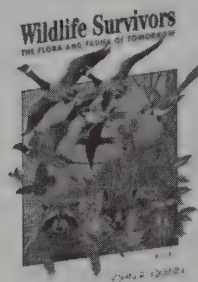
- Gradually, it became apparent that the very industry that had been responsible for the pheasant's roaring success as an avian immigrant — farming — was now responsible for its catastrophic decline. It seemed that as the "conservation ethic" of good farming — that of leaving some fields fallow and hedgerows untouched for wildlife — prevalent up until the mid-1960s gave way to the lure of profits from foreign grain sales, farming as an industry became much more intensive and "cleaner." Farmers cut hayfields earlier, mowed ditches and fencerows, and removed grain stubble right after harvest. All of these practices, along with intensified weed control efforts and more mechanized farm machinery, served to destroy pheasant habitat at a great pace. Where once a farmer's fallow field was a critical winter refuge for the birds, it became a biological desert, unable to support a field mouse, much less a pheasant.

Wildlife Survivors

(The Flora and Fauna of Tomorrow)

John R. Quinn. 1993; 208 pp.
ISBN 0-8306-4345-1

\$12.95 (\$16.90 postpaid) from
TAB Books Inc., Retail Order
Dept., 13311 Monterey Avenue,
Blue Ridge Summit, PA 17294;
800/822-8138



The raccoon's full scientific name means, in essence, "the before-dog who washes his food."



The Energetics of Western Herbs


Peter Holmes' work is a seminal view of the history and use of western herbs. Using the two successive traditions that have dominated herbal knowledge — the Chinese and Greek models based on observation, and the analytic biochemical models that eventually formed the basis for modern biochemistry — Holmes synthesizes historical information about more than two hundred different herbs in this two-volume *Materia Medica*. A wonderland of esoteric sources and information from Greek, Islamic, Ayurvedic, Renaissance, and our New World herbal lineages, these volumes include analysis and phenomenological descriptions, with clear explanations of each class of herbs, dosage, and other historical and practical exotica. —Sharon Hennessey

- The recognition and use of effective qualities

Class 24: Echinacea

ECHINACEA

Pharmaceutical name: *radix Echinaceae*
Botanical name: *Echinacea angustifolia* DC seu *purpurea* Moench seu *pallida* Nutt. (N.O. Compositae)
Other names: Purple coneflower, Red sunflower, Comb flower, Black Sampson, Hedgehog, Scurgy root, Indian head, Niggerhead (Am)
 Keigelblume, Igelkopf, Stachelkopf, Kupferblume (Ge)
Part used: the root



Nature

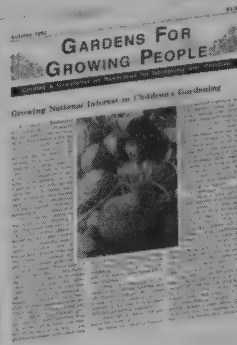
are the result of a deep eidetic contact with the natural world and its forces; a recognition of nature as being alive and powerful and of the human being as an inextricable

part of this ongoing, ever-changing and beautiful play of forces involving all forms of life without exception. Hence, it is understandable that in every culture's traditional herbal system, the healing potential of plants' effective qualities — both sensory and spiritual — has been explored, developed and refined over the millenniums. They have been shown consistently through empirical usage to produce predictable and reliable results in both the prevention and treatment of illness. It is through the use of these energetic qualities that both Greek and Chinese medicine, being simply the sophisticated results of extensive accumulated clinical experience, are able to link up an herb's inherent properties with the disharmonies it treats. The pungent taste, for example, is known to cause sweating, and is therefore used in external conditions with fever, chills, etc. Plants containing much moisture are known to moisten, lenify and calm, and are thus

Gardens for Growing People

Children adore bugs and mud and butterflies, so you might think love of gardening is a natural next step. Think again! Kids are not interested in digging and weeding for hours with a payoff of beans in two months. Fascinating projects and fast results are the ticket.

Gardens for Growing People shows the way to keep big and little kids gardening. This catalog/newsletter brings us ideas, games, seeds, child-sized tools, books, videos, even silkworm caterpillars. —Karen Van Epen



Gardens For Growing People
 Catalog \$1 from PO Box 630, Point Reyes, CA 94956; 415/663-9433.

Child-Friendly Gardening

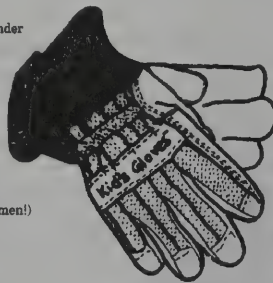
Plant flowers that amuse children! Entice the senses of touch, smell and taste. This report lists dozens of comic and curious plants, with descriptive and cultural information. In addition you will find plants to attract wildlife into the garden. Includes a list of poisonous plants to avoid in order to keep the garden child-friendly.

Item No. SR4 \$5.00



Kids' Gloves®

Just like mom and dad's! Protect tender hands from splinters and prickles. Kid's Gloves® are exact replicas of sturdy adult work gloves made in four sizes to fit children ages three to thirteen. Palms and fingers are made of supple leather. Backs are cotton duck with knit cuffs. Extra small, for ages 3-5
 Small, for ages 5-7
 Medium, for ages 8-10
 Large, for ages 11-13 (or small women!)
 Item No. H5 \$6.50 pair



Children's Wheelbarrow

Little gardeners are eager to help out with their own red wheelbarrow. At 2 years old, our daughter loved any garden activity that involved her wheelbarrow! Sturdy all-steel body with seamless tray design, pneumatic tire, and curled safety edges. Made in the USA by Radio Flyer. Assembles quickly and easily. For ages two and older. Body size: 20" x 16" x 4"

Item No. H6 \$28.95

Hand Pruners for Kids

Children can prune safely with these small, easy to handle clippers. Pruners are casted steel and 5" overall length. Adult supervision required.
 Item No. H17 \$15.95



Aromatherapy Quarterly

Aromatherapy is the skillful use of essential plant oils for medical, psychological and spiritual applications. This English journal explores the chemistry, myths and therapeutic uses of aromatic plants, essential oils, and ancient perfumes, with related articles on travel and archeology.
 —John J. Steele



The Energetics of Western Herbs

(Integrating Western and Oriental Herbal Medicine Traditions)

Peter Holmes. 1993, 1994; Vol. I: 450 pp. ISBN 0-9623477-3-6;

Vol. 2: 450 pp. ISBN 0-9623477-4-4. Each volume \$39.95 (\$42.90 postpaid) from Snow Lotus Press, PO Box 1824, Boulder, CO 80306; 303/443-9289

used in dry, irritable or constraint conditions. Those that have a cooling effect locally or systemically are used to clear heat, resolve inflammation, move Qi downwards, etc. Moreover, the specific combination of qualities found in a botanical are used to treat a correspondingly specific configuration of disease qualities, a *dyskrasia* — also described by the very same terms. On the simplest level, therefore, plant qualities that directly oppose those of disease are used as a treatment. The level of complexity reached using such an essentially simple energetic system can be very great. The amazing efficacy of Chinese herbal formulations, which have been empirically developed over millennia by thousands of practicing herbalists, is an outstanding example.



Aromatherapy Quarterly

Séza Eccles, Editor. £20/year (4 issues); Overseas subscribers must pay by credit card. Aromatherapy Quarterly, 5 Ranlugh Avenue, London SW13 0BY, England

What the Bones Tell Us

Using the mind-set of a forensic anthropologist who must defend his conclusions in court, Jeffrey Schwartz treats little bits of bone as clues to be used in unraveling the mysteries of human prehistory. The perspective is unique in a field where the evidence is most often viewed through a lens of existing, ossified theory. Schwartz is also among a small minority that believe *Homo (man)* and *Pongo (orangutan)* to be closely related. The combination of minority view and detective story makes for lively and informative reading. —Digger

- In the early phases of life, developmental changes are reliable indicators of an individual's age. Thus teeth are most useful as age indicators from birth until the mid to late teens. The timing of fusion of bony elements to form larger bones and, eventually, the adult state of the bone can be used to deal with the period from the early teens to the early twenties. Thereafter, age-related changes often are reflected in the obliteration of the separateness of bones of the skull, in the reduction of the bone's

What the Bones Tell Us

Jeffrey H. Schwartz. 1993; 292 pp. ISBN 0-8050-1056-4

\$25 (\$28 postpaid) from Henry Holt and Co., PO Box 30135, Salt Lake City, UT 84130; 800/488-5233

mass, and, perhaps as a metaphor of life, in the wearing down of various articular surfaces of the pelvis.

- Some anthropologists suggest that the mitochondrial DNA and other molecular data actually support a multiregional continuity model. And still other analyses of different samples of mitochondrial DNA have been interpreted as indicating a longer period of separation of Asian groups and therefore perhaps an Asian origin for modern humans.

The Astonishing Hypothesis

Francis Crick won the Nobel Prize in 1962 for unraveling the structure of DNA. Here he mixes humor and rigorous science to demonstrate the physical and biochemical reality of free will and the human soul. Leading us on a tour of nerves and neural networks that begins with how we "see" the world, Crick shows that body and mind are one — a disturbing notion if you're in the soul-saving business. This pithy read slips behind your thoughts and changes your sense of consciousness. —Digger

- The Astonishing Hypothesis is that "You," your joys and your sorrows, your memories and your ambitions, your sense of personal identity and free will, are in fact no more than the behavior of a vast array of nerve cells and their associated molecules. As Lewis Carroll's Alice might have phrased it: "You're nothing but a pack of neurons." This hypothesis is so alien to the ideas of most people alive today that it truly can be called astonishing.

The Astonishing Hypothesis

(The Scientific Search for the Soul)

Francis Crick. 1994; 317 pp.

ISBN 0-684-19431-7

\$25 postpaid from Simon & Schuster, 200 Old Tappan Road, Old Tappan, NJ 07675; 800/223-2336

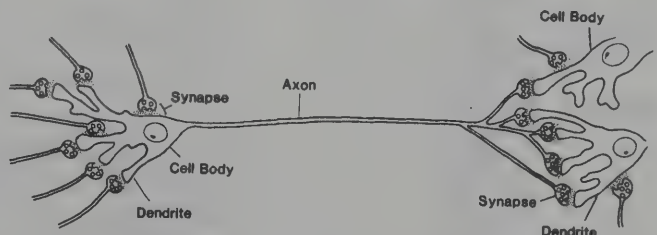


Fig. 28. A schematic diagram of a "typical" vertebrate neuron. The electrical signals flow into the dendrites and out through the axon. Thus, in this diagram, the information flows from left to right.



AMONG A THOUSAND STONES,

all of a thousand colors and shapes: one piece of orange chert. Its tip had once been chiseled, the sides had once been cut to razor sharpness, and the base was made to be secured to an arrow's shaft. The arrowhead lay in a flowing creek in Muley Twist Canyon, down a twenty-five-mile dirt road and two days by foot into Utah's Capitol Reef National Park. Hiking, my eye picks out ruins, pottery sherds and the worn fibers of baskets. I spotted the arrowhead and my hand swooped down to take it.

CRAIG
LELAND
CHILDS

The fine is \$250,000. Five years in prison. Maybe not for this arrowhead, it's easy to hide, it's worth little. But certainly, legal punishment can be exacted.

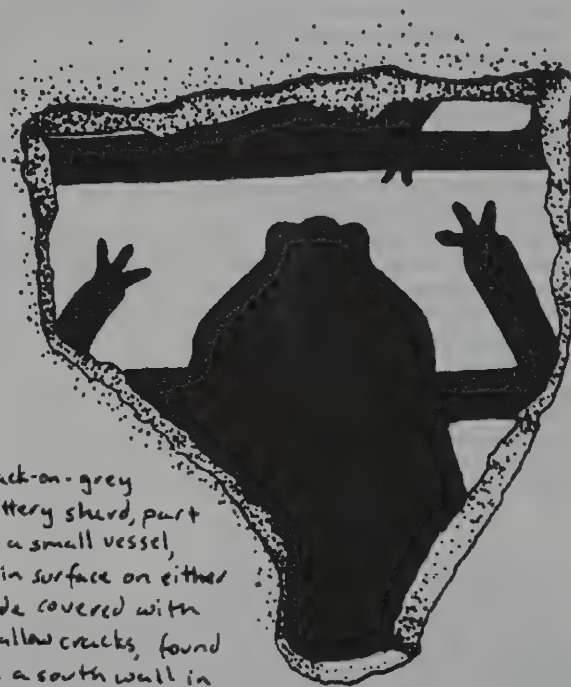
I rolled the arrowhead in my hand and held it so that its shape was clearly defined against the sky. Had it been broken in the making? Or had the Fremont hunter lost it nine hundred years ago, between the ribs of a bighorn that escaped and carried this object in its side until death?

Take it or leave it?

In Texas, in Big Bend National Park, crossing a blistering Chi-

huahuan Desert arroyo, I picked a bleached stone implement out of the bed. It was a round rock perfectly skewered by a hole: the balance wheel for a fire-starting kit two thousand years old. I carried it with me for a short distance before sitting down in the shade to record it in my journal. I then stashed it in the anonymity of a nearly infinite number of similar stones. Drawing an object records every detail, on paper and in the mind. It is on hand to forever examine. But the desire to possess is strong. I see this on a trophy shelf: atestament to travels.

Nearly everywhere a human hand has touched, we have collectively cracked the place open, stolen its heart and replenished it with noth-



Black-on-grey pottery sherd, part of a small vessel, thin surface on either side covered with shallow cracks, found on a south wall in lower Horse Canyon

ing. The immense beauty we see in the natural world is mostly grandeur through the residual husk of what once was. It is amazing that its immanence is still so grand even after being raped. Imagine what we would understand, imagine our awe, if we encountered the earth with its heart still in place and whole.

I have sharp eyes for small objects. When no one else can find a single pottery piece I have already spotted twenty. They will likely remain invisible for the rest of their history. So why not pocket things? Beneath a stone scarp in southeast Utah, warmed along its south face, I found a pot. It tapered into a fine neck, decorated by two fragile clay loops: a water carrier. I turned it in my hand, touched the smoothness between coils which had been laid a thousand years ago. I then buried it.

I have a friend who is dismayed at this behavior. "Someone else is going to steal it," he says. "And if not, it will bring greater memories if you have it, rather than letting it get buried in the next rainstorm. It will just decay. It's Indian trash."

So let it, them, decay. Beneath curio shops with flimsy aluminum shelving, I know of basements stacked with Anasazi pots. Museums, national parks and

residences all have the same. Dig it up: throw it on a shelf; dust it every six years. The thought of something rotting away, wearing down in a creek bed, or merely shattering over a hundred years under the open sun, is pleasing.



Nancy Coulan, Chief Archaeologist for Canyonlands National Park in Utah, complains that if word gets out about a site, in a matter of days its artifacts are stolen. "People find out and they scour the land," she says, citing observers' lists of pots and bowls that have immediately disappeared. "What do they really want?" The Great Gallery, one of the most dramatic and ancient rock art panels in the park and the country, receives heavy vandalism at least once a week. She is fencing the area off.

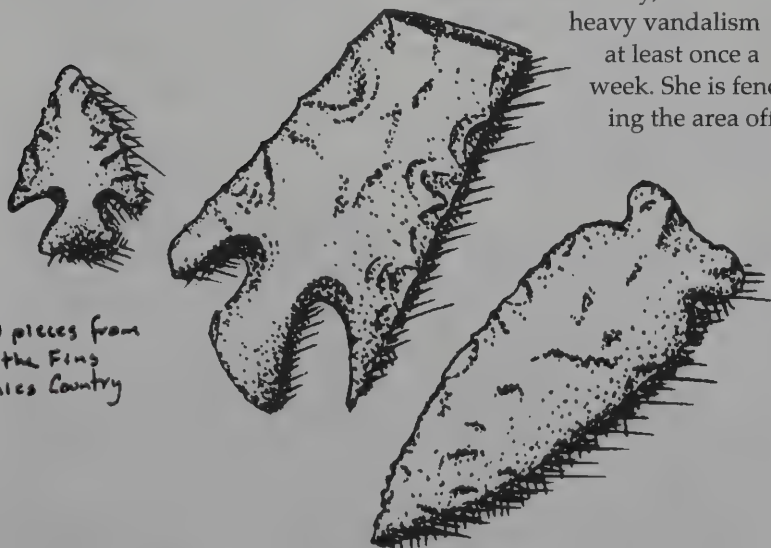
Soon everything will be fenced off. What is not, will be protected behind alarm-studded glass for viewing at \$5 a shot. Those who arrive after me will not even lower their eyes to explore the ground. There will be nothing

there to discover. The cord between humanity and the natural world *in situ* will be severed and we will become a new species, no longer *Homo sapiens* of the earth. The secrets that have spurred our sapience will be revealed.

A basket can sell for

\$180,000. A small pot can go for over \$1 million. This arrowhead? Nothing. It is worthless in any market, too badly marred by its journey down the creek bed to carry a price. For two days I carried the point through Muley Twist Canyon until I made a difficult decision. I threw the arrowhead into the desert. But I checked my footprints in the sand in case I should change my mind.

Which I did. When I returned I discovered that I had thrown this small, rust-colored object into an immense space uniformly blanketed with dried, orange scrub oak leaves, the shape, size, and color of the arrowhead. That is called justice. ☹



Arrowhead pieces from between the Fins and Ernie's Country

BACKSCATTER



• Outraged refutations, ecstatic syntheses, icy corrections, generous compliments, modest proposals and rebellious bellowings from readers to editors, writers, and each other.

• We pay \$15 for each letter we publish. Letters may be edited for space, though we undertake the task with reluctance and a heavy heart.

The Human Gullibility movement

As a sufferer of La Nausée (a disorder of the apperceptive faculty), I'm still smarting from the satire by "epistemologist" Eliot Fintushel [#83:37]. Just when I thought the last of the great scams was going the way of all rainforests, he shows us that human ingenuity is limitless when it comes to exploiting human gullibility. The 800 number for the American Confederation of Epistemologists doesn't quite work, but when I finally find this guy Fintushel, I want to trade a cashable check for some of his witty soul.

Ari Siletz
Petaluma, California

Articles of faith

David Schneider's "Slow-Motion Explosion" [83:101] disturbed me by its anthropocentric slant: "the discussion of 'suffering' is from a purely human perspective." Let me defend the Gaian one.

Liking any biomass better than none, Gaia self-heals. Weeds are her shock-troop probiotics, regenerating soil and attracting water to eventually sustain mature canopy.

And the most invasive species? Plot biomass/diversity and any index of human ascendancy. The lines diverge. We used and abandoned our cradle, now called the Saharan desert. An extension of the "biological racism" Schneider reluctantly calls for is mass human triage. We can't do that! Gaia gives us all a niche. Our best shot at having a valid one is to promote Gaia's three main principles: maximization of biomass, biodiversity, and self-celebration. We been self-serving so far, so we now must get a grip on killing, our favorite tool for messing up the bios.

I have spent many hours killing "infestations" of wisteria. But each death must be a considered, individual one, on an informed basis. Schneider says the "Eurasian Tamarisk ... absorb[ing] 200 g [of water] per day ... can seriously draw down the water table." Sure, but in a

wide enuf stand of these, that 200 g then cycles as rain, forming a great battery holding more water in the ecos than otherwise. Only in contracting this biota these trees become a liability. We always act on limited information. Death-dealing is thus faith, not understanding. Why not faith in Gaia?

All the weapons deemed taboo in human warfare should not be used against Gaia. Here's my vote for the "manual methods" of species control applauded by Schneider! As manual as possible: it is time for an era of wonder in nature, not dominance over it.

Alex Funk
funk@niehs.nih.gov

Bet Shakespeare would've read them, though

I've read Patrizia DiLucchio's writing in *WER* before and I've been impressed with her skill and clarity. But in equating Shakespeare with the tabloids [83:89], she overlooks some important points.

1. Shakespeare characters are complex and ambiguous — Richard II, the sensitive tyrant; Shylock, the vengeful usurer who shows great tenderness to his daughter. Characters in the tabloids lack any dimension more complex than Good or Bad.

2. Tabloid characters live on in the tabloids long after they have ceased breathing. In living on, they become simplified. Such complex people as JFK and Elvis are reduced to fetishes.

3. For all their slapstick and bawdy humor, Shakespeare's plays assume that his audience understands subtleties of morality, politics, theology, class tensions and so forth. The tabloids revel in the assumption that their audience is stupid.

4. The tabloids try to provoke a geek response. (Perhaps the rise of the tabloids during the decline of the geek shows is more than coincidence.) A good production of a Shakespeare play provokes a thoughtful response. The playgoer leaves feeling a raft of emotions, exhilaration not being the least.

5. Shakespeare's writings have endured. Ken Branagh can make fresh, exciting movies from 350-year-old scripts because so much in them transcends the cultural changes time has brought. Does anyone suppose that people will be reading today's tabloids in 350 years?

DiLucchio's biggest mistake is in confusing the elements of myth — such as murder, rape and incest — with myth itself. I'm not sure what qualities define myth, but DiLucchio's unwillingness to examine the distinction betrays her lack of serious intent.

All this may seem out of proportion to a frivolous article about a frivolous subject. Hell, I like parts of popular culture myself. But I don't need to justify my taste for Star Trek, say, with a mass of pseudo-scholarly talk about mythology. And in reducing Shakespeare to just another out-for-the-buck retailer of gossip, DiLucchio cheapens a great myth system and thereby cheapens us all.

Mark O'Brien
Berkeley, California

How do you folks tell if it's consensual?

Can it be that the *Whole Earth Review* is so insensitive that it prints a picture such as the one on page 111 of issue 83 without a second thought? The image of a woman in intimate contact with a tree was completely objectionable. Though we expect the Rush Limbaughs of this world to use the hurtful term "tree-hugger" as a derogatory epithet for environmentalists, we don't expect such exploitation from you. As a practicing arbosexual, I am deeply distressed by the cavalier manner in which you mock my beliefs and those of thousands of others who have found happiness in romantic relationships with trees. How can we heal ourselves if we are cruel to our wise and silent friends of the forest?

Please join us in embracing *daishokubutsu no ai*; it is the only path to true consciousness.

Felix Dortmunder
Kyoto, Japan

A babe in Scumland

What decade has the author of "The Scum Also Rises" been living in? [83:9] He responded with nearly hysterical surprise at finding corruption in an institution predicated on dishonesty, for its own benefit and in aid of what it sees as national security. Its scholars and teachers come from a society that rewards



cheating. Its graduates serve a government that penalizes honesty. To expect higher standards from Annapolis than from our society or government is blind, or ingenuous.

This is not to say the midshipman shouldn't loudly point out the cheating and subsequent cover-up he witnessed — that's the only hope we have to hold cheating and lying in check — but wilful naiveté will not change the situation.

Bob Bledsoe
New Richmond, Wisconsin

Oil soothes the discomfort of volcanic fireballs

I suppose we should listen hard to someone named Asgard about Doomsday [83:5], but I can't picture oil as an "insulating layer" from a "ball of volcanic fire."

As for the midshipman, his essay should be required reading for *all* at Annapolis and other service institutes. (I have heard private academic complaints too, 40 or 50 years ago when I had ears there, but they generally do not run to "Code." I'd like to see my own "private property" go unmolested — cataclysms are beyond our control, but maybe wars are not.

Jonathan Macy
Where? Oh Where?

You're not supposed to like it. It's art

Random art sucks. It perpetuates the same lack of context that advertising has. If I wanted a mag with context-free images and a "real-mag" feel, I'd buy one. Please bring back the older feel, and the related text and image. Dreaming big is great, and I've stuck with *WER* because it challenges me, but I've also stayed with it because it focused on the message, and left the medium more or less alone. Focus on the tools, and stop being so self-consciously artsy.

Bob Chapin
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

You're looking very well, too

I had lost trace of you some time in the early eighties. A short note in a Swiss magazine told me that you still existed out there in Sausalito. I immediately subscribed to *WER* and have received issues 82 and 83 in the meantime.

My first impressions: you are better than I remembered. *WER* is the most stimulating, thought-provoking and intelligent magazine I have been reading for a long time. The new look, started with

#83, is the icing on the cake: nice paper, stunningly beautiful photography.

I'm looking forward very much to the *Milennium Catalog*. Keep up the good work!

Peter Wehrli
Bern, Switzerland

Dear Brian,

Your "rough sketch of a new theory of music" [83:42] ends, "I'd like to hear how it sits with you, if it seems to make any sense." The words weren't addressed to me. But yes, they make a lot of sense to me.

You think that "music is an almost entirely cultural experience, not an innate or intrinsic one, and that it is habit and difference from habit that we respond to." I agree. I also don't believe in intrinsic universal structures.

In my view, music has structure (universally), and the structure is the key to it being music. Structure enables communication, and music is a language for communicating ideas. However (as you suggest), the rules and structures of a given language or musical style — Western, Eastern, whatever — are arbitrary conventions adopted by a culture.

You've hit on a fundamental theme of modern linguistics: the arbitrary nature of language. You must understand these conventions in their context to understand the music's language. This is equally true for Thai vs. Western music, and for rock 'n' roll vs. jazz vs. electronic music vs. ambient music vs. new age, and so on.

You paraphrase another basic tenet of modern linguistics when you state that "what we respond to are differences, not 'absolutes'." Understanding the language of (for example) U2 pre-Eno is essential to understanding what's startling in your sound treatment of U2! We respond to the differences.

You go on to describe compositions that "create themselves" by this process: "I assembled a group of musical elements . . . then set in motion a process whereby each element recurred in its own regular cycle. . . . The result was a continuous permutation of the various elements as they fell together in different clusters."

Updates and Corrections

From *WER* 82:

Page 25: The correct fax number for Waite Group Press (publishers of *Making Movies on Your PC*) is 415/924-2576.

Page 29: Groundbreakers Landscaping Tools' zip code is 72476.

It may sound like I'm a linguist; actually, I'm a composer. My electronic compositions occur through processes identical to yours. In my analog works, I set up processes (tape loops, distortion and feedback loops, complex and interacting amplitude patches) that, once defined and set in motion, create an evolving sound structure over time.

You thought that your composition processes "were just the beginning of something more interesting." I believe they point to a future with computers as creative partners in composition (this is a central theme of my book, *Digital Mantras*). The process you describe is effectively a program that creates music.

With the computer as a creative partner, the process is defined as software. Then the computer is left to do its thing. Once the elements and rules are defined, you sit back and wait hopefully for that Cheshire-cat grin as you listen to the unfolding process. . . .

Steve Holtzman
steveh@shriek.com

Racist nutcases not everyone's cup of tea, says reader

Re: "White Lights" [82:104] — *are you insane?* I didn't need to read racist-antisemitic crap in any magazine, least of all your supposedly enlightened rag. Do you really have to advertise this stuff? Cancel my subscription immediately.

J. Ury
Santa Fe, New Mexico

PS. When some people deliberately try to hurt other, innocent people, whether emotionally or physically, it is not a trivial matter. Think about it. It doesn't matter how they go about it. Malice hurts. "Subjects considered heretical." I wonder why.

Where did you get your godhead?

J. Baldwin — way to go, waking up an audience with "Where did you get your axe?" [82:16]. Could you try doing a similar favor for "Nine Laws of God" Kevin Kelly [82:82] — and instill a little humility?

Michael Melius
Hermosa, South Dakota

From *WER* 83:

Page 100: The photograph of Mr. Doolin, a Navajo man, was taken and copyrighted by Ilka Hartmann, as were the photos of Stewart Brand and Digger on 76-77. ☹



Gossip

There's an odd, sad quiet in the air at Gate Five Road. On one level, we exist to produce catalogs. The job is finished and, thanks to the cumulative passion of paid and volunteer staff, the book is an extraordinary thing. The early reviews are incredibly positive and we are very proud of our new baby. The mood is a classic post project mixture of grief and joy.

Like any labor and delivery, the proud parents and midwives are exhausted from the experience. Returning to the simple, smaller ties is a painful process. We are all saying goodbye to the friends we've made over the last year as the catalog grew from a gleam in the eyes of Howard, Kathleen and James into the healthy infant we've produced. Jon McIntire really made this past year possible.

The catalog could not have happened without the intense contributions of many groups. Volunteers appeared from all over the world. The dinner guests of the Further Institute left passion hanging on the walls. Weekly lunches filled the building with laughter and the views of the world beyond our parking lot. Volleyball appeared momentarily.

We've decided to split half of the profits from the sales of the book amongst staff and volunteers.

The completion of the catalog has brought some major changes. The process, as you'd expect, was neither pleasant nor quick.

With reasonably full knowledge of the consequences, and following a detailed financial review, the board and has decided to eliminate my job. In a typical Whole Earth experiment, Point will try to run itself as a non-profit without an Executive Director. The Board and staff are currently in the difficult throes of a collective re-invention. They've devoted the month of September to wrestling

with the difficult issues of sizing the team to the monies available. As a core business, we're returning to much simpler times.

The Board is an amazing collection of the necessary set of business and publishing skills. Tano Maida helped start *Tricycle* and has 20 years of non-profit experience. Jerry George has consistently proven his value as a publisher and has significant access to the Bay area book scene. Peggy Lauer is a seasoned nonprofit manager in the environmental area and the reservoir of board history. Beau Takahara is an extraordinary fundraiser and has seen it all. As a team, they are demonstrating a new model for collective decision making as a way to run an organization. Together, we decided that the board was capable of performing all of the necessary leadership and financial functions required to streamline and strengthen the post catalog organization.

Currently, the team is a group of 10 passionate extraordinary staff members and four very committed board members. Their task is to define a group of seven who will keep the enterprise moving forward. There's a significant "King Solomon and the baby" problem to be solved.

Ruth Kissane is the new editor of the magazine. She and I slaved over the redesign that appeared with issue 83. She is the model of what an editor of *Whole Earth Review* ought to be: broad, curious, passionate and persistent. This issue of the magazine is the direct result of her dedication and commitment. Ruth will bring a long needed balance.

Howard Rheingold will be visiting a town near you with the publication tour for the catalog. He's moved on from Gate Five Road to become the executive editor of an exciting new electronic project called HotWired. (email info-rama@wired.com with

the message <subscribe hotwired> in the body of the message). His weekly column on technology frontiers is in the early stages of syndication. Ask your local paper to carry it.

Reed Huegel has joined the team as the publisher. His 20 years of experience includes brining advertising to the *Mother Earth News*. He's got his hands full fixing the balls we dropped in the process of making the catalog.

Hacsi Horvath and his son have moved closer to the office, from Bolinas to Mill Valley. Caius van Nouhuys has been hired by Howard to manage the affairs of Howard's burgeoning media empire. Todd Tibbetts has migrated to Seattle with the warm weather. Carlos Winborn has moved his energies to a series of inner-city youth projects. The catalog Domain Editors have returned to more normal lives. The volunteers, who really were the backbone of the project, have left their collective marks and moved on.

Colleen and I remain committed to building an interdisciplinary renaissance in the Bay Area. For the time being, the regular lunches and dinners of the Further Institute have been postponed. We are currently looking for a new venue in which to continue the experiment. Colleen has remained on the Gate Five Road staff to handle administrative details.

In all, Whole Earth is positioned to blossom slowly over the next several years. Passionate volunteer leadership, electronic projects, book contracts and a streamlined, effective magazine are the cornerstones of growth.

As for me, I'm very proud of the last year's astounding accomplishment. It was a great privilege to spend a year in this extraordinary community. Heartfelt thanks to everyone who gave a piece of themselves over the last year. I'm starting a consulting practice that will focus on strategic organizational change and development. If you'd like to reach me, my email address is jrsumser@well.com. I'll be around. —John Sumser



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"a sensible habit"

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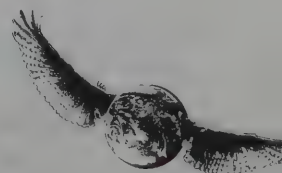
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But, more importantly, it benefits us, and in fairly dramatic ways. The big way is that more of your money comes to Gate Five Road (where it is received with doggish gratitude and put right to work making more *Whole Earth Reviews*). And we also find it good to have this money sooner rather than later: newsstand distribution involves a lot of autonomous businesses, each of which has to touch and count your money and put it in the bank and oh so slowly pass it along, and our place in line is last.

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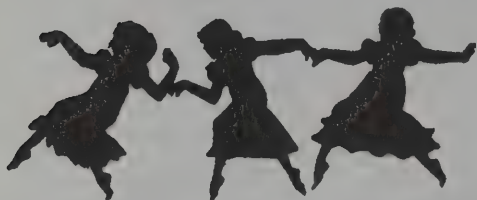
What else is there to say except: Please Subscribe To *WER* Right Away! *

• If you have not yet purchased this copy of *Whole Earth Review*, please disregard the preceding venal little message. We'd a lot rather you bought it off the newsstand than not at all. Thank you! —James Donnelly

* Well, there is one thing: "See page 65 for an attractive deal involving a one-year subscription and a copy of the squeaking-new, enormous, 384-page *Millennium Whole Earth Catalog*."

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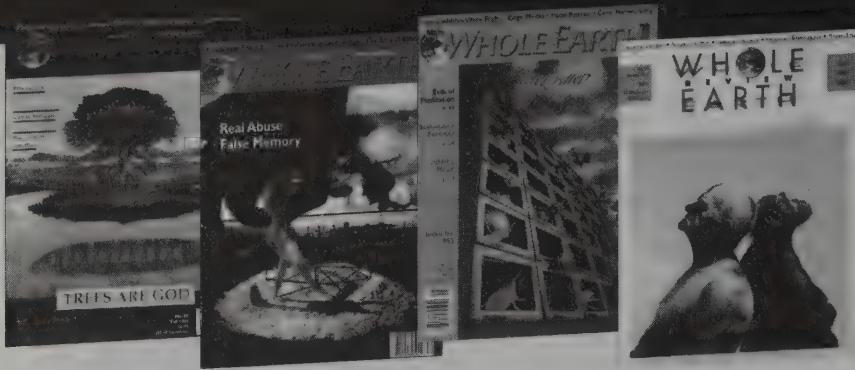
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Get Your BACK ISSUES While We Got 'Em!

Just like fine wines and gunpowder, *Whole Earth Review* gets . . . more so . . . with the passage of time. (The staff tends to let their WERs age gently in a heap on the bathroom floor, reading off the bottom or as whim dictates.) The following vintages are still to be found down the Point Foundation cellar, but they won't be around forever!

83. Summer 1994 — Brian Eno's notes toward a new theory of music; an excerpt from Stewart Brand's new book, *How Buildings Learn*; Eliot Fintushel finds Better Living through Epistemology; Patrizia DiLucchio argues that crap tabloids are the modern perpetrators of myth. Also: "Making the Price of Technology Visible," by Howard Rheingold; cheating at Annapolis; excerpt from Susan Griffin's *A Chorus of Stones*. **\$10.**

82. Spring 1994 — Kevin Kelly's recipe for a lively universe; Robert Rossney expiates the Luddites; an Aussie crank's sustainable New Guinea sawmill; rescuing throwaway food; perilous meditation, sinister dharma, holy curiosity, and pothole obsessions. Plus: de- and reconstructing universal-language symbology; well-digested media and cultural artifacts; a fine terse J. Baldwin scathe on the subject of re-nouncing technology. 1993 Index. **\$10.**

81. Winter 1993 — Child molestation: predation and community response, psychiatric coercion and false memory. White expropriation of Indian religions. Sustainability versus EC agribusiness-as-usual in France. Taking schooling out of educators' hands. A technological Event comparable to the emergence of human life. Living gay in China. **\$10.**

80. Fall 1993 — Trees are the shape of the universe, and the path of life is arboreal. Irascible, knowledgable views on health care reform; a privacy toolkit. An aikido master discusses horsemanship, love, and common endeavor. Family life with an autistic child. Bruce Sterling on MRI scans. Stephanie Mills on a piece of Michigan northwoods that was never cut for timber. **\$10.**

79. Summer 1993 — Twenty-fifth anniversary issue: S. Brand, guest editor. "Unthinkable" futures, by Brian Eno and Kevin Kelly; Bruce Sterling assassinates the

traditional story form; Jaron Lanier on performing music in virtual reality; Kevin Kelly on digital encryption technology; Ron Jones on *The Wave* — a still-resonating 1967 exercise in fascist group mind; new work by R. Crumb. **\$10.**

78. Spring 1993 — Real-Life Women: childbirth taletellers, thrift-shop brawlers, leather dykes, nuns, hymnists. Fiction involving birth, bulls, and angels. Romance novels defended; Mark Twain kneecaps Fenimore Cooper; fever dreams in the Himalayas. 1992 index. **\$10.**

76. Fall 1992 — Post-Darwinian evolutionary theory; artificial life, benign and malevolent; redirecting the military and intelligence structures; identifying dysfunction in organizations; the Seva Foundation and the way to do good; computational chemistry and multipurpose molecules; native American petroglyphs in L.A. County. **\$10.**

75. Summer 1992 — Empathy, consensus, and consciousness; a crosscultural wedding in Cameroon; spirituality and feminism in Islam and Judaism; Huichol Indian peyoteros and Mayan healing; a Big Sex Section; Invisible Literature (a treat for the back-alley semiotician). **\$10.**

74. Spring 1992 — Women's wisdom from Z Budapest and Paula Gunn Allen; pagan zines; reflections of an outlaw volunteer; fighting for the forests: negotiating tactics, tools and resources for forest activists; robot Olympics; Brian Eno on world music; the coevolution of governance; reviews of maps and atlases. **\$10.**

73. Winter 1991 — Questioning technology: Jerry Mander, Langdon Winner, Howard Levine, Peter Calthorpe, J. Baldwin, Ivan Illich, Amory and Hunter Lovins, William Calvin, and others debate the merits, drawbacks, and outcomes of various technologies. **\$10.**

71. Summer 1991 — Global and local electronic networking by citizen activists; interviews with Wendy Doniger and James Hillman; storytelling, from multimedia to native American traditions; "Snake Talk," by Anne Herbert; Lara Owen on menstruation; Ecuadorian shaman Mercedes Mamallacta. **\$10.**

70. Spring 1991 — A nationwide information and communication network; access to political tools and to poetry; the Gesundheit Institute; do-it-yourself eclipse prediction, by William Calvin; Cyberthon 1.0. Plus Wavy Gravy, Will Baker, Robert Bly, Gore Vidal. **\$10.**

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INDEX TO REVIEWS

Whole Earth Review #84 Winter 1994

Acoustic Guitar

Jeffrey Pepper Rodgers, Editor, 52

Acoustic Guitar Guide, The
Larry Sandberg, 46

And No Birds Sing Mark Jaffe, 110

Angry Men, Passive Men
Marvin Allen, 60

Aromatherapy Quarterly
Séza Eccles, Editor, 114

Artificial Life Playhouse
Stephen Prata, 99

Artist Beware
Michael McCann, 101

Astonishing Hypothesis, The
Francis Crick, 115

Autoharp Book, The
Becky Blackley, 47

Awakening of the West, The
Stephen Batchelor, 20

Balance Tarika Sammy, 50

Bamba Orchestra Baobab, 50

Beyond Machiavelli
Roger Fisher, et al., 14

Borrowed Design
Steven Heller & Julie Lasky, 100

Boyobi Louis Sarno, 53

Care and Feeding of the Autoharp, The
Becky Blackley, Editor, 47

Caretaker Gazette, The
Thea K. Dunn, Editor, 61

Carnivorous Plant Growing Guide
Peter D'Amato, 105

Carnivorous Plants
Marcel Lecoufle, 105

City Comforts David Sucher, 90

Clearwater 43

Cold Fusion Magazine
Eugene F. Mallove, Editor, 34

Controlling Technology
Stephen H. Unger, 96

Creating Health
Chris Northrup, 63

Cultivating the Ch'i
Stuart Alve Olson, 26

Cultivating the Empty Field
Taigen D. Leighton & Yi Wu, 26

Cybernetics & Human Knowing
Soren Brier, Editor, 15

D&G Sign and Label 92

Dagger Kate Borstein, 60

Dave Barry Does Japan
Dave Barry, 82

Defense Monitor 72

Deja-Vu 81

Dictionary of Geopolitics
John O'Loughlin, Editor, 27

DinoPark Tycoon 68

Directory of Energy-Related Graduate Programs . . . 34

Dreams Lee Lawson, 61

Dymaxion Globe 26

Earth and Spirit
Fritz Hull & Thomas Berry, Eds, 29

Earth As Transformed by Human Action, The
B. L. Turner II, et al., Eds, 112

Earth Ship 74

Earth-Friendly Toys
George Pfiffner, 68

Ecological Design 90

Edge of the Millennium, The
Susan Velavich, Editor, 100

Education For The Earth 34

Elderly Instruments 48

Elevator Music Joseph Lanza, 44

Energetics of Western Herbs
Peter Holmes, 114

Enterprising Women
A. David Silver, 63

Environmental by Design
Kim Leclair & David Rousseau, 91

Esoteric Emerson, The
Richard G. Geldard, 61

Essential Pete Seeger, The 42

Fanafody Tarika Sammy, 50

Farming for the Future
Coen Reijntjes, et al., 106

Fascinating Freshwater Fish Book, The
The John R. Quinn, 110

Fine Artist 101

First Recordings (1928-1938)
Lydia Mendoza, 51

Folk Style Autoharp
Harry Taussig, 47

Furyu Wayne Muramoto, Editor, 78

Future of the Body, The
Michael Murphy, 14

Gardens For Growing People 114

Gnosis on the Silk Road
Hans-Joachim Klimkeit, 21

Good-bye Mr Cat Nico Saquito, 50

Great Central Valley, The
Stephen Johnson, Gerald Haslam & Robert Dawson, 107

Greenways
Loring LaB. Schwarz, et al., 112

HelMufs 93

History of Private Life, A
Georges Duby, Editor, 62

Homespun Tapes 48

How Can I Keep from Singing
David K. Dunaway, 43

How to Draw Plants Keith West, 111

How to Take a Japanese Bath
Leonard Koren, 76

Human Element, The
Thomas Cleary, 28

In Good Hands
Jaime Kibben & Steve Bartz, 109

In the Realm of a Dying Emperor
Norma Field, 79

Incomplete Folksinger, The
Pete Seeger, 43

Japan: a Bilingual Atlas 76

Japan: An Illustrated Encyclopedia 77

Japan Inside Out
Gluck, Jay, Sumi & Garet, 77

Japan Through American Eyes
F. G. Notehelfer, 80

Jeremy Seeger Dulcimers 47

Jewish Alchemists, The
Raphael Patai, 21

Kids Shenanigans
Klut Press Editors, 68

Kinokuniya Book Stores 81

Kwaidan Lafcadio Hearn, 80

Kyoto Journal
John Einarsen, Editor, 75

Land Where the Blues Began, The
Alan Lomax, 44

Large-Quantity Recipes

Margaret E. Terrell
& Dorothea B. Headlund, 109

Lark In The Morning 52

Learning to Bow
Bruce S. Feiler, 77

Look to the Mountain
Gregory Cajete, 108

Making a Digital Book 107

Malagasy Guitar D'Gary, 50

Mandolin Bros. 47

Mapping American Culture
Wayne Franklin
& Michael Steiner, Editors, 27

Mapping the Invisible Landscape
Kent C. Ryden, 27

Martin Backpacker Guitar 48

Mastery George Leonard, 67

Mi Unico Camino (My Only Path)
Conjunto Bernal, 51

Mindfulness and Meaningful Work
Claude Whitmyer, Editor, 29

Minding the Body
Patricia Foster, Editor, 62

Mirror, Sword & Jewel
Kurt Singer, 76

Monkey Brain Sushi
Alfred Birnbaum
& Elmer Luke, Editors, 82

Moving Successfully Tom Philbin, 88

Music for People 49

Naked Consumer, The
Eric Larson, 97

National Audubon Society Almanac of the Environment
Valerie Harms, 113

Naturalist Edward O. Wilson, 111

Nautilus Bulletin 74

New Dimensions Radio & Tapes 66

No Make Palaver Various Artists, 50

Nothing But the Blues
Lawrence Cohn, Editor, 44

Nuclear Arming of Japan, The
Atsushi Tsuchida, 74

1,000 Great Guitarists
Hugh Gregory, 46

Our Land Was a Forest
Kayano Shigeru, 79

Packing Book, The Judith Gilford, 88

Paintbrush Diplomacy 69

Painting Plant Portraits
Keith West, 111

Passionate Enlightenment
Miranda Shaw, 66

Pedal Pusher
Bike Buyer's Guide 93

Permaculture Book of Ferment & Human Nutrition, The
Bill Mollison, 108

Pete Seeger's Greatest Hits 42

Possibilities Catalog
Joyce Scotto, Editor, 28

Price of Honor Jan Goodwin, 20

Re-Made in Japan
Joseph Tobin, Editor, 80

Returning: Music of the Whirling Dervishes 52

Rhythm Music Magazine
Joel Segel, Editor, 49

Rise up Singing Peter Blood, 42

Secret Garden, The
David Bodanis, 104

Senchimentaru Tabi: Fuyu No Tabi
Nobyuyoshi, Araki, 74

Shakuhachi Flutes 47

Show Starts on the Sidewalk, The
Maggie Valentine, 98

Silhouette Guitar 48

Sing Out! Mark D. Moss, Editor, 43

Snakes Richard A. Seigel
& Joseph T. Collins, 110

Song from the Forest
Louis Sarno, 43

Sounds of People and Places, The
George O. Carney, Editor, 45

Sounds True Audio 66

Stroller Pack 92

Symmetry István Hargittai
& Magdolna Hargittai, 91

Technologies of Freedom
Ithiel de Sola Pool, 96

Tejano Roots: The Women 51

Texas-Mexican Conjunto, The 51

Thank You and OK!
David Chadwick, 85

This Is Rhythm
Ella Jenkins & Garrrian Manning, 49

Thunder in the Sky
Thomas Cleary, Translator, 66

Tilley Hats 92

Tokyo Style Kyoichi Tsuzuki, 83

Trilobites Riccardo Levi-Setti, 105

Tune in Tomorrow
Tom Tomorrow, 99

Under Saturn's Shadow
James Hollis, 60

Under Western Skies
Donald Worster, 106

Understanding Japanese Information Processing
Ken Lunde, 83

Vagabond Travel Guitar 48

Veritas Woodworking Tools 93

Visions of Caliban
Dale Peterson & Jane Goodall, 15

Wabi-Sabi for Artists, Designers, Poets & Philosophers
Leonard Koren, 78

We Shall Overcome 42

What the Bible Really Says
Morton Smith & R. Joseph Hoffman, 98

What the Bones Tell Us
Jeffrey H. Schwartz, 115

Where Have All the Flowers Gone
Pete Seeger & Peter Blood, 42

Wilderness U Bill McMillon, 34

Wildlife Survivors John R. Quinn, 113

Witchcraze
Anne Llewellyn Barstow, 20

Witness
Susan Middleton
& David Liittschwager, 35

Women Music Makers
Janet Nichols, 45

Workamer News
Greg Robus & Debbie Robus, Eds, 88

Working with Graphic Designers
James Craig & William Bevington, 101

World Is As You Dream It, The
John Perkins, 35

World of Enchantment: Legends & Myths 69

World Out of Time, A 50

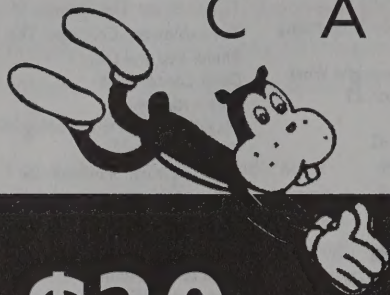
You Gotta Have Wa
Robert Whiting, 83

Zap! Don Sellers, 97

Zlata's Diary Zlata Filipovic, 69



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